FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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Readers are invited to send us the names of friends who might be interested in a current copy of the Forest and Stream. We shall be glad to forward a specimen number to any address which may be furnished us for that purpose.

I read an anecdote the other day of Dr. Beale, the Bishop of Durham, which seems to me full of good sense. When writing one of his important works he was asked when it would be finished. He replied with great good humor and perfect sincerity: "Oh, I will undertake to take hold of that and push it to an accomplishment as rapidly as possible after the fly-fishing season is over."

Henry Russell.

THE GENEROUS STORE.

WHAT a generous store of reading is contained in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM every week—surely the best and most acceptable ever put into print for sportsmen readers. The fund of experience, observation, fact, fancy and opinion comes from every quarter of the great continent, and reflects multifarious phases of field life. Many a word written and spoken and a growing host of readers attest the appreciation in which the paper is held. Now, as for many years past, the FOREST AND STREAM is the accepted representative of the field sportsmanship of America and its interests.

THE FOULING OF MARKS IN YACHT RACING.

The recent fouling of a mark by Vigilant, and the consequent loss of an important race, has brought out numerous comments upon what is called a "technical" foul, which to many minds is supposed to be a devious device of yachting theorists, and opposed to the true interests of sport. The *Marine Journal* takes the following view of the matter:

> In the recent race off Newport Vigilant beat Navahoe fifty seconds. Unfortunately, the old International cup defender's boom when jibing struck one of the buoys which marked the course, and enabled the owner of Navahoe—the losing boat—to claim a foul and thereby be awarded the race in conformity to yacht racing rules. In a contest like this, however, sailed for the purpose of seeing how two of the first built Herreshoff flyers held their own, would it not have been more sportsmanlike for the owner of Navahoe to have withdrawn his protest after the owner of Vigilant had acknowledged his foul, as it did not make a second's difference in Vigilant's favor, or that minute measure of time against Navahoe? Every yachtsman knows that Navahoe won the race, while being fully aware that Vigilant proved herself the fastest boat. This is as unsatisfactory a race, though on a much smaller scale, as that between Defender and Valkyrie III.

This is very pretty in theory, but it is not, and never can be, yacht racing. The racing rules of all clubs are most definite and peremptory on this point, stating that a yacht must go fairly over the course without touching a mark in any way. Every racing man knows this rule, and presumably has it in mind, with the penalty of disqualification hanging over him, all the time he is sailing. He knows that, unless in close quarters and pocketed by other yachts, he can avoid all danger of the penalty by making a fair wide turn of each mark. If he prefers to shave close and so save a few seconds over a more cautious opponent, he has a perfect right to take the risk; but he has no right to cry about "technical" fouls if by an error of judgment or by some unforeseen accident he should touch the mark.

It would certainly be most unjust to the man who has sailed the course fairly, keeping well clear of every mark and losing some time, however little, thereby, if all his pains went for nothing, and his opponent was allowed the privilege of disregarding the rules and shaving each mark, with the penalty suspended in case of a "technical" failure.

A little reflection will show that there must be some penalty for touching a mark however slightly, otherwise collisions with marks and markboats would be the rule in racing instead of the exception. Thus far, too, no other penalty than absolute disqualification has been devised; and harsh as this may seem, it is inevitable. It is not possible to place a time penalty on fouling; so many seconds for touching the flag on a mark, so many for hitting the markboat herself, so many for capsizing her, and so many for sinking her and drowning those on board. Yacht racing has not yet reached this stage of advancement, and for a time at least there seems no alternative but to enforce the rule of instant self-disqualification on touching, to the slightest degree, any part of a mark; of course, unless forced by another yacht.

The enforcement of this rule sometimes works to the disappointment of all parties, as in the late races for the Seawanhaka cup, where Glencairn was disqualified beyond all remedy by her fouling of the mark at the line. Every one wanted to see a race—Momo's men had no desire to score even a single race in such a way; but there was absolutely nothing to be done. As soon as she touched the mark, Glencairn was out of the race by all yachting law and precedent, and Momo could only sail the course alone and score one if she finished it within the time limit. The action of Glencairn's skipper under the circumstances was most praiseworthy. Rather than spoil the whole day and disappoint the many people interested, he continued over the course, though with the knowledge that under no possible contingency could he be officially recognized as in the race.

A similar mishap occurred the year before to Mr. Duggan in sailing Sothis, at Ogdensburgh, the boats were moving very slowly, with barely steerage way; Sothis had passed the mark, a light skiff, when a slight scend of the sea threw the latter out and she struck Sothis. The foul was not seen by the committee, but was reported by Mr. Duggan on the finish of the race and it was generally recognized that Sothis was disqualified. The only contention in the matter was between Mr. Duggan and the second man, Mr Butler: the latter declining to take the handsome $300 cup, and Mr. Duggan insisting he should do so.

From all accounts, Vigilant's mishap seems to be partly hard luck, she would have gone clear save for an unexpected jibing of the boom, but such is often the case. A man may make all his calculations to turn the mark at a safe distance and they may be upset by a strain of tide, a drop in the wind, or a scend of the sea that throws boat and mark together in an unlooked-for manner. At the same time it is obviously impossible to make allowances in such case, only one line can be drawn, either the boat goes clear of the mark or she touches it. Why she touches it (unless forced by another boat) or how much, cannot be considered; each yacht must stand by her own accidents in this as in other details of racing.

In international races the question of fouling and disqualification is a most important one. All hands are out to see a race; a failure and resail is in every way regretable; neither party wishes to score a point by default. At the same time there exists no possible provision by which yachts can be recalled and a race restarted after a foul, either of a mark or of one yacht by another. At the time of the famous Valkyrie-Defender collision no end of sentimental twaddle was indulged in, even by yachtsmen, about "technical" fouls and the possibility of the recall of both yachts by the regatta committee. Such an action would have been utterly contrary to law and without precedent, and would have been universally condemned by yachtsmen. In such a contingency, of a foul of any kind at the start, as in the case of Valkyrie and Defender, and of Glencairn in the late races, the only party free to act is the other yacht; she may if she choses lie to or withdraw as soon as she perceives that her opponent is disabled or disqualified, the two making a new start later on. At the same time such action is purely voluntary; there is nothing, either in the law or the ethics of yacht racing which would compel a yacht to withdraw merely on account of the disqualification or disabling of her opponent.

Even among practical yachtsmen there exists a peculiar idea that a yacht is at liberty to start more than once in a race, and instances are not uncommon where such a practice has been recognized by race committees. A yacht makes a start and bumps into a markboat, whereupon she deliberately comes about and tries again. Such a practice is absurd and entirely prohibited by the rules; if a yacht fouls a mark on the line she is out of the race, and unless there are grounds for doubt as to the responsibility being shared by another yacht, she has no right to continue over the course.

The talk in the case of Vigilant has been confined entirely to outside parties; the principals, one and all, treated the incident in a business-like manner; Mr. Chubb reported to the race committee that Vigilant had fouled a mark of the course, and the committee thereupon declared her disqualified, and awarded the prize to the next yacht which completed the course in accordance with the rules.

PREACHING MURDER.

RECENT atrocious murders in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and elsewhere, have provoked extended discussion of the prevalence of village hoodlumism, the increasing impatience of restraint among young men, and the alarming growth of lawlessness and disorder so characteristic of many New England neighborhoods. A new and startling light is thrown upon the demoralization by the utterances of anarchistic journals, notably a Boston publication, *Fiber and Fabric*, and the Providence *Evening Telegram*. Both are moved to comment upon the recent murders of game wardens in a manner which, if not actually commending the deeds of the murderers, nevertheless excuses and makes light of them. "One or two men," says the *Telegram*, in an editorial which we quote elsewhere, "are already in New England prisons for the offense, and a very small part of the population of their States look upon them as great sinners." Nobody considers breaking the game laws a crime, it explains, and "what wonder then that the violator saves himself at the cost perhaps of the warden's life."

This is preaching murder, pure and simple; and we submit to students of New England lawlessness that such journalistic incitements to murder are more significant than the murders themselves of the extent to which the demoralization has progressed.

SNAP SHOTS.

Dr. Geo. W. Massamore, the very efficient Deputy Game Warden of Maryland, presents some facts concerning the pollution of the Potomac River, which should have the immediate attention of the Legislatures of Virginia, West Virginia and Maryland. It has always been the custom in this country for tannery, mill and factory projectors to conduct their enterprises without the slightest heed to public rights in the waters; and while individuals following this custom may not be blamed perhaps, the community itself is at fault for having permitted the ruin of its natural resources. It is taking us a long time to get beyond the prodigal backwoods, frontier settlement disregard of economy in such affairs; and in many cases it is now unfortunately too late to repair the ruin which has been wrought. There is a better way to treat a fish-producing river than to turn it into a sewer.

If the United States went to war a whole regiment might be enlisted from the Maine licensed guides, and a capital body of men it would be too. More than eleven hundred of them are now enrolled; and the Commissioners tell us that the guide question is gradually settling itself; little opposition has been manifested except in two or three localities; and even there it has not amounted to so much in actual strength as in newspaper reports of it. The Commissioners believe that the system will very materially benefit the cause of protection.

The Paris Exposition of 1900 will have classes for exhibits of sporting arms, products of the chase, fishing tackle and products and pisiculture. The United States should be represented by some of our fishing tackle; in that line we compare favorably with any country on earth.

This is proving a great year for salt-water fishing all along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida. Fishing in the Indian River waters of Florida is said to be improved, owing to the opening of the inlets along the lower East Coast; and tarpon are found there in increasing numbers.

The Sportsman Tourist.

DOWN IN MAINE.

As another shooting season approaches, the usual question of where to go is probably causing many an annual woods visitor much anxiety, not unmixed with a certain enjoyment which the selection of the location for a camp or cruise always brings.

Last fall I made a cruise of two weeks which ought to afford all the variety of canoeing, camping and big game hunting that any reasonable person could ask for, and for the benefit of any whose vacation time is limited, yet who wish to cover considerable territory without extremely hard work, this is written.

The trip can be nicely made in two weeks from Moosehead Lake, and could be done in two weeks from Boston if there was a good pitch of water in the rivers. The scenery is grand, the fishing fair, and big game very plentiful. There is only one portage—that from Round Pond into Allagash Lake—and that is over a good road. A number of side trips could be made from this cruise to grounds where splendid shooting could be had, particularly into Shallow Lake for ducks and deer, and up the Allagash Inlet to Desolation for moose. There is also another section—a splendid big game region—which can be reached from Allagash or Chamberlain lakes, and which is seldom visited, as it is supposed to be almost inaccessible. A carry of two miles over an extremely blind and crooked trail took us to a dead-water that lead back into this section nine miles further back. We did not have time to make the nine-mile canoe trip, but saw an abundance of moose sign about the dead-water, and there was no evidence that the trail had been used for years. Our address for the last two weeks of October will probably be at the head of this dead-water.

Our party consisted of Frank E. Wolfe, myself and my little English setter, Gypsey Belle II. This was Frank's first experience in the New England forests, and I judged from the curiosity which Gypsey excited that she was the first setter to visit the Allagash. She was guessed at everything from a spaniel to a shepherd, but that she was a deer dog of some kind no one doubted.

We left Boston at 9 P. M. over the popular B. & M.; arrived at Bangor soon after daylight, stopped there just long enough to get breakfast, and were off for Moosehead. At Oldtown several members of the Penobscot tribe boarded the train with axes, yokes and paddles, and it began to look as if we were really getting among good people. We found them very interesting and willing to give us much valuable information about the section of country we were headed for. At Greenville we took the steamer for Kineo, where we arrived at noon, after an enjoyable sail up the lake. On the way up we arranged to take with us one of the Indians who came up on the train with us. This was John B. Mitchell, who is known among his people—and among his friends—as "Johnny Bear." At Kineo we had time to get dinner and buy our supplies before the boat left for Northeast Carry. At Kineo Johnny engaged as our second guide his partner, "Old Joe Aus'n." Whether his name was Austin or Orsen or something else we could never make out. He spelled it X. Pronounce it to suit yourself.

From Northeast Carry we had our canoes and duffle driven over to Luce's, on the West Branch; and dropping down to the mouth of the Lobster we made our first camp, twenty-one hours from Boston. This first camp convinced us that our trip was to be a most delightful one, and that conclusion was arrived at after enjoying our first meal in camp, followed by a "big smoke." The pleasure of a trip into this country depends so largely upon the guides that I feel obliged to give you a slight pen picture of the two men on whom we were dependent for almost everything for the next two weeks. Most every chronicler of a fishing or shooting trip writes of having the "best guide in Maine," and I can fully appreciate the feeling which prompts him to such a declaration. We probably did not have the "best guide in Maine," because there is probably no such guide there, but we certainly did have a combination that could hardly be improved upon—don't seem as though it could.

I feel rather diffident about writing anything of John Mitchell, but I trust that what I say of him will be interpreted in the spirit in which it is written.

Johnny Bear, as he apparently preferred to be called, is a middle aged, compactly built man, with a remarkably strong face, on which is truthfully stamped uprightness. He not only speaks English, but speaks it well, and is seldom at a loss for just the right word. He is a remarkably well posted man, and talks entertainingly on any subject which a man has any business to talk about in the woods. I didn't try him on theosophy or the nebular hypothesis, being a little rusty on them myself; but he did give me some interesting points on political economy, as practiced in the government of his tribe. Where I feel most at liberty to speak of Johnny, is in regard to his skill as a cook; and I could cover that subject the quickest by saying that he is the best outdoor cook I ever saw. There are plenty of men who can fry potatoes, boil a pot of tea, or even broil a bird, trout or a rib of venison over an open fire; but when you find a man who can turn out of a tin oven, three times per day for two weeks, a pan of biscuits of the most delicious brown, and light as feathers, then you have found a man who is a cook "for fair." Johnny Bear did this in spite of wind, rain or wet wood, without so much as the suspicion of a failure, and his stewed tomatoes and Kosombo were simply revelations in the possibilities of gastronomic research. Kosombo! I have but to close my eyes to smell the delicious aroma of that *pot-pourri* even now.

"Old Joe," is an Indian, from the way he fries potatoes to the style of wearing his belt; next to being an Indian he is a hunter. He has had little to do with white people, having made his living by hunting and trapping until within a few years, and consequently is a little backward about expressing himself in English—when he has nothing to say—but he has no difficulty in carrying on a conversation when he has something to say to you. Not being able to read, Joe is dependent on the Penobscot folk-lore for his stock of general knowledge, and he proved a perfect mine of information on such matters as the meaning of the Indian names for the lakes and rivers, etc. Joe told us of being at Chamberlain Lake with his father forty years ago, and he has lived in the woods a great part of every year since. Small wonder then that there is little to be known of the woods which Joe does not know. Both of these men are splendid canoemen, and willing to undertake cheerfully anything you may suggest, and another strong point in their favor is that neither of them uses any liquor. They never tired of answering our numerous questions, and when one was asked which they could not answer, they never hesitated to come out flat-footed and say "I don't know."

We broke camp early the next morning and paddled down the majestic West Branch, past round-domed Kokodjo, stopping a few minutes at the Mooseborn and Ragmuff to try for trout, but failed to raise any. We lunched on Big Island, then down the Horse Race, through the Fox Hole, over Pine Stream Falls, and so on into Chesuncook. From the shore of the lake we had our first view of Katahdin and the Sourdnehunks, and our last of civilization. From the head of Chesuncook we entered the Umbazookseus Stream, turned to the left up the Cauquomgomic and reached the first falls in the late afternoon. Here was the most beautiful camping spot we saw on the whole trip. At the upper end of the short carry around the falls is a small, level plat of sward that seemed as if made on purpose for a camp site. The series of three falls is extremely picturesque, and the pools are ideal trout pools. The afternoon had grown quite cold and the trout rose sluggishly, but frequently enough to show that on a favorable day they would yield fine sport. We had the usual "big smoke" around the camp-fire that night, but the music of the falls so successfully essayed the part of "The Sandman" that we rolled up in our blankets early, and were soon in sonorous rivalry with Joe and Johnny in "calling moose."

We awoke to a glorious morning, and while Johnny was getting the breakfast we exposed a few plates and visited the little cove, to find where several deer and a moose had been down to drink and feed during the night. How big that first moose track did look! After breakfast we put in above the falls and paddled up the winding stream, reaching the horserace, where we made camp about 3 P. M. Every stream in this country has its horserace. The banks of the Cauquomgomic are heavily wooded, the current, except in a few places, is slow, and the trip up was very enjoyable. We saw a few wood ducks and many tracks, but no big game. After making camp, we toted a part of our stuff up to Cauquomgomic Lake, and left it there, covered with a rubber blanket. On the return trip Gypsey found the first partridge seen on the trip, and we had a "broiled bird" for supper. Our camp was on a high bluff overlooking the river, and having plenty of time and the prospect being for another cold night, Joe made a wigwam out of the big tent, while Johnny showed us what he called a good cooking fire. As Old Joe said, "All hot, no smoke." We made a picture of the camp, with the fire in the foreground, and the smoke from it is barely discernible, though Johnny was baking biscuit, stewing tomatoes, frying flippers, and broiling a bird at the time. While this was in progress, Frank and I took a plunge in the river, followed by a brisk toweling, and were then ready to forcibly demonstrate our appreciation of Johnny's cooking.

JOHNNY BEAR AND OLD JOE AUS'N.

The morning showed signs of rain, and we made an early start; the guides poling up in the canoes, Frank, Gypsey and I over the trail to the lake. It soon began to rain, and arriving at the lake we made a lean-to of bark from the dam, and under this waited for the canoes.

From this lake we entered Round Pond stream, and here saw the first signs of lumbering. Swampers had cleared the trees and brush from the banks of the stream, and the result of their work was anything but pleasing. When we came to the meadows there was any quantity of deer and moose sign. The banks were all cut up with their tracks, and the lilypads had been nipped off, and in some cases the roots torn up for miles at a stretch. Some of this had been done by muskrats, some by deer, and much of it by moose. The guides showed us very quickly how to distinguish the work of each animal. I thought of this when reading the recent interesting articles on deer and lilypads in FOREST AND STREAM. When old Joe tells me that moose eat lilypads as well as deer, I am prepared to believe it implicitly.

We passed a place where the stream broadened out into a sort of shallow pond almost entirely covered with reeds and rushes, and here was quite a large camp with several ladies in the party. Why any sane man should camp in such a place, with nothing but grass and rushes in sight, I could not understand; particularly when having ladies along, for the gentler sex set great store by pleasant surroundings. I asked Johnny about this. He smiled significantly, and said: "Oh! I guess it's getting pretty near the 1st of October."

We crossed Round Pond in the rain, and finding the camp at the mouth of Poland Stream occupied by a party of night fish peddlers we made camp a short distance up the carry to Allagash. I think these fellows were fish-peddlers, as they had a nice new tin horn under their canoe and a nice new lantern with a big bright reflector. Possibly this was a headlight off some stray locomotive; it was nearly big enough.

Everything was drenched, and we looked forward to a very disagreeable night. After the tents were up Joe started off into the woods with his axe, and Frank and I tried the trout below the Poland Stream Falls. They were pretty small, and we soon gave it up and returned to camp to find that Joe had completely carpeted our tent, bough-bed and all, with huge sheets of birch bark, laid inner side (dry side) up, and we were as dry as could be.

The next day we carried over into Allagash, all doubling the route twice. We each made up what we considered was a back-breaking load while the guides washed the dishes, then we watched Joe make up what he called a "Mohawk pack." First he spread out the large tent, on top of that the smaller one, then their two bags of clothing, a sack of canned goods, a wooden tub holding about a half bushel of provisions of various kinds, and several packages that lay handy. Then he began to roll up the tent, first from one side, then from the opposite, and when he had folded in the ends and given it a final roll, he had the ends of the tent ropes sticking out of the bundle at just the right places for tying the whole securely. It was a work of art, particularly the rolling and folding. He took his axe and cut some broad pack straps from a handy cedar, arranged one for his chest, another for his forehead, swung the Mohawk on to his broad shoulders, picked up a sack of potatoes in one hand, the bag of flour in the other, and struck out for Allagash. We found him there with the tents up when we got there.

In the little cove to the right of where the carry comes out on Allagash we had the first and best fly-fishing of the trip. The paddle up the lake to the mouth of the Allagash stream was delightful. The lake is somewhat in the shape of a square with rounded corners, the shores are densely wooded and the water is clear and cool We camped opposite the pinnacles and spent several days in exploring the now famous cave and prospecting up the Allagash inlet. The cave is a mighty poor thing as caves go, in fact it is not a cave at all, but a series of enormous seams running from the top of the east pinnacle down into the mountain for several hundred feet, and is as damp and dirty as one could wish. I spent a part of two days there making flashlights of the different recesses, and spent the two weeks following my return in bed as a consequence. However, it is a wonderful freak of nature, and well worth a visit, at least my visit there was worth considerable to my physician.

We went several miles up the inlet and saw many fresh signs of beaver, deer and moose, in fact we started two moose and several deer were paddling through the alder grounds There are large trout in the stream, and it is said to contain salmon, but this we were unable to verify. This camp we left with reluctance and drooped down the Allagash River to Chamberlain Lake. While walking around a bit of bad water we came upon a freshly built beaver dam. It looked to be quite loosely put together, but it held water all right. We tried to get up to a meadow which this dam overflowed in hopes of getting a sight of the animals and their houses, but were unable to do so.

When we first started out, the guides asked many questions about Gypsey, and it was plain to be seen that they had their suspicions about her. One day Old Joe called her down to the bank, where fresh deer tracks were as thick as hair, and pointing to the tracks he tried to interest Gypsey in them, but she only wagged her tail, and paid no more attention to them than any well-behaved setter would. This apparently convinced Joe that she wasn't a deer dog, whatever else she might be. Just before reaching our camping place, a mile above Chamberlain Lake, we flushed a partridge, which lit in a birch sprout beside the river. I took up my gun, and as the canoe was passing knocked him out. Now don't throw up your hands; it's no pot shot to kill a bird from a canoe that is dodging the rocks down the swift water of Allagash, even if he is sitting on the limb of a swaying birch, and my conscience did not trouble me a little bit. Gypsey was in the rear canoe, and when told to fetch she went overboard, and when she came back across the river, wading and swimming, with a big cock partridge's wings covering both her eyes, the Indians were greatly pleased. We could not stop for her in the swift water, but she was at the landing to meet us, and that partridge went into the kettle with a pair of black ducks and a couple of his near relatives in short order. I think that this was the greatest kettle of Kosombo Johnny turned out on the entire trip. I never could understand where he got the curry.

While we were making camp, Joe said he heard a moose up on the ridge, and after supper we went out to try to call him out. We had not gone a quarter of a mile from camp and Johnny had made but a few calls when we heard one coming. He came into the water, but a cow, which he had left in the woods, called him back again, and we thought our fun was over.

Frank and Joe had drifted up into a little cove and were watching a buck feeding, when we heard another moose coming. We whistled to the other canoe, but could not attract their attention owing to the noise of a little waterfall near them, so we pushed off and started across the stream to get a good look at the new-comer. I asked Johnny if this was not the same moose, but he said not, that this was a larger one. He came down the bank with a crash, and slumped into the water with as much noise as a yoke of steers would make. When the others saw us start across stream they followed, and we all got quite close to the beast before he scented us and plowed his way across the bog with loud grunts. Frank and Joe continued down the river to make another call and Johnny and I returned to camp, reaching there at 8:30, having had an easy chance to kill two moose. I thought this very remarkable, but Johnny said a good moose caller could call out a moose any time, day or night, if there was an unmated one in the vicinity, and before the trip was ended I could well believe it. Joe called several times down near the lake but got no response.

While skirting the western shore of Chamberlain Lake we saw our only caribou, and got up within easy shooting distance of him. He was feeding, and moved about with quick nervous steps, very unlike any other animal we saw. When about two miles north of Ellis Brook we ran into a school of trout, jumping in all directions We tried them with all colors and sizes of flies, but could only raise one of them. They were splendid fish, from 2 to 4lbs. in weight. Several broke water quite near the canoes, so we got a good idea of their size. They were extremely tantalizing.

From Chamberlain we turned up Mud Pond stream and camped on the western shore of the pond. In the morning

we carried into Umbazooksus, and were once more in Penobscot water. On Umbazooksus stream we met a large party of lumbermen going in with supplies, and about half way down the stream we passed quite a large camp. There were signs—unmistakable signs—of moose in this vicinity. We stopped for dinner nearly opposite this camp and ran into a brood of partridges in some birch sprouts, and here Gypsey was able to get in some fine work, much to the edification of the guides, and we easily secured the foundation for another big kettle of Kosombo. Down the stream we started many bunches of plover and some yellow legs.

From Mud Pond to Chesuncook the country is very uninteresting, although game was plentiful, and we were glad when we struck the Cauquomgomic stream again, completing the circle. We camped that night at Pine Stream Falls, and the following morning continued up the west branch, with a few stops for fishing. A young gentleman from Philadelphia passed us as we were loading, and a short distance above the falls a tremendous bull moose waded across the river right in front of his canoe. We slept that night on the same bed of boughs we had used on our first night out. We reached the northeast carry just in time to miss the Sunday steamer, and put into Moosehead, paddling part

WOODS COOKERY.

AN IDEAL CAMPING PLACE.

From Amateur Photos by C. Harry Morse.

way down to Kineo, when a heavy storm nearly swamped us and we were compelled to make camp.

Frank and I were drenched with the spray which came in over the bows, and having on our last change of underclothing, we hung them about the fire to dry while we took a swim in the lake. Three days before we had an inch of snow and ice formed in the water-pail a quarter of an inch thick, but our cold spray bath of an hour or more had so reduced our temperatures that the lake seemed quite comfortable. Johnny thought the wind would die down about midnight, and suggested a start at 8 A.M., but at 8 there was quite a heavy sea running and we did not get started till 5. This night we were kept awake more by deer about the tents than on any night of the trip. They stamped and whistled all night long. We reached Kineo in time to get dinner and climb the mountain before the boat left for Greenville and home.

C. HARRY MORSE.

BOSTON, MASS.

THE CHESTNUT RIDGE

And Along Its Foot.—VI.

AT the eastern base of the Chestnut Ridge, on the edge of the broad interval between that upland and the parallel range of the Laurel Hill, there stood, fifty years ago and more, an old-fashioned tavern known in my early years as "Meanor's." It was a typical roadside inn, one of many that stood along the line of the old Northern turnpike, whose swinging signboard was the promise of rest and refreshment to man and beast. I remember the house well and the weeks of a pleasant summer I spent there in the halcyon days of Franklin Pierce. The turnpike road, wide, smooth and sandy, lay along in front of the hostlery, and wound like a broad gray ribbon up the side of the Ridge until it disappeared among the trees. Across the road was a large barn, and beyond, stretching in the direction of the Conemaugh, were wide, sloping fields, where the sheep nibbled the grass or reposed in the heat of the day in the shade of the trees. Pleasant is it to abide among the sheepfolds, "to hear the bleatings of the flocks."

Any one seeing this old turnpike now, neglected, reduced in many places to the width and condition of a mere township road, cannot conceive what it was like in the days of long ago. Then a constant succession of wheeled vehicles of every description, of horsemen and pedestrians, moved along this famous highway. At stated periods the gaudily painted and gilded stage coach—the Pioneer or the Good Intent—dashed by with its spanking team of four horses, with their jingling harness, its Jehu sitting up aloft, cracking his long whip or occasionally winding his bugle, whose notes lingered musically among the hills and trees. Looking back now it seems like a dream of fairyland.

But Linden saw another sight. It was not always summer and sunshine on the Allegheny ridges. Whatever may be the fact now, formerly the snows came early and fell deep. The wagons proceeded with difficulty or ceased business altogether. The stage-coach labored along through the snow, the passengers happy to make three or four miles an hour. Sometimes it was necessary to discard wheels altogether and mount the body of the coach upon runners. It then became for the time a great sleigh, none the less pleasant to ride in.

I remember that when Louis Kossuth passed through our country about the end of the year 1851, the snow was so deep that he was obliged to cross the Allegheny ridges in a sleigh. When he reached our town we all gathered in the street and about the hotel, and by dint of yelling and shouting attested our admiration of the great Magyar. Many years afterward in a book, "Red, White and Black," by Mme. Pulzsky, one of Kossuth's retinue, I saw that we were characterized as "a lot of Irish," whose enthusiasm was anything but agreeable to the distinguished strangers. This was a little mortifying when I recalled how many hours I had stood around in the snow waiting for a chance to demonstrate my good-will.

Like De Quincey, "I dally with my subject, because, to myself, the remembrance of those times is profoundly interesting."

One December day, fifty years ago or so, there was a very heavy snowfall on the ridge. From early dawn the flakes had fallen softly, softly but persistently, until now the landscape was covered with a thick, fleecy mantle of snow. Occasionally gusts of wind had rushed across the scene, gathering up the snow from the exposed points and laying it down in the hollows and more sheltered spots, until in places the drifts were 3 or 4ft. deep. It promised to be a rough night. Along in the afternoon a solitary pedestrian descended the Ridge, picking his way through the drifts, glad enough at last to find a refuge at the inn. He was a young fellow, tall, active, handsome, except for a restlessness in his eyes that made him not altogether pleasant to look at. Before advancing into the room he cast a quick glance around, and then apparently satisfied, he walked up to the bar and asked for a glass of brandy.

"Lots of snow," said the landlord, handing out the bottle.

"Yes, indeed," replied the stranger. "Must be hard walking," remarked the landlord. "Very," answered the other. "I was trying to make my way down to Nineveh," he continued, "but I guess I shall have to give it up. Can I stay here to-night?" "Yes; we have room for you," replied the landlord. The young man unbuttoned his coat, pushed back his hat from his brow, and seated himself by the fire, but in such a position that he could see everything in the room.

The snow continued to fall. Half an hour later, amid a great outcry on the part of the driver, and a fierce struggle on the part of the horses, the stage-coach that should by that time have been in Blairsville, pulled into the wagon-yard in front of the inn. At the first sound, the young man sprang to his feet and hastened to the window. The stage door was opened, and the occupants, six or eight ladies and gentlemen, got out. The young man scanned them closely, and when they entered the room, he hung about the door leading to the back premises of the tavern. He was evidently not at his ease in his inn. The coach was effectually "stuck" for the present. The horses were bestowed in the barn, and the passengers became unwilling guests for the night. But there was no help for it. And they might easily have been worse accommodated. As the evening closed in, after supper, it was proposed to have a dance. A violin and bow hung on a nail behind the bar.

"Here is a fiddle," said the landlord, "if anybody can play." A very short inquiry revealed the fact that the strange young man could manipulate the bow. The tables were carried out of the dining-room, the chairs shoved against the wall; the young man, who seemed to have a predilection for the back door, stationed himself near that point; the violin was tuned up, the people chose their partners, the fiddle sang out its cheerful notes, and the frolic proceeded. The fiddler was an admirable performer and caller of the figures, and soon made himself quite a favorite among the dancers. Several sets had been danced, when a halt was called; the ladies sought their chairs, and the gentlemen the bar. It was in this lull that a heavy step was heard at the door, as of some one stamping the snow from his feet; a moment later the door opened, and a burly form entered the bar-room.

"Why, how do, Sheriff!" cried the landlord, as he recognized the new-comer. "How are you, Dave?" he replied, shaking the snow from his coat and sending a swift glance through the company at the same time. "A thimbleful of whiskey," he said, and the bottle and glass were pushed across the bar.

"A bad night to be out, Sheriff," remarked the landlord. "Yes," said the other. "After a horsethief," he added, in a confidential tone. "Had traces of him up the hill, and thought he might be in here."

"Nobody has come here with a horse to-day," said the landlord. "No," answered the Sheriff. "The horse was sold in Blairsville, and the thief left this morning afoot." "Aha!" exclaimed the other, "What kind of a looking man was he?" "A young, good-looking, black-eyed fellow, I was told," replied the Sheriff. "Why, there was a young fellow like that came here this afternoon," said the landlord. "He was playing the fiddle for the dancers a few minutes ago. I guess he is in the dining-room now." "I'll look in," said the Sheriff, and he did; but no young man was to be seen.

"Where's the fiddler?" cried the landlord. But nobody knew. "He must have gone out," said the landlord. But nobody had noticed. They were all interested now. "Turn out, everybody, and help," cried the Sheriff; and the men, donning their hats and great coats, turned out of doors to look for the missing fiddler.

"Get the lantern, Dave, and let us search the barn," said the Sheriff. The wind was blowing and drifting. The barn was duly searched from top to bottom, but no fugitive was found. "Look in the stage-coach." The stage-coach was examined, but nobody was hidden in that. "Now the wash house." The wash house was also explored, but it was tenantless as the stage-coach.

"Bless me! where's my horse?" cried the Sheriff. "Why, where is your horse?" exclaimed the landlord, by way of answer. "I tied him right there, in the shelter of the wash house," said the Sheriff.

Sure enough! where was the sheriff's horse?

When the officer's step was heard at the door, the young fellow was on the alert; when the landlord uttered the word "Sheriff," he slipped noiselessly out of the back door, and before the Sheriff had disposed of his thimbleful of whiskey, the young fellow had untied the animal, leaped upon its back, and was plunging through the snow toward the east. No vestige of his flight remained upon the ground, and nobody had any idea in what direction he had gone. It was dark and stormy, and nothing could be done.

A week afterward the Sheriff's horse was found in Johnstown, in possession of an honest old Conemaugh township farmer, who was boasting what a bargain he had got: a good horse, saddle and bridle, all for $50. In the meantime the young man had left for parts unknown and no trace of him could be found.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

PITTSBURG, PA.

SHEEP AND SNOWSHOES.—XI.

A Winter Hunt at the Summit of the Rockies.

With the Wolfhounds.

IN the year of 1896 the State of Montana paid $8,000 bounty on gray wolves alone. These animals are a menace to the live stock industry and have been pursued relentlessly for years, but in spite of this seem to be numerous as ever in some parts of the State. Joe Kipp told us that he had killed a great many with his pack of hounds, not far from his ranch, and he was anxious to give McChesney and myself a taste of the sport of wolf-coursing. Billy Kipp volunteered to take us out, and after one day of rest we three made a start with a half dozen of the best dogs of the pack, great shaggy yellow hounds of decidedly useful look. Some of these dogs were monsters, and were scarred all over in token of their work with the big and dangerous grays of these plains than which a dog can meet few more dangerous antagonists.

We rode something like forty miles or more that day and jumped four coyotes and one antelope, none of the game close enough to enable us to sight the dogs, which scattered wildly about, crazy to run, but showing the usual sight-hound's inability to get sighted. We saw no gray wolves at all, and indeed were not on their main range, which was properly about twenty-five miles to the north of us. We had not time to take two days for a wolf hunt, though I presume we should have had some fun. One of our dogs followed off the antelope and we did not see her till we got home that night. Nothing of great interest transpired during the day, though a touch of excitement was for a time threatened by a little accident with my mount, a typical cow pony of some dignity of character. Riding along across the prairie, a loose knot at the side of the bit fell apart and let down one side of the bridle rein. As I leaned forward to fasten it up again the horse threw up his head and began to go a bit, and the others not knowing that anything was wrong, he broke away in front and bolted across the country in spite of all I could do, refusing to be guided by the touch of the rein, as all cow horses are taught, and refusing also to be circled with any kind of a pull. At last he went crazy at the unusual situation, and taking the bit well into his mouth bolted off on a career

of his own, in which I could no more stop him than I could have stopped a locomotive. Seeing I could not do anything by getting hold of the side of the headstall, and was only tiring myself trying to check him, I sat down and began to ride it out, urging the runaway as hard as I could across a certain muddy flat which lay below a risky hill down which he had run at full speed. I knew he could not last forever on that sort of going, but he did pretty well for a mile or so until Billy Kipp, realizing what was up, pushed his horse into the race, and after a good little run swung up by my side and caught the horse by the broken side of the bridle, which had been all the time quite beyond my reach. There was some sport to this little ride, for all in all I think that was the worst country I ever rode over, and where the snow was not melted away it was extremely dangerous, being literally honeycombed with badger holes, of which I have never seen so many at any part of the plains. It is astonishing how careful and expert the cow horses are at evading these holes, and of course the way to ride is to pay no attention to the holes, but to trust it all to the horse. Where a hole is covered with the snow, neither horse nor man can guard against it. Billy cautioned me against riding too fast across snow-covered country, and said he had often had falls in such riding. Ordinarily, however, the cowboys of that region cut loose, snow or no snow, and take their chances. They told me that Billy Kipp was about the best cow-puncher on the reservation. I am promised a visit from Joe Kipp and Billy some time this fall, when they come in with a train of cattle, and I hope they will bring my cow horse along, so I can give him a turn down the Boulevard, where the badger holes are not so thick.

Plans for a Goat Hunt.

Our party was now somewhat scattered, Schultz at his ranch, Billy Jackson gone home, and the rest of us at Joe Kipp's ranch, near the railroad, where we had a good visit with Bear Chief, who came in to call on us. Time was getting short, and I was very uneasy about being away from home so long; but word came in that there was to be a council of the Indians at which we must be present. Schultz was, moreover, much troubled over the fact that McChesney had not yet killed a head of game, and urged him to make one more try, going into the mountains nearer the summit and by way of the railroad a little further to the west. Here he was sure he could get a goat and perhaps a sheep. McChesney was due at home, in Troy, N. Y., but wired home and learned that he could strain things and be out four or at most five days more. So we hurriedly made it up that we would all make a rush trip after goats near the summit, it seeming a shame to leave when we were so close to success in getting a specimen of this rare animal, and that, too, during the winter season, when it is more difficult to get one even under legal surroundings. The result of it all was that we threw together a light outfit, and at midnight pulled out for the mountain again, taking the west-bound train, which happened to be delayed some hours. It was morning when we reached the summit of the range, at the little station called Summit, where we went in order to pick up Joe Kearney, a guide better acquainted than any of us, except Boak, with that part of the mountain. Scott, the trapper who was to have gone with our party for the whole trip, was away on his trapping line, and was not expected back for some time; but Kearney was in and was willing to go with us. We stopped at the section house for breakfast, that being the only hotel and the only house, with one or two exceptions. Here there was a very cross woman in charge, who didn't seem to care whether we lived or died, so reckless and so wretched was her cooking, and so proud and disdainful her demeanor. Out in Montana women are scarcer than they are in some other places in the world, so they at times get awfully stuck on themselves, they say. Anyhow, this woman was clearly above our class, and wanted us to know she realized it. Poor Schultz had to bear the brunt of things, and when he came to buy a few supplies of her she robbed him to the queen's taste and he didn't dare chirp. The dialogue was something like this:

Woman—"Lessee, 13lbs. of beef at ten cents is a dollar ninety, aint it?"

Schultz—"Yessem."

"An 4lbs. o' sugar at ten cents is ninety cents."

"Yessem."

"An' 20lbs. o' flour at five cents is a dollar fifty, uh?"

"Yessem," said Schultz. Then she soaked him in making change and left him with sweat on his forehead. Oh! that was an awful woman!

We intended to hunt, of course, on the reservation, which, so nearly as we could trace the line, was on that side of the mountains on which the waters ran to the east. This would have left our hunting grounds only eight or ten miles from us, perhaps, had it been possible to cross the ridge of mountains which lay between us and the place where we expected to get at our game. Kearney, however, declared that it would be impossible to get over this ridge, easy as it looked to us from a distance, because the whole front of the mountains was a sheet of ice, and the climb was far steeper than it appeared. He said the best way would be to go down the west side of the slope and ascend Ole Creek by a gradual rise until we got near its headwaters and could then cross the summit to the places we wanted to get at, some bold, bare mountains where the goats were most apt to be found. This would take us into a point which was far on ahead of us when we were in on the Upper Two Medicine country, and which we could not have reached from there at that season of the year. Schultz was not familiar with this country, but Boak had been across it, and Kearney knew it well.

How to March and Camp in Winter.

We now were getting things down to a hard-pan hunting basis. We had no team to haul supplies, and could not take any pack animal along. It was necessary that we carry absolutely all our supplies on our own backs. We could not even take a tent, and were forced to face the weather with only such shelter as we could make in the woods with our own hands. Of blankets we could not take full supply, and of grub we could take only a limited amount, of course, as a man cannot pack much more than about 40lbs. or so in this mountain work on showshoes; or at least only a hardened mountain man can do much better than that. McChesney had never carried a pack on the trail, so Schultz cut him down to a light load, dividing his sleeping bag and allowing him but the scantiest of personal plunder. We all well knew that a pack which starts light grows heavy on the trail. There were now five in our party, Boak also going with us, and showing himself a singularly plucky man for one so handicapped by age and infirmity. One of the pleasantest memories of the trip is that which I have of Boak in camp our first evening on the goat trail. He had gotten into camp very tired with his pack and his snowshoes, but still alive enough to sing. He laid aside his hat, and the steady fall of the snow had still further whitened his rumpled hair. He had gone to the creek to get some water, and managed to break through the ice and get wet. As he stood up to his waist in the snow as he scrambled up the bank, and swore melodiously and fluently, he made a unique and striking figure.

We made a long, long march the first day out, and before we went into camp we were favored enough of fortune to see our first game, a big white nanny goat and a kid, which stood high above us on some rocks about a quarter of a mile away, and looked down at us rather unconcernedly, as though they did not care much one way or the other about us, though finally they turned away and slowly walked up over the crest of rocks and disappeared. This sight of game, the first goats McChesney or I had ever seen, put us in good spirits, and at supper we talked of what would happen when we got up into our hunting grounds and had followed this rare white game into its final fastnesses in the heart of the Rockies. Boak and Schultz freely offered bets that McChesney and I would both kill goats, and I took a little wager with him, hoping I should surely lose, though I knew the time was very short for us to make our hunt. We spent our first night up near the head of Ole Creek, under a brush shanty which we built at some expense of labor, but which proved to be good enough for tired men to sleep under. The night was naturally a trifle cold, somewhere around zero I presume, though the snow had softened a little during the day and made the shoeing none of the best. By morning the crust had hardened again, and we pushed on up into the mountains with less trouble. It was now getting toward the spring season, and the Chinook blew at times, so that the shoeing was execrable with the close-webbed shoes. Kearney had his home-made "bear paw" shoes along, and he did very well with them. How on earth he ever managed to navigate in his rig of full length rubber hip boots was more than I could see, but he said the snow always wet him through in any other rig. Indeed, he got wet anyhow, for in this work one is under the snow now and then as well as on top of it. The nice pictures you see in the magazines about fellows skimming daintily along on top of the snow without mussing themselves up in the least are studies made for the most part in the atelier of the artist and not in the workshop of nature. Everybody got wet, everybody got tired, and everybody but Boak got hot and testy, as hunters often do in camp, though they never do in stories.

Snow-Slides.

In the morning of our second day after goats, we crossed two trails of interest: one the trail of a mountain lion, and one the trail of a snow-slide. Shep, our dog, firmly declined to run the lion trail, which was no surprise to me, for he had once refused to run a lynx trail for me over on the Two Medicine country. He was a cheerful dog, but a good deal of a bluff as a lion-killer, much to our disgust. As to the snow-slide, it looked nasty enough, and Kearney comforted us by remarking that it was just getting to be the season when the slides would begin to run. We saw long, bare spaces on each mountain side about us, where the rocks, trees and earth had been torn out in long grooves, miles in length, by the ripping slides of the heavy snows. I presume there are few actual dangers in the mountain worse than the snow-slides, and I have noticed that all mountain men are very respectful in speaking of them. There is no animal in the Rockies which a man needs to really dread, and he need fear little what may befall him, even in the winter time, if he goes to his work properly fitted for it; but the snow-slide is something against which one cannot guard, which gives no warning; which leaves no possibility of escape, and which is certain death, in almost every instance to the man who is caught by it. As we got further into the steep and sharp-faced mountains where we expected to find our goats, we saw more and more "dead-snow" slides—great heaps of snow, sometimes thrown into lumps and balls as large as a house, and lying perhaps half-way across the creek bottoms, into which the mass had rushed in its wild flight. Sometimes the snow comes down so deep, that it runs up on a tree trunk like so much water in a wave. Then, as the main body of snow rushes on down, the surface sinks with the wave, leaving the mark a score or two score feet above one's head as he looks up the tree trunk. This wave of snow may roll clear across the valley at the foot of the mountain side, and dash far up the side of the opposite mountain, then to settle back and subside like agitated waters, at last becoming quiet. Rocks and trees go with such a slide, and there is no escape from it if one is unlucky enough to be near it.

In our country the slides seemed to have been started for the most part by the melting of the snow on the bare, black rocks at the rims of the peaks. The water trickling down under the snow would finally start a little of it to sinking, settling, and then to sliding, and what began in little, ended in large slips of the heavy covering of snow which lies over these mountains—a covering whose immensity is something which is not expressed in simple figures. One needs to see a valley full of a snow-slide in order to appreciate it at its real worth. We had such a little affair just about a quarter of a mile from where we were camped. When we looked at a few of these things, and studied the bold and icy peaks, which crowded in around us in this wild corner of the world, we were almost ready to concur with the mountain men, who said that we were now having a touch of about as hard hunting as any game of the mountains could offer.

Habits of the Mountain Goat.

It was on March 28, I believe, that we first got into the ridges where we were to hunt, and on that day McChesney went with Kearney up into some stiff country which promised well for goats. When you hunt sheep in winter you want open and bare country where the grass can be reached, but the goats seem to prefer to winter on the roughest, barest, iciest rocks they can find. A goat is a natural blame fool, and so it always sticks its white hide against a black rock whenever it can, so that a hunter can see it a couple of miles. If it would keep on the snow it would be far more difficult to detect. The goat seems to pick out these rocks because they carry a few spears of dried grasses and an occasional bunch of the short, dry moss on which it feeds. Both the goat and the sheep will eat pine top browse, and the first goat tracks we saw were among the forest trees at the foot of a high scarp of rocks, to which the animals retired after feeding. It is the habit of the mountain Billy, when resting, to lie out on a rock about 1,000ft. out in the air somewhere and waggle his whiskers in content while he stares on down the mountain side in search of any possible enemy. He never seems to care about what is going on above him, for usually there isn't any above. Indeed, he is not built for looking up, but for looking down. His head is set on the middle of his front, like a buffalo's, and if he wants to look up-hill he has to sit down to do it. If the hunter gets up close to him, he does not seem to be much afraid of either the man or his dog, if he happens to have one along. The trappers usually take along dogs on their winter trips, but no old hunter or trapper will ever let a dog go after a goat. The big, white, stupid animal which lies or squats out there on the rocks, apparently indifferent of its fate and too lazy to move, is quick as lightning with its head and neck, though so tired in its legs. It never takes trouble to run from a dog, but waits till it comes up, and then with a rake of its long, black, needle-pointed horns impales the dog at once. The hunter then shoots the goat, and afterward anathematizes himself for doing it. The flesh he will not touch, and the hide he cannot sell. Therefore, the tone of the mountain hunter in speaking of the white goat is one of amusement and contempt. He thinks it the most stupid and worthless of all animals, and cannot see why anybody should take the trouble to kill it. He says, what is obviously true, that all there is to goat hunting is the climbing. If you are game enough to get up to where the goats are, you can easily kill them if you care to. For the mountain sheep the hunter has far more respect. He prizes it as a grand game animal in every way, cunning, swift and wild, good in the chase and good in camp after the chase. One must climb for the sheep, too, but we had found that he need not climb in country so forbidding and dangerous as this which was now pointed out to us as the winter home of this curious, white-robed freak of the mountains, which we wanted to interview upon his own doorsill.

Troubles of Winter Climbing.

As we separated for our hunt I took a look at the wild peak on which McChesney and Kearney were to hunt, and mentally concluded they would have their work cut out for them that day if they got to the country which was described as most likely to produce game. But soon all thought of my companions was lost in concern over the immediate surroundings into which Schultz and I were plunged. We passed on beyond the peak which was to be hunted by the others, and tried the ascent of the next mountain beyond, which seemed to be fairly easy in its approaches. We went up for an hour or so over timbered country, much of the time on our hands and knees, for the shoes would not hold on so steep grades. Sometimes the crust would hold us up for a time, but as the sun began to strike our side of the mountains the snow softened, and our ascent became threefold more difficult. We did not walk, but wallowed, plunging in up to our waists, sometimes lying panting for some minutes before we could get out and go ahead. All the time we wormed on around the side of the mountain as we went up, and at length we struck a place where a big snow-slide had come down, and where the masses of snow lay in a huge jagged frozen stairway. Up over this winter causeway we clambered joyfully a long way, taking off our snowshoes and climbing from lump to lump of the frozen snow. I could not help thinking of the persistence of man, the hunting animal. We had no business at all to be in there hunting these animals at that season of the year, yet here we were, climbing right over the top of the terrors of the Rockies, the snow-slides, and all for a shot at an animal which we couldn't eat if we got it. Yet it should be observed that, so far as any danger from snow-slides is concerned, the safest place one can get is on top of a "dead" slide, for there will not be a second slide where the snow has once slipped.

Our frozen slide lasted us till we got a good big start up our mountain, reaching a point from which we could see a vast panorama of white peaks all about us. On ahead lay a wild-looking region into which it did not seem any human being could ever penetrate, so cold and forbidding were the high bare peaks. Into this wild country our side cañon led, but we were not to venture so far away from our camp, which, rude as it was, was a very interesting place at that time. We attempted only to get up to the top of our peak, cross it, and then descend to camp upon the opposite side. We thought we might find some goat country up on top of our mountain.

We were not, however, destined to make the summit of our peak. Our snow-slide led us up a long way, and then we forsook it and tried a long, bare slope which took us within 200yds. of the upper rim rock. Here we left the open slope, where the snow was underlaid with sheer ice, and got over to the timber again, for Schultz said the snow might start down that smooth slope any moment if we went plunging around out there. Very often our feet would touch and slip on the ice that underlaid the snow. But when we got the timber we found the ascent so steep that we could not make it, the snow not being hard enough to support us without the shoes and the pitch being too steep to get up with them. We wallowed around for a while and balled up, and finally sunk down in the snow to rest, as we had done a hundred times before during the climb to where we were. Our resting place was directly below a big rock and a little clump of trees which grew above it on the mountain side. Just beyond this rose the sharp rock face which we wanted to get over. Along the face of this, in the warming sun which shone fiercely down upon the flashing sheet of white and the face of the black rocks above it, we could see tiny trills of water running where the direct rays had reached the ice and snow of the crest. Schultz did not miss the situation in any detail, and at last said: "I'm dead leery of this place, here. We'd better get down out of here as quick as we can. She's liable to turn loose any minute."

Now I do not like to get within a couple of hundred yards of anything I want and then turn back from it, and so perhaps was influenced more by impulse than by judg

ment when I declined to take Schultz's view of the case. I told him we were so near the top that we ought to go over now sure, and pointed out to him that it was surely safer up above the snow-slides than it was below them. Moreover, I explained to him that I had had a few thousands added to my life insurance before I came on this trip, and maybe it would be a good thing for my folks if the snow-slide did catch me, as a live newspaper man never is worth much anyhow. At this Schultz grieved openly, saying that his folks had no one to look to but himself, and that he had no life insurance; so he thought we'd better go down. "Go down," said Schultz, "Go up," said I; and so we had it. And as we argued, blamed if she didn't let go, just up above us at the foot of the rock, and sent a little slide rippling and shuffling and rolling right down by us, the edge of the roll spreading well about as it widened below the big rock under which we lay upon the snow! This made each more determined in his position, Schultz that it was safer below, I that it must surely be safer up stairs above such little avalanches as that we had just seen. At last Schultz said he'd like to do anything on earth to oblige me, so with a sort of good-bye-vain-world look on his face he left the cover of the rock and started up the pitch above us. And then she turned loose on the other side, and this time the roll of the snow spread well up to our knees as we stood on the shoes above the rock. Schultz made a few plunges and wallows, and I saw we could not make it further except by plunging through the snow and not getting over it. A few more plunges, and Schultz said it could not be done, so we turned back, and chanced all sorts of snow-slips getting down over the face up which we had come, though I presume that this was really the sensible thing to do. We were both tired and wet, not talkative when we got to the camp, which Boak had fixed up, but that worthy soon set us right with a cup of tea and a bite of beef and beans.

McChesney and Kearrey had a climb very much like ours, but with a shade more of success. They found that there were really goats wintering in this country, and struck the trail of eight or ten goats, finding where they had been rooting around in the snow under the short pine trees. They saw only one goat, a big Billy, which was calmly threading his way down the sharp rocks below them, some 300yds. distant. They tried to head him off and get a shot, and counted on getting him surely; but the same fatality which had attended McChesney all through the trip stayed with him still. The goat, instead of coming on up the ravine where he was expected, turned up a side coulee, and got above and away from the hunters while they were waiting for him to appear. This was too bad, for it did seem as though the coveted head ought to fall to Mac at last; and we were all sorry enough that the old goat had for once in a way showed a little cunning, and gone away from danger instead of into it, as sometimes they are about as apt to do as to try to escape.

Damp Night in Camp

That night we were all very wet, the damp quality of the snow making itself felt in this rolling and plunging about in it all day as we were forced to do in the climbing. Kearney was wet to the waist in spite of his rubber boots. McChesney's buckskin-topped rubbers were soaked like so much brown paper. My socks were getting a little tender from frequent dryings at a hot fire, and showed thin places through which the snow found ways. As I had no tops to my rubbers, and as the snow was now too wet to keep out in that way, I went to work and sewed some canvas tops to my rubbers, having by good fortune found a sail needle and bit of string in my war bag. This rig I found to be all right, and by wrapping my legs well in the wide canvas tops and lashing the whole with thongs, I found I had a very comfortable and dry footgear, soft and fit for shoeing and yet impervious to wet snow.

We had had a warm day, a sort of Chinook, and that night it came on to storm in a most threatening way; first a heavy, blinding snow, then a change which turned it into rain. This was really serious. The lean-to we had made of boughs for the night's camp was all well enough for snow or wind, but it could not turn rain. If our blankets got wet we were in trouble, for the warm storm was sure to be followed by a cold one, and to lie out in winter with wet blankets and wet clothes would be more than any of us cared to do. There was no escaping the situation as it was, however, for we had nothing to make a roof of except our snowshoes, and they leak in a heavy rain. McChesney was philosophical, Schultz a trifle gloomy, Kearney cheerful, and Boak openly hilarious. "All you want to have is faith," said Boak; "it ain't goin' to rain very much." Nor in point of fact did it, though it rained enough to start our roof to dripping; and the action of the fire on the damp snow kept up a pretty constant dribble over us all night long, or until the threatening change in the weather reached us.

Again After Goats.

The next morning was anything but mild. A terrible black storm settled down in the mountains and swept over our heads as we lay in camp, the wind roaring through the trees in anything but comforting fashion. We were twenty miles from a cover; it was getting very cold and very black in the mountains, and worst of all, we hadn't got that goat, and only had part of a day to get him. At least, McChesney said he would have to start back that afternoon at latest, though he wanted just one more try up there where they had seen the billy the day before. Bad enough was the prospect when we turned out of our cheerless bivouac and started out on our cheerless hunt. The wind, cold enough at the foot of the peak, was cutting in its intensity as we got up higher, and blew the flying rift of icy powder almost into the skin whenever we were obliged to face it. Yet once more we found fresh goat trails, though once more we failed to find goats. The storm shut in worse and worse, so that we could not hunt. If we had had a good day, we should have killed McChesney's head that day, for we knew we were close to the game, but as it was, the weather was too thick to see anything, and all knew it was useless to try to get a shot, for the game could smell further than we could see. Moreover, the goats that had been feeding low down among the trees at the timber line had now taken fright at something and gone up to the high rocks. We thought possibly they had been troubled by the mountain lions, whose fresh tracks, made the previous night, covered the side of the mountain where we hunted. We saw a great deal of lion sign in there, but could do nothing with the dog.

A little after noon we all rounded up and concluded to give up the attempt to hunt, McChesney finally admitting his fate and accepting it like a very game sportsman. He was sorry he had killed nothing, but this was his limit, and he had to get back to the railroad and start East as quickly now as possible. Therefore, at late afternoon of that day he and Schultz left us and pulled out for home; nor have I seen McChesney since, though I hear from him often by letter, he always wanting to try that winter trip over again.

Short Rations.

We were now again nearly out of grub, and Schultz promised to come back at once and meet us with more meat and flour as soon as he had taken McChesney to the railroad. I had still a couple of days available before the council at the agency, it being now Tuesday, and the council date being set for Saturday following. I decided to use these last days in trying to get my goat, and next week I shall tell, in the last chapter of this long series, whether or not I did get him. I remember very distinctly that I felt very gloomy when McChesney and Schultz turned down the trail on their long walk toward home. It was cold in camp, and we had no decent shelter for such weather. We were nearly out of food, the beef being all gone except some scraps. We had a little sugar and plenty of tea, but outside of this we had nothing but a little bag of flour, and investigation proved that this had no baking powder in it. We had been baking bannocks, or "dough-gods," as Boak called them, mixing up flour and water with salt and cooking the whole in the frying-pan, which made almost our only cooking utensil. At our last meal before our companions left us we had little to eat but dough-gods and tea, and thereafter it seemed we were to have nothing else until Schultz with the relief expedition got back to camp again. I am not especially fond of tea, and I don't like dough-gods as a steady diet, but in the winter and on a mountain hunt almost anything tastes good. Attempting to eat my portion of this hard bread, I had the misfortune to break off a tooth, and was assailed with a most abominable toothache, one of the worst things that can strike a man when he is in the wilderness, where help or mitigation is impossible. As I sat on the browse bed under the rude roof of our bough house, hungry, but with small prospect of anything to eat, with the cold wind screaming in the tree-tops and with my companions vanishing down the trail in the thickening light of the storm, it did seem to me for the time that maybe I hadn't lost any goat after all, and I wondered if I was really having a good time.

But then came Boak, with his steady cheerfulness and his watchword about having faith. He told me to tie up my aching face, and he put on another pot of tea, and then, with a rough kindness which I shall never forget if I live to be 100 years of age, he came around to where I was sitting humped up, and pulled off my shoes and hunted up a dry pair of stockings, and told me to lie down on the blankets and holler if I wanted to, but to have faith.

"I'll bet you any kind of money you kill a goat to-morrow," said Boak. "We're in now to where they are, an' you've got to git him."

Kearney, a very quiet man, and, as I had occasion to observe, a very good man in the mountains or about the camp, when asked what he thought was the probability of getting a goat, was, as usual, non-committal. Maybe we would get one, maybe not; but he thought the goats near our camp had now been disturbed, so that it would be harder to get them. If I could stand it to move camp a little further up, in between the two high peaks which appeared across the flat just over beyond us, he thought we would be sure of a goat, provided any were wintering on those peaks, as he thought very likely there were. If we stayed where we were we might get a goat, anyhow, but the chances were not so good. So, badly as we felt at our poor circumstances, we three remnants of the party pulled out and up that evening, and, tired well-nigh to the limit of endurance, made camp again still nearer to what we took to be the home of the animal we wanted. It was another night under a bough shelter, with no tent, with not even proper food now, and one of us with a malady which bid fair to prevent his hunting on the morrow. We were not enthusiastically happy when we went into the blankets that night, and for my part, I slept but little. When the fire was high, I dreamed of places where it was warm and comfortable, and when it had fallen low again, I dreamed that I was frozen and quite beyond all human aid. This, however, was nothing but a dream.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago

Natural History.

THE SENSE OF DIRECTION

Editor Forest and Stream:

YOUR correspondent Shaganosa has aroused me to a sense of my duty as I see it. He has advanced a theory in relation to direction which I believe is full of error, because his conclusions are based on false premises. I trust he will not deem me guilty of egotism, if I claim the ability to correct some of his conclusions by pointing out his false premises. His interesting paper, "The Wild Animal Instinct of Direction," contains a word that affects me as a red rag affects a bull. I refer to that equivocal, worn-out word, instinct. As applied to the lives of wild animals, it is such an elusive, meaningless term, that it seems a pity it should be used so often by writers on natural history. The word instinct savors of the supernatural, and was invented in ancient times to separate man from the brute, when the lower animals were supposed to lack reason. The word heredity is a far better word, for it renders intelligible all of fact that the word instinct implies, without resorting to imagination and the supernatural.

I can meet your correspondent on common ground in his theory that wild animals possess the power of direction. I am a firm believer in the sixth sense, the *sense of direction*. Your correspondent, if I understand him correctly, believes that an animal, blindfolded and carried to a distance, would, in most cases, strike a bee line for home through the instinct of direction. I can neither understand or entertain such an idea. An occurrence of that kind would have to be classed with the miracles. The sense of direction, as I know it, does not imply a supernatural power.

I believe that most animals possess the power to strike a bee line for home, after wandering for days through field or forest, not by the aid of a blind instinct, but through a sense of direction. The ability to keep the direction of home in mind, to never lose bearings whatever the surrounding conditions. But the animal must not be handicapped by the loss of sight or any other sense. I claim that the sense of direction is dependent on the other senses, just as these senses are dependent on each other.

Man possesses the sense of direction in a marked degree. This I know from my own experience. I can tramp through a strange forest day after day and never lose my bearings. It is a sort of woodcraft that practice fosters. The sense of direction, for the most part, acts secretly and we are not aware the we are under its influence unless our attention is attracted to results or surrounding conditions.

Eleven years ago, when Magnolia Swamp was unknown to me, I wandered, or rather pushed my way, through its dense shrubbery from daylight till twilight in search of magnolia blossoms. It was a rainy day, but I did not lose my bearings. As a fact, I did not think of direction more than two or three times during the day. After I retired that night my mind was engaged for some time in recalling the peculiar features of this strange swamp (the only swamp in the New England States where the *Magnolia glauca* grows in a wild state) I found that I could recall a great amount of detail that had escaped my notice during my wanderings. This was no new experience, for I had often studied the phenomenon of the sense of direction after a day in the forest. In recalling this day's work my memory brought out a mass of detail relating to the appearance of clumps and shrubbery, the direction taken when searching for new clumps, distances, etc., details that did not engage my thoughts at the time. Unknown to me, these minor things were registered on the brain. Through these involuntary impressions sense of direction is made possible. If the sportsman, after a day in the field or forest, will do some deep thinking, he will be surprised to find that he can make a fair map of his day's sport and bring to mind many minor details unthought-of before.

It will now be understood that my sense of direction controls movement, or, to state the idea fairly, it is the province of the sense of sight to see, of hearing to hear, of feeling to feel and of the sense of direction to direct. All directed movements are registered on the brain and are of great assistance in defining bearings and locality. The untrained mind cannot separate movement from the five senses. If a waterfall is heard and approached, then hearing directs the footsteps. If an object is seen and approached, then sight is the motive power, and so with the other senses. The error in this reasoning is evident when we learn that these senses have no connection with the muscles that control motion. We may see an object, but to approach it depends upon the will. The will may act directly upon the motor muscles, or it may register or express its desire and the motor muscles will perform the work while will may be otherwise occupied. It is the capacity of the motor centers to intelligently perform the work parceled out by the will, which I claim constitutes the sense of direction. In the simple act of walking will is seldom in proof. We walk automatically, but at the same time there is an intelligent control over the direction of our footsteps. What is this but the sense of direction?

You may move to a strange city. Your business office may be a long distance from your residence. At first you employ a guide, but after a time you become familiar with the various streets, and act as your own guide. Later you may leave your doorstep engaged in a brown study and reach your office without a thought of a street, or knowledge of anything but the matter in your mind. Unknown to you, sight pointed out the landmarks, and the sense of direction did the rest.

The sense of direction, as I understand it, is the power that controls movement when will is not employed.

The writers and lecturers on "Body and Mind" are all agreed on one point—that there are motor centers outside the brain that may act independently of the will while obeying its orders. On this theory I base the sixth sense, because it is impossible to explain intelligent movement by any other mode of reasoning.

I believe that wild animals possess the sense of direction to a degree that makes some of their acts appear to us to enter the domain of the supernatural. The circumstances which surround their lives necessitate the cultivation of a sense of direction. It is the evolution of a want.

I have given my ideas of a sixth sense for what they are worth, and now refer the whole question to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, knowing that it will receive intelligent consideration.

I hope I have made my meaning plain. I have endeavored to do so without making use of hair-splitting technical terms.

Now, if Shaganosa will give me his impartial attention I really think that I can convince him that some of his conclusions are wrong because his premises are false. He concludes that birds are endowed with a supernatural gift, which he calls "instinct of direction," because of the mystery of migration. He writes:

"That the migratory birds, when the time comes for migration, do not have to stop and think which way they will go. They just get up and go. They may be frightened and become confused, as by being frequently shot at, but once 'beyond the danger line,' their instincts regain control, and they will resume their journey in a direct line for their ultimate destination, and that, too, without stopping to think which is the right way."

If this were true. If birds could launch themselves into the air and go South without thought, and if turned aside miraculously regain their course without a thought as to the right way, then indeed would I be forced to admit the supernatural, to acknowledge that the days of miracles were not past, but I should be a miserable being the rest of my days. It would upset all my preconceived ideas of Dame Nature and her laws.

Really, friend Shaganosa, before we resort to miracles to explain migration, would it not be well turn to natural laws—laws that are explained by intelligent thought ought to decide such questions.

I have ever found the birds as intelligent in relation to the needs of their lives as we are to our lives. Migration is not an exception to the rule.

If man migrates he does so intelligently. Why not grant to birds the same faculty?

For the sake of illustration we will take the swallows, birds known to all, and describe their method of migration.

Remember, that the old birds have been South, that they know the way and do not doubt their ability to pilot the young birds to the new home. They also know, from experience, the perils and hardships of a long flight while battling with wind and weather. Full well they know that young birds, just out of the nest, would not last a day's flight if raw and untrained. So they intelligently proceed to train the young birds into a suitable condition. Early in the morning, after the young are fed, they are marshaled along the wires and fences and drilled in the art of flying. At first they fly in small squads, just a family group, but later they gather into companies and practice until the companies are massed in one grand army corps. When the young birds are thoroughly drilled, that is, are hard of muscle and capable of keeping their place in the ranks, to touch elbows, as it were, the old birds are ready to lead the way South. To avoid straggling the departure is made in the night.

Up to this point we see no indications of instinct. The acts of the swallows are as intelligent as would be the acts of human beings under like circumstances. If a general had raw recruits to deal with he would drill them just as the swallows drill their raw recruits.

Perhaps the maneuvers of swallows gave mankind the idea of military tactics.

When we consider the journey of these birds South, why should we claim that their acts are guided by a supernatural power? Why not allow intelligence in flight as well as in preparing for flight?

We can readily understand how the old birds, that have made several journeys and must be familiar with all the landmarks, may make the journey without the aid of a supernatural power.

We must remember that the sense of sight in birds is developed to a degree unknown to mankind. It often happens that I startle a ruffed grouse from its perch in the night. In such case it hurls itself through the shrubbery with amazing speed. When I think of the keenness of sight that enables this bird to avoid twigs and limbs, I know that my sight is nothing but blindness in comparison.

Some birds fly high, and the earth is like a map beneath them, with a well-defined line between land and water. Birds that are familiar with the route ought to experience no difficulty in finding the way. Even the limited sight of man would serve unless handicapped by a dark, stormy night.

Young birds left to themselves will not go South. Young robins often get left in this vicinity. They are birds of the last brood usually; the parent birds are killed before the young learn to associate with the flocks in the neighborhood. They stay through the winter because they have no knowledge of the South and no guide to lead the way. Ducks hatched under hens from wild eggs will not go South. I once lived near a farmer that hatched out six black ducks. The farmer did not feed them, and they lived through the summer on a trout brook. In winter they huddled into a fence corner under some shrubbery. They had no instinct to send them South, although their flight feathers were perfect; but they possessed intelligence enough to seek the cattle tie-up for warmth whenever they found the door open.

Shaganoss assumes this instinct of direction in the honey bee, because it returns to its hive in a "bee line" after hours of wayward flight. He seems to infer that the bee, the pigeon, and some variety of ducks, rise and circle in the air to leave landmarks "out of sight," so that this remarkable instinct may work more freely. Would it not be well to apply natural laws to these cases? Suppose we infer that these animals rise and circle to find familiar landmarks, just as a human being would act if he had the power of flight and had lost his way. Human beings climb trees, when lost, to look for landmarks. Why should we deny to bees and birds the very methods we make use of whenever the occasion requires?

As to bees, I do not know that they circle to find landmarks. After years spent in hunting, or "lining bees," as we called the sport in Maine, I can speak with no uncertain knowledge. The power to circle in search of landmarks is limited. If a bee is carried too far from its hive, beyond its power to circle and find landmarks, it is lost and never returns to the hive. I have proved this time after time. The carrier pigeon's power to circle is a most remarkable feature, but nevertheless it has its limit. Pigeons that are used for long distance flight are trained over the whole distance in short flights, so the bird may become familiar with landmarks.

Our cats and dogs that return to us when carried sightless to a distance, may return through the sense of smell. Cape Ann fishermen tell me that dogs scent the land fifty miles at sea. If we grant to animals the power of observation which we possess, and then take into consideration their keen sense of smell, we can account for many things that seem mysterious. However, dogs and cats are lost every day in the week.

Again, Shaganoss infers that man has lost this instinct of direction from the interesting fact that he sometimes gets his points of the compass mixed. I will not split hairs with him on this matter, but will let science dispose of it if possible. Science tells us that every object we behold—in fact, every conscious experience or observation—is photographed on the brain, and remains while there is life. Now Shaganoss is carrying around on his brain a picture of that lake with the points of the compass all wrong. As it was his first visit to the scene, the picture on his brain was forcibly impressed, all subsequent pictures are dim in comparison. When memory is connected with that lake, the first picture stands out in bold relief. If he is on the spot and is hurriedly called upon for any point of the compass, that first picture on his brain mixes him all up.

Old people recall events that took place in youth, while they cannot remember recent events. I suppose the reason for this peculiarity of memory is because the picture impressed on the brain in youth, when the faculties are perfect, are brighter than the pictures impressed by faculties dimmed by old age. First impressions are always the strongest, and it is almost impossible to oust them through impressions that are less emphatic.

Shaganoss is not alone in his mixed points. I know a section of a stream where the sun rises in the west and sets in the east; I can swear to it. HERMIT.

GLOUCESTER, Mass.

Brutes' Moral Sense.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I DID not think by expressing the opinion that brutes have no moral sense, that I would stir up so much argument against my proposition. I decline to argue the subject further, being unwilling to tax the patience of an indulgent editor. Whether or not it could be ascertained that brutes have moral sense, it matters little to us. However, a belief of it—as I said—would tend to make man more cruel to them. I must say I am unable to see the force of my opponents' arguments, but if their logic is accepted by others, they are quite at liberty to rest in their belief.

As to some of the emotions of brutes, we can be certain they are exactly analogous to those of man, such as anger, revenge, love, and evidently jealousy; but as to the emotion of pride, such as man feels, we can only suppose exists. What we call the exhibition of pride in the strut of the turkey, the prance of the horse, or the crow of the cock, may be the consequence of exultation—exaltation of spirits.

N. T. ELTING.

Wild Pigeons in Nebraska.

LAST week, while driving through a grove along the banks of the Nemaha River, in Johnson county, Neb., about eight miles from Burr, near Cook, I saw a flock of from seventy-five to a hundred of the wild passenger pigeons, the first seen for twenty years. W. F. R.

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THERE are twenty-nine illustrations in the current edition of *Game Laws in Brief*, most of them full page half-tones, and all admirably printed. The book is a beauty, and well worth having for the illustrations which, Mr. Charles Hallock says, so well represent America's wilderness sports. The *Brief* gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

A SQUIRREL HUNT IN SOUTHAMPTON.

ON Aug. 26 I left Richmond on the 8:50 P. M. train for Emporia, a pretty little town about sixty-five miles from Richmond, situated on the Meherrin River in Greensville county, Va. At Petersburg I was joined by Mr. Dabney, who was also seeking sport in the way of squirrel shooting. We were to join Capt. J. R Lifsey, of the Atlantic Coast Line, and Mr Barnett, M. C B of South Rocky Mt., N. C., shops, at Emporia, Va; and our point of sport was about fifteen miles southeast on Meherrin River, squirrel shooting. This is one of the best places for squirrels in the State, and no one living is more fond of the gun and rod than Capt. Lifsey and his genial companion, Mr. Barnett. Mr. Dabney and myself were being royally cared for, and at 10:44 P. M. we reached Emporia on time. We found Capt. Lifsey on hand, and waited until 2:20 A. M. for Mr. Barnett, who was expected on the north-bound train. The time soon slipped quickly by, for the Captain was telling us some good stories about our hunting grounds, and about the number of squirrels we expected to kill. Our intention was to spend five or six days shooting squirrels.

We made an early start for the gum swamps, and after traveling three or four hours arrived in camp. The day was warm and bright, and we were agreeably surprised upon arriving at camp to find quite a gay turnout of old Southampton's beaux and belles, and the old folk with the little ones, at a lovely green, shady nook, situated on a pretty bass stream called the Goose Pond. We were to have a big squirrel muddle—such as the Southampton farmer and hunter know how to prepare. I had never before been treated to an entertainment like this, and was at a loss at first to know the right thing to do; but felt free after seeing so many pleasant people; and the welcome they were extending us made me feel at home, for they were the most polite and hospitable people I ever met.

The Captain called my attention to a very fine bass lying in a boat which had just been brought to anchor near our place where the muddle was being prepared, and asked me if I saw any difference between it and a chub. After examining the fish I told him I saw no difference, for the people here called this fish a chub when it was really a small-mouth bass. Several hauls were made with a seine, and all the fish of different varieties one would care to see were brought to shore.

We were to have a fish fry also. I began to think that these good people intended to kill us with kindness before we could level our guns at some squirrels. Hunters were continually coming in with three and four and sometimes a half-dozen squirrels; while three or four men were kept busy preparing the fish, others were dressing the game, and some were bringing in watermelons that would make an Afro-American smile with joy. Finally at 2 o'clock everything was in beautiful shape. The tables were set for a multitude, and about eighty of the best people in old Southampton county sat down to dinner. To see the delicacies piled on the tables which were brought by private conveyance, together with the big squirrel muddle and fish fry combined, made one think of the little fancy that lingered once in a certain poet's mind that "the tables they groaned with the weight of the feast." I believe every one felt hungry, and I know that every one appreciated that dinner, and when it was over all seemed to have enjoyed themselves immensely.

The sun was fast bidding the day adieu, and slowly the crowd dispersed after wishing us much pleasure and success. In a moment every hunter was donning his hunting coat and getting a supply of shells for an hour's squirrel hunt before dark, for when it gets dark in the swamps it is darkness sure enough. The Captain and myself went in one direction to some scaly-bark trees; Mr. Barnett and one of the guides went another way, and Mr. Dabney and the other guide pursued another place to find the squirrels cutting scaly-barks. We had not been long in the swamp before the Captain found two up one tree. I killed one and he the other. We then flushed a flock of wild turkeys and tried to get shots at them, but they were too shy to allow us to get near enough. The Captain was anxious for me to get a shot; he did not care much to get one himself, for he has killed a good many and I had my first turkey to kill. Darkness found us all at camp, and only twelve squirrels had tumbled to the racket. We would have killed more, but owing to the lateness of the hour and so much shooting during the day by parties shooting squirrels for the muddle, that the little scaly-bark rodent had sought a hiding place and failed to show himself freely.

After supper, as we were seated outside the camp door with good cigars, the story-tellers entertained us. One of the guides gave us a very graphic account of a young lawyer's first effort at oratory before a county jury. He grew quite dramatic at times and his gestures were real amusing. I was so fatigued I soon fell asleep and came near falling out of my seat once or twice. The Captain was lively and looked cheerful, for he loves a good story.

Early in the morning we started before breakfast to get a shot at the turkeys we had flushed the evening before. At sunrise we were busy calling turkeys and one old hen responded, but she was so cunning we could not fool her, and we failed to get a shot at turkeys. We soon started for a large scaly-bark tree, which stood not far from camp, and while approaching we could hear the squirrels cutting scaly-barks. They saw us before reaching the tree and quickly stopped cutting to hide behind a limb or branch of the tree. Mr. Barnett saw one and shot it, and at the report of his gun the whole tree appeared to be alive with squirrels. It was load and shoot as quick as you can! We killed eight, and some three or four made their escape. I believe I killed the first squirrel and the shot was quite a good one, so much so that I received a very nice compliment from the genial Captain, who was standing near by watching the excitement. One old squirrel which was cut down in the early firing proved to be quite shot-proof. After it had been shot out of a tall tree, and had fallen to earth with a thump enough to break it up, a dog chewed on it awhile and the Captain struck it a heavy blow back of the head. Well, after getting to camp and pulling the squirrels out of our coat pockets, the old fellow was just getting his right mind back again, for he came near biting off two of my fingers. A quick jerk saved me from having a sore hand. I thought we would have to try the axe on him, but another stroke finished him entirely. There are some of the touchest squirrels in these swamps I ever saw. If you have not a strong shooting gun and shot of good size you will not be in it at all. I saw some almost shot in two trying to climb trees.

After breakfast we had a deer hunt, but, unfortunately, we did not jump any, but came upon a flock of wild turkeys, and Mr. Turner, one of the guides, killed one with his Winchester rifle. We reached camp about 2 o'clock, and after a good rest went after squirrels again, and many were killed. Mr. Barnett made two fine shots, and likewise Mr. Dabney made a good score with his 14 bore. The Captain could reach them in any tree at almost any distance. I have seen him shoot squirrels out of trees from a distance that looked almost unreasonable for a gun to kill so far, but such is the glory of having a good shooting gun. The Captain is a fine all-round sportsman and an ideal hand with a gun.

Monday another deer hunt was made, and Mr. Turner killed a very fine one. A great many squirrels were brought also. Tuesday, after a good hunt, we broke camp and came home. Every one was more than pleased with his outing. After summing up the total game secured during this hunt, we find we killed ninety-eight squirrels, one deer and one wild turkey. A. P.

MANCHESTER, Va.

Directions for Making a Squirrel Muddle.

By request A. P. sends us the recipe for a squirrel muddle, given him by Capt. Lifsey, as follows:

A muddle of forty squirrels should be cooked in a four-gallon pot, or the size of pot to be governed by the quantity of squirrels, say one gallon for every ten squirrels.

The pot should be filled one-half or two-thirds full of water and brought to a boil. Then put in the squirrels cut in small pieces (say into six parts), and keep boiling in clear water, adding water whenever it gets low, so as to keep the squirrels well covered while boiling. They should be allowed to boil until they are quite cooked, then add salt and pepper to suit the taste. Red pepper in pods is best, one pod generally to every ten squirrels. If not salt enough, it can be seasoned to suit individual taste when served. After the salt and pepper have been put in, add corn and tomatoes (a quart of each). Young corn cut from the ears (roast ears) in season are preferable, but canned corn will do.

After the corn and tomatoes, a teacupful of fried meat grease to each gallon of muddle should be added; the grease from a Virginia-cured side makes the best flavoring. The muddle should then be cooked until thoroughly done, being continually stirred while cooking.

Before the pot is taken off the fire, the water should be allowed to boil own enough to bring the muddle to the proper thickness, so that when taken off it can be eaten with spoons.

It generally takes from one and a half to two hours to prepare a squirrel muddle; and when well cooked it will be found a rare dish.

The word muddle comes from the continual stirring while it is being cooked and the appearance of the dish after it is cooked. J. R. L.

TAKING STOCK FOR A MOOSE HUNT.

WITH a week's supplies, I drove twelve miles to the river, where Tom was to meet me with his canoe. Tom is the guide who is going with the party for whom we are now cruising, and he is a good one. We started up the swift-running river, the water clear as crystal. Many points of beauty meet the eye as the canoe is poled up stream, the water fighting hard every inch of the way. We made thirteen miles, which is a big day's work up this stream; pitched the tent and had supper, which was greatly added to by a lot of fine trout taken on the way.

Supper over and the things snugged up, Tom says: "Guess we'll talk to the moose a little." Getting a piece of birch bark to suit his purpose, he rolled it in the shape of a horn, and soon the mountains and valleys for a mile around were echoing the sounds. Being tired with our day's exertions, we were soon in the land of dreams and forgetfulness.

Something awoke me. Hearing a noise as though a large animal was slowly walking along thoroughly aroused me, and giving Tom a nudge we listened. Carefully undoing the strings of the tent we peered out. 'Twas so dark nothing could be seen, and fearing it was a bear which might carry off our grub outside the tent, I threw back the flap, making a noise, when we distinctly heard the footfalls of a large animal moving away. Our provisions were brought inside and we were soon asleep again, not waking till daylight. On going out and looking around we found that a small tree had been uprooted, and there in the clear earth were two footprints of a moose which had been so close that he could have put his nose on the tent, as perhaps he had,

This is counted too early in the season to call, and we did not expect him to pay any attention to us, but he came either from our calling or just by chance.

We went up stream and reached Mud Lake. Paddling quietly along close to one shore, keeping a watch, we soon had our patience rewarded by seeing a noble moose, with a great head of horns, walking in toward the lake on an old lumber road. Coming to a cleared place on the bank, he stopped; taking a good, long, steady look at us, slowly turned and, in no hurry, moved again into the woods. We cruised many small lakes and ponds, finding plenty of fresh signs of moose and caribou, and on their banks beaver have their homes. We put in eight days of this, and although we were up at daybreak, it seemed that night came too quickly.

Going back down stream reminded me of our boyhood days, when we would pull our sleds up to the top of the big hill in the winter for the fun of sliding down. Just so here. Places where it took us an hour to climb up we would fairly fly down in five minutes. The ride down is nice, but going up is slow. Mr. Miles, the civil engineer who has come across country locating the line for the new railroad spoken of in a previous article, reports wonderful abundance of moose in some parts of the intended road. There is plenty of them, but it takes work with skilled men to capture this lordly animal of the forests.

There are a few places easy to get to from here. Some can be reached in one day where caribou and deer are plenty, where the languid city man, who can hardly muster health sufficient to attend to business at present, would come for a month or two, he would surprise himself and friends on going back a brand new man, as full of life and vigor as the natives, who never have breathed other than the pure air from these their native forests. A. J. RAYMOND.

EDMUNDSTON, N. B., Aug. 17.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

News from the Chicken Fields.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 11.—No reason as yet appears to make one doubt the general accuracy of last week's forecast on the chicken crop of this section. I have conversed with or heard from many more parties who have returned from shooting trips, and almost without exception they report results far below their expectations.

At Grand Rapids, Wis., 100 shooters went out on opening day, but all reported the shooting very poor, the coveys being broken up and mostly old birds remaining. This, of course, means that the sooner was there and got the cream of the sport.

At Hancock, Wis., very fair shooting was had on opening day by a few shooters, the birds all being the sharp-tailed grouse, not the simon pure chicken.

At Palmyra, Wis., there is a "farmers' trust," a league formed for the purpose of stopping non-resident shooting in that vicinity. On opening day two Milwaukee shooters—Judge Malloy and P. Barth—killed thirty-six birds in the league's territory, in defiance of the alliance. Are we to suppose that the Judge's title was really earned at bench or bar?

The numbers of shooters are so great, and the supply of birds after all so limited, that a bit of country which has a supply of birds does not last long after it is once located. Very often it does not last so long as the first day of the season. Thus, at Brown's Valley, Minn., where the field trials were held, there was an abundance of birds last July, and everybody supposed that there would be plenty left for the runnings. Such proved to be very far from the facts. In some way the farmers got the notion that the field trials meant an onslaught of city shooters with no intention except to use their dogs in determining who could kill the most chickens, and this thought sat ill with the local mind. The farmers determined to forestall the invasion, and they did so pretty effectually, wiping up the birds over all that part of the country some days before the date of the trials. So I am advised by Mr. S. A. Smart, of the Great Northern Railroad, local secretary of the Continental Field Trials Club.

A splendid sporting region once lay all about the famous Kandiyohi Lake country, west of these cities, both for duck and chickens. Especially good for chickens was the strip some forty or fifty miles wide, straight west, out toward Hutchinson, Glencoe, etc. This country is now reported shot out, especially at all points near the railroads. Yet at Wilmer, not far from the Kandiyohi lakes, chicken shooting was good last week. Mr. Carrington Paelps and myself contemplated a wagon trip out over this strip of country, between the two lines of railroad; and we thought that by taking the middle of the strip, away from the towns, we should get good shooting, though we had never yet had opportunity of putting this to the test. It is certain that this fall, such a trip would afford all kinds of shooting at ducks, for the whole State of Minnesota is this fall full of local ducks.

I hear again that Bird Island is good for ducks in abundance, and also some chickens. This is in lower Minnesota, and the gist of opinion now is that stated last week, that the legal season for chickens in lower Minnesota has been a failure.

At and near and west of Larimore, N. D., there are some birds, and again it appears that upper Minnesota and Dakota were the best sections of the Northwest this fall. At Pembino, N. D., Prof. Edmund Osthaus, Mr. Clarence Draper and Mr. Ned Cavalier, of the field trials party at Morris, Man., had very fair sport at chickens. They got thirty-seven in one day, and all the ducks they cared for.

Near Pembina is a large marsh, which is worth taking into account. Here Mr. W. S. Bell and Maj. J. M. Taylor had very fine sport at snipe, getting eighty yellow-legs and jacks. I am disposed to think Pembina has been about as good a place as any this fall.

Mr. C. E. Robbins, of Fargo, very well posted on game matters, says one had to go west and south of that point to get any shooting. The Ed. Bowers and Clint. Smith party, who camped out in the sandhills west of Sheldon, got over 200 birds.

At a point near Montevideo, in Chippewa county, Minn., the chickens are still fairly numerous, according to the reports of a machinery salesman, who lately drove across a good strip of that country.

Near Hawley, in Clay county, Minn., the shooting at chickens has been good.

In Ottertail county, Minn., the chickens have been on hand in numbers above the average, and that is one of the best sections to head for, though it has been much shot over for years. Above Fergus Falls the birds have been fairly plentiful. Near Tintah Junction there should be sport, according to the report of the local warden.

It was in Clay county that one of the largest bags was made last week, 203 birds in two days. This was done by Messrs. W. B. Douglas, of Moorhead; R. D. F. Polk, G. B. C. Evans, Hon. Henry Feig and Dr. F. Shipman, all of St. Paul. They divided into three parties the first day, and came in with fifty-two, thirty-seven and eighteen birds, respectively.

Lake Park, Becker county, Minn., once very good, has now been shot out by marketmen.

White Earth Indian Reservation, once very good, has been shot by sooners of the Indians and breeds, who sell to the trader, who ships to market.

Deputy Warden J. A. Jones, of Ottertail county, Minn., reports one bag last week of eighty-two chickens to three guns in two days, and another of 120 chickens in three days to three guns, all by St. Paul men.

Executive Agent S. F. Fullerton and Judge Orr went out together on opening day for a whirl at the chickens. They got twenty-four.

An Important Case.

An important case in game protection matters has just come up in the State of Minnesota, indeed, probably the most important in its bearings ever fought in the Commonwealth. It is the old case of the Indian over again. It is the policy of the State Game Commission to concede that the Indians have the right by treaty to kill and consume game on their own reservation without control by the State, but that as soon as they or their game shall be found off the reservation, the State may assume control. Indeed, any other interpretation of the law would leave the law itself practically a nullity. Already much game is killed off the reservation, carried into the reservation and shipped thence to market under cover of the Indian rights. Some time ago Agent Fullerton seized such a shipment, 630 chickens and 420 partridges, and now he and his associates have been sued on this account by Mrs. Julia Selkirk, Indian trader for the White Earth Reservation. Attorney T. E. Byrnes, of St. Paul, who is employed by the Game Commission, is much interested in this case, and thinks he can win it. Much depends on this, and if the Indian lady wins, it may be expected that the keen game dealers of St. Paul and Chicago both will not be slow to take advantage of it until they are finally knocked out.

Interstate Work.

Warden Fullerton, of Minnesota, is a deputy warden for Warden Bowers, of North Dakota, and *vice versa*.

When Warden Bowers learns of a shipment of game made into Minnesota he notifies Deputy Fullerton, and the latter seizes the game. The State's Attorney of Minnesota has held that a State can thus follow its own property from one State to another—even from North Dakota to New York. This novel principle is yet new, but its significance may be seen.

Comity.

Let it be understood that there is perfect understanding and perfect comity between the game dealers of the Twin Cities and the game dealers of Chicago. Each knows the issue every time, and they help each other. Game dealer Cobb, the head of the craft in the Northwest, knows perfectly what is going on in South Water street, Chicago. Dealer Cobb does not quite agree with those who think South Water street is not handling illicit game with continuous regularity, swiftness and despatch.

Nearly Lost the Law.

Minnesota nearly lost her game law the past season. A determined lobby—backed by Cobb, Turner and the Le Claire brothers (Baltimore Packing Co.), and led by a woman lobbyist—fought the bill in whole and part. They sought to cut off the appropriation, and for the time did succeed in cutting off the right of the Game Commission to hire an attorney. The fight for decency was led by Mr. W. B. Douglas, of Moorhead, chairman of the game committee in the House, and by Sam Hansen of the Senate committee. These made so good a fight that the law was restored and preserved as it now is, one of the models of the Union in game law. In token of the appreciation of such yeoman services, the sportsmen of Minnesota have made each of these gentlemen a present of a high grade shotgun, each to select his own make. Sam Hansen chose a Greener, and will in due course receive this from the works. Mr. Douglas chose a Parker, and this gun I saw at the wholesale house which ordered it. It is a beautiful piece of workmanship, $350 grade, perfect in every particular and beautifully engraved, the gold plate bearing the inscription: "To Mr. Douglas, from the Sportsmen of Minnesota." A few of us went down with Mr. Douglas, Agent Fullerton acting as presentation man, when Mr. Douglas first saw this gift. He was naturally pleased, after the fashion of an infant with a new red wagon. The success of the men concerned in this fight in the Legislature, not the least of whom was Mr. Fullerton himself, was indeed matter for mutual felicitations.

Minnesota Sooner Convictions.

There were thirty-nine convictions secured against sooners in Minnesota during the month of August, or at least, that number have been turned in by the deputy wardens. This showing is a fine one. Deputy Warden Stephens, of Detroit, has been one of the most successful, and his name is becoming a terror in his part of the State.

Non-Resident Licenses.

Minnesota has a non-resident license as against North Dakota and Wisconsin, which have non-resident license laws upon their statute books, and in several instances already the license has been collected from Wisconsin men who have come into Minnesota to shoot. The game wardens of these contiguous States are of much assistance to each other. Thus, when Warden Bowers, of North Dakota, was here this week visiting Warden Fullerton, they learned by chance that Deputy Warden Blanchard, of Moorhead, Minn., has lately been in the habit of issuing permits to certain favored friends in North Dakota who wished to cross the line and shoot in Minnesota. This will be stopped at once. These permits have been issued to Geo. Dobell, of Fargo, and of course without authority.

It Will be Enforced.

As was stated last week, some fifty non-resident licenses have been issued in North Dakota this fall, probably much more than that when all the counties are heard from. Last winter there was a penalty clause attached to the non-resident act, and the man who does not settle when he is approached by the warden is very apt to wish he had. This law is being enforced strictly, and there is no getting around it. To those who have asked whether or not this North Dakota license can or will be collected, I would say: Yes, it can be and will be. Intending shooters may bear this in mind.

Dr. J. E. Hinkins and A. A. Paterson, both of Chicago, have just returned from Pontiac, Livingston county, Ill. where they have been spending two and one-half days with Victor Emery and Hal Oppermann, chicken shooting; they found plenty of birds, but the hunting was hard on account of the intense heat. The dogs worked faithfully, but with difficulty, as the ground was very dry, and there was no available water except that which was carried on the wagon. The number of chickens killed were twenty six on the 15th inst., twenty-three on the 16th and seventeen on the 17th, or sixty-six in all. The territory covered was about fifteen to eighteen miles each day. While hunting chicken they ran across numerous bunches of quail, many of which were only half grown apparently; all bids fair to good quail shooting after Oct. 1.

Attempted Evasions.

Recently Warden Bowers caused the arrest, near Castleton, N. D., of a Mr. Leslie, of Ft. Dodge, Ia., and a Mr. Hallock, of New York city. Each of these loosened $35 from his person.

A more widely known instance occurred in the case of young Horace Lowry, son of the St. Paul street car magnate, and his three friends, who were found near Carrington, S. D., a little over a week ago shooting with resident licenses which cost only 50 cents apiece. Warden Bowers told them he would have to take them to town unless they wanted to purchase a higher grade sort of license. They dug up $100 between them.

Another Party.

Mr. Fred M. Stephenson, of Menominee, Wis., with Messrs. W. R. Cox and F. Deane, of Chicago, have gone for a five weeks' trip to the Jackson's Hole region after big game.

A Warden Murdered.

A dispatch of Sept. 3 from Denver, Colo., reports the murder of Warden W. B. Wilcox, whose body was found near where he had planned to arrest a party of eleven men who have been butchering game in the Williams Basin all summer. The warden had been shot in the head and his body left lying in the woods.

A rumor was current a short time ago that certain malcontents near Detroit, in Minnesota, had planned to shoot Warden Stephens, who had become hated by illegal hunters and fishers on account of his fearless work in his office. It was even reported that he had been killed. At last accounts, however, he was very much alive.

More Chicken News.

FARGO, N. D., Sept. 16.—Still further confirmation is at hand of the belief expressed in FOREST AND STREAM since the opening of the season, that the early reports of abundance of chickens in Minnesota and Dakota were unwarranted. I have traveled half across the State of North Dakota and have found no reliable chicken country and have heard of none. A few bags have been made near Fargo, mostly along the southwest branch of the N. P., in the hilly region and nearly as far south as Lisbon, S. D. This I believe to be the best chicken country in North Dakota this year, unless that near Pembina be excepted.

There are a few birds in Minnesota not far from Fargo. This week three Fargo shooters, Charles and Art Bowers and Elmer Bellmeyer, made a hunt of one day about ten miles from Moorhead and bagged thirty-one birds. This is one of the best bags made this season near Fargo.

To-morrow I expect to meet Mr. S. F. Fullerton, State Warden for Minnesota, at Campbell, Minn., for a try after chickens; of which more in due time.

The Ducks are a Reality.

The chicken crop has been mostly a myth, but the ducks are a reality. At this moment there is not time to write at any length of the trip in North Dakota with State Warden Geo E Bowers, but I will say to all who are planning a fall trip, that it will be far more than worth the $25 license fee to have a shoot in this State this fall. The ducks are to be found in thousands. I have never seen so many birds in any part of the United States. The crop is the best for many years. Guides and sportsmen say this is because of the license law, which last year cut off an enormous amount of shooting.

Caught the Deputy.

Deputy Milt Crary, of Crary, N. D., a town near Devil's Lake, sometime ago arrested a young man for killing a few ducks ahead of the season. A little while ago, after the season had opened, this same deputy was arrested at the instigation of this young man, under the charge of shooting without a license. He claims now that he had sent in the money for his license, and that the auditor had not forwarded same to him. More than this, Crary made the bad break of pleading not guilty, and taking the position that he was going to test the law. This novel case of one of his deputies undertaking to test the law under which he was working, was too much for Warden Bowers, who read the riot act to Crary. The latter is now trying to square himself with the warden, the law, and his fellow-townsmen all at once.

Fairly Correct.

The following forecast of the chicken and duck crop was made Aug. 27 by the Northern Pacific R. R., based upon reports of station agents, the best source of information then at hand. I am inclined to believe, from what I have learned during a brief stay in the Northwest this week and last, that the predictions were fairly correct, though of course each day changes the status of the chicken crop. It is now late to plan a chicken trip, but as to the ducks it may be depended upon that not for many years has there been such a supply. I can personally say that no man who goes to Dawson, N. D., this fall will be disappointed. The list of points follows:

PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

Poor—In vicinity of Crookston, Aitkin and Brainerd, Minn., and at Forest River, Jamestown and Dawson, N. D.

Fair—In vicinity of Little Falls and Battle Lake, Minn.

Good—In vicinity of Sauk Center, Fergus Falls, Perham and Detroit, Minn, and at Wahpeton, Valley City and Pembina, N. D.

GROUSE OR PARTRIDGES.

Good—At Little Falls, Perham, Aitkin and Detroit, Minn.

DUCKS.

Good—At nearly all points. Especially at Brainerd, Aitkin, Battle Lake, Fergus Falls, Perham, Detroit and Crookston, Minn., and at Dawson and Valley City, N. D.

E. HOUGH.

1205 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Land and the Game Supply.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your editorial in last issue, entitled "A Better Way," is a shot mighty near the truth. There is no good reason "why we should allow all the good hunting country on this continent to pass into private control." Unfortunately, however, most of it has so passed, and your point is well taken when you say "the time to undertake the permanent keeping of this territory is *now*." Why not go further?

All the laws wisest legislators can formulate, the best efforts of the most disinterested associations, even the acknowledged power of such a publication as yours, cannot, under existing conditions, save the wild things of earth and air and water. Where are the vast herds of buffalo whose footsteps once shook the Western plains? Are the elk, deer and antelope to be seen where they once were? Even our prairie chicken—isn't he surely doomed?

Mark the trail of the pioneer, the home-hunter; you will find it all over our vast country. When he comes, the wild life goes before him. Far from the center of culture and civilization; far from school house and church; far from markets so necessary to his material welfare; far from improving intercourse with his fellows, cheap land has led him on. Does he prefer this lonely life of toil and deprivation? Not a bit of it. Stern necessity and nothing else has driven him away from the haunts of man, and scattered him, so to speak, far and wide.

Man is essentially a land animal. Without land he cannot exist. Close to every busy community there is land in abundance held out of use Yet, the very existence of such communities gives a greatly increased, and increasing, value to all neighboring land. Here arises the speculative value of land, and it is held out of use, or out of full use, in expectation of a rise.

Thus the man with nothing in the world but his ability to labor, coupled with the possession of a more or less rude outfit, is forced to seek those remote sections where land is cheap or can be had for nothing, and when he comes the wild life goes.

Were we upon a basis of equity and justice with respect to land; did our laws but recognize that the land was the free gift of the creator to all his people, then human beings would not be driven to live in the haunts and after the manner of wild things, the lower forms of life would have ample room and opportunity to grow, wax fat and multiply, disturbed only by the occasional visit of some wandering Nimrod on health or pleasure bent.

As time rolls on, private ownership of land in this country will tend to fence in bird, beast and fish, just as it has already done in England, and the mere possession of gun and dog will draw upon the owner the surveillance of "my lord's" gamekeeper. ROBERT W. SCOTT.

PHILADELPHIA.

Notes from Boston.

BOSTON, Sept. 18.—Mr. A. E. Mills tells me of excellent shooting on Prince Edward Island. His boyhood home is there, and he spent his vacation there, having just returned to business in Boston. As soon as he reached home his father told him that there were flocks and flocks of upland plover in the old hay field, full-grown and not very shy. The old shotgun, long since lain by, was got out the night beforehand, and at daylight Mr. Mills was tramping over the stubble fields of his early recollections. He heard the plover and crept carefully along, as much in ambush as possible, till a good flight went over him, almost too near. The old gun brought down four at the first shot. Reloaded, the flight was back again, with more birds. Mr. Mills went home to breakfast much pleased. He says that duck shooting in the same neighborhood promises to be excellent. A number of flocks were by him sighted, and the local gunners believe they are very plenty.

The partridge season has opened in this State, and will open in Maine on Monday, the 20th. Here the shooters have made some very fair bags. Gardy Ames and Ben Goodwin were out in Reading on the opening day and got seven ruffed grouse. They are crack shots and noted for their success in partridge shooting. They found the birds unusually shy, with the leaves thick, making shooting difficult. E. M. Gillam and F. W. Hallowell were out in the same town on the morning of the opening day. Mr. Gillam's dogs pointed about twenty birds, but when flushed they invariably took for the brush, or back in an unexpected direction. The hunters were obliged to leave the sport and go to Boston on business without a bird to show. They will soon give the shy fellows another try.

A gentleman, much interested in dogs and bird shooting, just in from an extended trip in New Hampshire and Vermont, says that game is scarce in nearly every section he visited. The common explanation is that the young birds—possibly the eggs—were destroyed by the stress of wet and chilly weather in the spring and early summer.

Smelting off the shore, all along from the Cape to Saco Bay, is a popular sport just now. Hook and line is the favored tackle, since there is a law against any sort of netting. Shrimp are used for bait, and to take three or four dozen for breakfast any morning is the common thing with almost any sportsman so situated that can easily reach any sort of a favorable tidewater creek or inlet. E. A. Dow, of Woburn, has taken a good string for a number of mornings lately. He owns a yacht and plenty of boats, and fishes off the harbor here. SPECIAL.

Oakland Game and Fish Protective Association.

OAKLAND, N. J., Sept. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The snaring of ruffed grouse in the Ramapo and Campgaw mountains, and the spearing of fish in the Ramapo River and at the head of Pompton Pond during the last few years, has increased so much that the shooting and fishing has been almost entirely ruined.

A meeting was called on Sept. 14 at Oakland, and the Oakland Game and Fish Protective Association formed, with the following officers: President, John Lloyd; Vice-President, E D. Page; Treasurer, A. Van Houten; Secretary, Noel Money.

At the meeting it was resolved that the Association shall give $10 to any one furnishing evidence to convict any person of snaring partridges, trapping or ferreting rabbits, spearing fish illegally or shooting quail, ruffed grouse or rabbits out of season.

The appointment of Mr. John Lewis as deputy game warden has been asked for by the Association, and we expect that it will take only a few convictions to put an end to the partridge snaring and spearing.

NOEL E. MONEY, Sec'y.

Preaching Murder.

Editorial in the Providence (R. I) Evening Telegram, Sept. 9.

So good a man as the editor of *Fiber and Fabric*, a Boston trade paper, seems to think killing game wardens is not much of a crime. In his paper last week Mr. Wade, who probably never killed an animal of any sort in his life, for that would not be sport for him, refers to the killing of a game warden and asks why he was killed. "Simply," he says, "because no human being, even though he were worth millions, has exclusive right to wild game. Game keepers have always been roughly handled and always will be, therefore wise men are never game keepers. A man may herd a million sheep and no one will ever assassinate him, for the reason that sheep are property, and game is not property. America has gained thousands of good citizens who left their native heath because they had thrashed a game keeper and were identified."

Since that was published there has been another murder of the same kind. One or two men are already in New England prisons for the offense, and a very small part of the population of their States look upon them as great sinners. The fact is the enforcement of game laws is bound to bring trouble. Once in a while a man who is caught openly violating the law, like the Philadelphian at Narragansett Pier is caught and let off with a sentence which means nothing to him, not even disgrace. But usually the crime of killing game in violation of law goes unpunished. Respect for all law is diminished as it is by the farce of unenforced prohibition. The game warden in the pursuit of his official duty runs up against a man whose reverence for the statute book has been gradually lessened, and if the man sees State prison staring him in the face, for a crime which nobody considers a crime, what wonder he saves himself at the cost, perhaps, of the warden's life. It is wicked, but it is one of our recently imported fashions which is responsible for it. Better farms and homes than great game preserves.

The Bowley's Quarter Pheasants.

A STATEMENT having been given out that the Bowley's Quarter Ducking Club, of Maryland, would set trap-guns to protect its pheasants, President Nathaniel E. Janney writes to the Baltimore *Sun* in denial: "To relieve the Bowley's Quarter Ducking Club from the false position in which it has been placed by a statement, in the form of an interview, in the *Sun* of the 13th instant, as to means to be resorted to for the protection of English pheasants on the property owned by the club in Middle River Neck, I beg to say the club has no intention, and has never had a thought of resorting to such un-American means as trap-guns and savage dogs for obtaining protection of its property. The only protection asked is that of the law and the good-will of our neighbors. If these fail us, we will abandon the raising of these fine game birds.

"To be obliged to do this would be mortifying after years passed in overcoming difficulties in the way of successful breeding and render useless a plant perfected by time and much expense, to say nothing of the loss to the farmers of the State and the general public of the benefits of the free distribution, annually, through the Maryland Game Protective Association, of pheasant eggs for breeding purposes, under the existing agreement, toward the gradual stocking of the entire State without cost.

"We have proved by results that we can successfully breed these magnificent birds. Our failure has been in the ability to protect them from destruction by night marauders on our land, notwithstanding we have been well seconded in this particular by the Maryland Game Protective Association.

"The common prejudice against a preserve could hardly apply in our case because of the existing agreement with the State Game Association to share with the citizens of the State the results of our work."

Opening Day in Massachusetts.

FITCHBURG, Mass.—Everyone in town who owned a gun cleaned it up, and loaded some shells, and everyone who owned a dog gave him a good "licking" Tuesday night; and on Sept. 15, about 5 A. M., the several sporting outfits moved out of town to where the birds had been marked in the various likely covers. It turned out a glorious day, but the leaves are too thick yet for comfort, and the birds that were bagged were earned. Messrs. Fields, Kimball and Cutter killed thirteen partridges and one woodcock; Messrs. Cummings and Wallace, nine partridges and three woodcock; Prof Curley and E L. Herson, four partridges and one woodcock; the Putnams, father and son, two partridges; and Messrs. Crocker and Colony, five partridges. I was out myself with Mr. I. O Converse, and we scored four woodcock and two partridges. So you see we have got some birds up here; but, after all, what do the birds amount to in numbers? It's the sport, the woods, the old clothes and the dogs. If I had a picture to go with this letter, of Mr Converse's black pointer, Lu, backed by my Gordon setter, Rex, in a cover of white birches, you'd all buy a dog to see him do the same thing. They stood on a woodcock; it was a picture that a sportsman cherishes through the season, and—well, we got the woodcock, and of course that is important. Why don't someone start a series of "Dogs I Have Shot With?" We would all like to read them up this way, and of course, there are others. NOX ALL.

Maryland Game Wardens.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Sept. 17.—Upon the recommendation of Game Warden Norris, Governor Lowndes has commissioned the following deputy game wardens in Maryland:

Baltimore county—B. L. Stansfield, B. H. D. Bull, Augustus Bruehl, Joseph Plummer, Charles T. Bevan.
Washington county—Samuel Pennel.
Worcester county—Wm. S. Dennis.
Carroll county—Frank J. Devilbiss.
Anne Arundel—Robert H. Chaney.
Harford county—D. P. Hollingsworth, Charles E. Wiggers, Walter P. Reckord, Brinton F. Warner, Joseph B. Hoskins.
Frederick county—Charles H. Birely.

For any work on outdoor sports send direct to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., who are the largest publishers and importers of such books in America. Their illustrated descriptive catalogue will be sent free on request.

Quail in Nebraska.

BURR, Otoe County, Neb., Sept. 11.—Have been traveling out from Burr over the country for the past few weeks, and prior thereto I was engaged through eastern Kansas. I never saw so many quail as I have in the past two months. I have found one or two coveys in the road in every draw or depression (what we used to call a swale in New York State), and every day I start a flock or two of prairie chickens out of the road.

Here is a note from the Kansas City *Star* of Sept. 5:

"Wedged fast in the cowcatcher of the big engine which pulled the Union Pacific train from the West into the Union depot this morning was a full grown quail, which had attempted to cross the track of the engine while it was rushing across the plains at the rate of forty miles an hour. 'I have never before seen so many quail in Kansas at this season of the year,' said the grimy engineer, as his attention was called to the engine's catch. 'We pass through great coveys of them every morning, and it is no unusual thing for us to knock out half a dozen or more between Lawrence and Kansas City. It is not often, however, that they remain on the pilot.'" W. F. R.

New Haven Association.

NEW HAVEN, Conn, Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A number of New Haven sportsmen have decided to join hands in a vigorous attempt to enforce the game laws. For years there have been only occasional attempts, many of them half-hearted, made to enforce the laws, and they have been broken by almost every one except those who were gentlemen enough to realize that the laws were intended to give every one an equal chance at the game We have formed an organization known as the New Haven County Game and Fish Protective Association, and every man is in it to stay. We have offered a reward of $25, subject to reasonable restrictions, for evidence which will convict, and we are going to put every case that comes up through to the bitter end. We expect to have the end bitter for the poacher, but if we do get it ourselves it will only be a dose of quinine to stimulate us to work harder. CHARLES G. MORRIS, Sec'y.

An Adirondack Game Warden Murder.

WHITEHALL, N.Y., Sept. 18.—William Jackson, a deputy sheriff of Schroon Lake, was killed last night near Paradox Lake while trying to arrest three brothers named Lajoie, charged with violating the game laws. Jackson's body was also mutilated with an axe.

Sept 20.—Frank Lajoie, the murderer of Deputy Sheriff William Jackson, was captured by a volunteer force of several young men from Schroon Lake, near Whitney's Clearing, Paradox Lake, at 3 o'clock this afternoon. Lajoie went to his mother's house about noon for something to eat. He was exhausted and said he would give himself up. He offered no resistance. Lajoie and his two brothers, who are held as witnesses, will be taken to the county jail at Elizabethtown.

Sportsmen's Exposition.

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The secretary-treasurer of the National Sportsmen's Association has left for the West to close contracts for special features for the coming Exposition, to be held March 13 to 19, both days inclusive, at Madison Square Garden, New York city.

J. A. H. DRESSEL, Sec'y-Treas.

A Quebec Moose Opportunity.

THERE is an opportunity for one person to join a Quebec moose hunting expedition. One of the members (guide and canoe engaged) has been obliged to abandon the trip, thus making room for another. The start will be Sept. 27. Further particulars at this office.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

The Green Mountain Gyascutus.

SPORTSMEN who are intending to visit Vermont next month for the purpose of hunting deer, will do well to provide themselves with weapons suitable to cope with more formidable game. For to say nothing of the ferocious bears, lynxes and porcupines with which our forests abound, there is the more terrible gyascutus, which, though the fact is not generally known, is still to be found roaming our mountain sides as frequently as the mastodon the wilds of Alaska. This singular beast is briefly described in the Century Dictionary as follows: "An animal said to be of tremendous size and to have both legs on one side of the body much shorter than on the other, so as to be able to keep its balance in feeding on the side of a very steep mountain."

A writer of the last century, whose name is not given, but quite probably that veracious chronicler, the Rev. Hugh Peters, thus writes of it: "A most monstrous and wonderful strange Beast hath his habitation on the declivities of these mountains, to traverse which he is singularly well adapted, the foreleg and hinder leg of one side being so much longer than those of the other side that he standeth or lyeth at ease on very steep places, and also moveth very swiftly thereon. He cannot turn himself about, but goeth ever in one direction, except as he goeth backward, which he can do with great speed upon occasion. His head, which hath an ornament of sharp antlers, is carried loftily, and the eyes being set outward and backward, he seeth as well behind as before, and for means of attack and defense in the rear, he is provided with an exceedingly muscular tail, which hath a sharp horn at its end, said to be enormous, but as to that I know not, for I have not seen this wondrous Beast, but only his tracks, as great as those of an ox, and in like manner divided, but with claws at the end. His stature is above that of a horse, and he is of a fierce and implacable temper, as is denoted by the wounds wantonly inflicted on the trees both by his cruel antlers and his waspish Tail."

The visiting sportsman is as likely to fall in with the gyascutus in the fortresses of the Green Mountains as to find here such herds of deer and gangs of bears as are reported by some journals, therefore it may be well for him to bring along a rifle of large caliber and a stout hunting knife, or a hatchet of the G. W. pattern, wherewith to defend himself from the backward charge of the beast. It is evident that the gyascutus may be more safely approached on either side than at either end, but this may not be considered sportsmanlike.

AWAHSOOSE.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "Game Laws in Brief."

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief* (index page dated Aug. 1) contains the fish and game laws for 1897, with a few exceptions, as they will continue in force during the year. As about forty States and Provinces have amended their laws this year, the *Brief* has been practically done over new. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. on receipt of price, 25 cents. All dealers sell it

OUR CAMPING GROUND.

THERE is a spot where plumy pines
O'erhang the sylvan banks of Otter,
Where pigeons feed among the vines
That hang above the limpid water.
There wood-ducks build in hollow trees,
And herns among the matted sedges,
While, drifting on the summer breeze,
Float satin clouds with silver edges.

'Tis there the bluejay hides her nest
In thickest shade of drooping beeches,
The fish-hawk, statue-like in rest,
Stands guard o'er glassy pools and reaches.
The trout beneath the grassy brink
Looks out for shipwrecked flies and midges,
The red deer comes in search of drink,
From laurel brake and woodland ridges.

And on the stream a birch canoe
Floats like a freshly fallen feather—
A fairy thing, that will not do
For broader seas or stormy weather.
The sides no thicker than the shell
Of Ole Bull's Cremona fiddle—
The man who rides it will do well
To part his scalplock in the middle.

Beneath a hemlock grim and dark,
Where shrub and vine are intertwining,
Our shanty stands, well roofed with bark,
On which the cheerful blaze is shining.
The smoke ascends in spiral wreath,
With upward curve the sparks are trending,
The coffee kettle sings beneath
Where smoke and sparks and leaves are blending.

Upon the whole this life is well:
Our lines are cast in pleasant places.
And it is better not to dwell
On missing forms and vanished faces.
They have their rest beyond our bourn;—
We miss the old familiar voices.
We will remember—will not mourn:
The heart is poor that ne'er rejoices.

We had our day of youth and May,
We may have grown a trifle sober;
But life may reach a wintry day,
And we are only in October.
Then here's a round to every hound
That ran his deer by hill or hollow,
And every man who watched the ground
From Barber Rock to Furman fallow.

—*Nessmuk, in "Forest Runes."*

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

George W. Sears (Nessmuk).

JUPITER PLUVIUS! How it did rain! We had seen it coming while at supper, and I said to my companion, Hon. James Geddes, of Syracuse, N. Y., "Jim, we must deepen the ditch around this tent or be drowned out. That's an angry sky, and the sun is only just down, yet it is dark as midnight. It's no ordinary shower that is promised us."

"That's so," replied the Hon. Jim, "and we've got to do it right quick, too. It's lucky that the land falls away so much from our tent; we will not have to dig far to have comple e drainage."

We went at it with case knives and tin plates, and finished widening and deepening the ditch on the back and sides of our wall tent—the front needed no ditch—when the first wind which precedes such a storm began to roar in the treetops, and in a few minutes the advance guard of St. Swithin began letting great drops resound through the forest. We felt secure; wind could not harm us unless it felled a tree across our tent, and as it was to be a camp for a week or more I had avoided all old and partially dead trees whose roots might also be partly dead, and before the rain beat the wind down we were inside, the door-flap buttoned and a candle lighted. I had prepared for the light by getting one of the flat "fungi" ("funguses," I want to call 'em, and only use the Latin plural to show my learning), and by dropping some melted candle on this and quickly standing the cold end in it, there was a candlestick. We had just got comfortably down on our blankets when the storm burst in all its fury. "Jim Geddes," said I, "you made an offensive remark to me before this storm got under way. We will have no quarrel over it because you intended no offense, and only a fool takes offense where none was intended, but when you reconsider your words you will see wherein you were wrong."

"Well, I'm surprised! Tell me all about it. We don't want to fight in this little 10×12 tent when all nature is engaged in a combat outside. There! Did you notice how quick that clap o' thunder followed the flash? That hit near us; but go on and tell me what it was that I said that has injured your feelings? I never thought you were so thin-skinned."

I looked at the surprise pictured on his honest, good-natured face, and said: "While I make no claim to being thin-skinned, I don't care to have my knowledge of woodcraft credited to accident. I selected this camp-site and put up the tent while you were taking trout for supper, and when the storm was in sight, you said: 'It's lucky that the land falls away so much from our tent.' Now, my dear Jim, luck was not in it at any stage of this game. That's the trouble. The word 'luck' sort o' soured on my stomach, and I couldn't digest it. Do you get my meaning?"

"I've got it," said Mr. Geddes, "and I still maintain that your skin is too thin to make a woman's glove. Just listen to that rain! Did you ever hear anything come down harder? Hark! What was that?"

"Oh, I don't know! Some echo of thunder in the mountains, for here in the Adirondacks the sounds of a storm will appal one not accustomed to mountain echoes."

"Hush! There it is again!"

We listened. Then came an unmistakable: "*Da Whoop!*"

"Somebody down at the landing," said Jim, "and he must be quite damp."

We left all our clothing, except our shoes, in the tent and went down to the lake to learn what sort of man might be abroad in a storm like this. The wind had subsided, but the rain still came in torrents. We called, and a man said something which was drowned by the roar of the rain in the woods and on the lake. The next flash of lightning revealed a man waist-deep in water holding to the side of a canoe. He was about 20ft. away and I rushed in and led him to the landing, which was a small opening in the bushes. After we had pulled his canoe well ashore we led him to the tent, which was easily seen by its light, for a candle shows up well through canvas on a dark night, and then we looked him over. He was a little man, about 5ft. nothing; about fifty years old, but one of those thin, wiry fellows without an ounce of fat, who look as old at forty as they do a score of years later. He was chilled in his wet clothing while we were aglow, and we got him stripped and under the blankets as soon as possible and gave him such restoratives as we had Divested of clothing he was nearly as big as a pound of soap after a hard day's washing, and until he became warm he

GEORGE W. SEARS (NESSMUK).
From the portrait in "Forest Runes."

had merely answered questions as to the things in his boat. He did not want them brought up. They could get no wetter. We questioned him no further and awaited the pleasure of our guest to begin the conversation.

Finally he said: "It's lucky for me that I saw the light in your tent. I had lost my paddle and the wind was making a plaything of my canoe. When I saw the light I jumped overboard to swim and drag the canoe, but I couldn't find a landing and was wading about when you came."

"Were you going up or down the lake?" asked Geddes.

"Neither, I'd been fishing on the other side and started to come across, to where I left some duffle, when the storm caught me."

I caught the word "duffle," which I had never heard until I had read Nessmuk's articles in FOREST AND STREAM, and I knew that he traveled in a canoe and camped alone, a very economical way of enjoying life, and a delightful one if we add a companion, to those who can care for themselves in the woods. So, without much chance of error, I said: "If I should hazard a guess, it would be that you are a Pennsylvania man, who goes alone when he goes at all, writes up what he sees, thinks or imagines that he sees or thinks, and signs himself 'Nessmuk.'"

"That's a bulls-eye guess, how did you make it?"

"Well, partly because you called your camp stores 'duffle' and partly because you travel alone in a toy canoe, and again because you are built to sail in chopping bowl. And let me introduce my friend, Mr. Geddes, of Syracuse, and myself. My name is Mather, at present I am the fishery editor of FOREST AND STREAM, and have written for it from its first number, last year I was with the Adirondack survey as ichthyologist and wrote up our trip and discoveries. I also wrote a series of sketches headed: 'Trouting on the Bigoh.'"

"Yes," said our guest, "I've known of Mr. Geddes at the sportsmen's conventions. What did you say your name was, Murphy?"

"Correct; you have a good ear and a good memory. My family is descended from King Brian Boroimhe, who defeated the Norsemen in 1014 near Dublin, and whose name has been corrupted into Brian Boru and then into Murphy, just as your family name, Sears, became shortened from Seersucker, the fabric of linen and silk, to its present form. There was no need to retain the last part of the name, because it was known of all men."

The rescued man raised himself on his elbow and said: "You've got it straight, Fred, and now, let up, as the rain has done, and I will make a fire and dry my clothes."

We opened the tent, for the rain had ceased, and only for the drip from the trees there was no sign of the terrible storm. The earth was damp, but the drainage was good, and a fire soon threw its heat into the tent as our guest dried his clothing in the smoke. I was glad to have a chance to study him at close range. You may read what a man writes, but he only shows you the side he cares to have you see, the dress parade side, so to speak, or you may meet him daily for years and your vision will get no further; but camp with him a week when provisions are low and weather is bad, and if there is only one hog's bristle on his back that bristle it will be erect and assert itself. Permit me to leave old Nessmuk to dry his clothes while I go into executive session and moralize on camp companions; I do so want to write it that I hope a few readers will glance over it.

We are so built that few men are really *persona grata* to us. They may seem so in everyday intercourse where the mask of civilization is worn and they diplomatically pose as friends until the winds of adversity blow upon us, when they know us no longer. That is the average man of whom some one has said: "The more I know of man the more I think of dogs."

In the morning we all had dry clothing, and started out after breakfast to fish in our two boats. Nessmuk had a little frail canoe, while ours was of the regular Adirondack pattern and weighed about 80lbs. But the rod that our friend proceeded to join up was a wonder; it had originally been one of those four-piece abominations which are called "trunk rods," with joints shortened to allow the thing to be carried in a trunk. Originally it had been about 10ft. 8in. long, now it was 7ft. 6in., without a regular taper and too stiff to cast a fly. "What do you call that thing?" asked Geddes, as he picked up the rod and looked it over critically.

"That's a trout rod made after my own ideas, and it just suits me to a T. It's a good ash and lancewood rod cut down as I ordered."

I handled the rod and said: "It's elegant; the finest thing I ever saw. I didn't quite understand it at first, but just look it over carefully, Jim, and you will see that a canal driver can whale his mules to the queen's taste with that. You came up by the Black River Canal, didn't you?"

"I'll show you what it is for when we get where the fish are, and it will beat your long, limber-go-shiftless split-bamboos and give 'em ten in the game. There too willowy, too limber, too esthetic, too costly, and to high-toned to cruise in the Nipper; but just wait."

We waited, and towed the Nipper until we got to where its skipper thought its paddle had drifted in the storm. He found it on shore, and then, with a light breeze, just enough to make a ripple, we drifted and began to fish. We watched the old man. He had a reel and a gut leader on his line, and soon said: "Lend me a couple of flies, I have lost mine." We stocked him up, and began taking trout freely. I was busy replacing a fly, when Geddes whispered: "Look at old Nessmuk, he never tried to cast a fly before."

I looked. He was standing in his canoe, balancing himself as it rocked, trying to get out his line, which would sometimes fall 10ft. from the boat and sometimes in his boat. He saw our flies go out 30 and 40ft., and saw the trout rise and strike, to be reeled in. He thought he could do it, but had to own up. He paddled alongside, and said: "I never tried this rod with flies before, and it doesn't seem to work. There are no angleworms in the Adirondacks, and I think I'll have to ask you for some trout fins and livers for bait."

We tossed a couple of small trout into his canoe, and he removed the flies, put on some bare hooks, baited them, and began fishing. Geddes said: "The old fellow is a bait-fisher and nothing else. He would have drifted off by himself if he had bait, but we drifted with him, and he had to own up. He said that his rod was not a fly rod. That's most certain, but it's dollars to doughnuts that he couldn't get a fly out with either of our rods. I'll ask him to try it."

"No, Jim," I said, "don't do it. It would only embarrass him, and make him feel uncomfortable. He is a first class woodsman, and has made the mistake of trying to cast a fly with a rod which cannot cast one, and he has tried it before two experts and failed."

"You're right," said the great-hearted Geddes; "he's a good old fellow in his way, and we don't wish to make him uncomfortable. He's 'bit off more'n he can chaw,' as the saying goes, and we will turn our backs and not see it. He's not only using bait, but see the little twig he has tied on his line as a float. That's the last evidence of primitive methods."

Nessmuk took a few trout, and before noon we went back to our camp and had a grand woods dinner of hard tack, bean soup with salt pork and fried trout. If I had never been within 1,000 miles of New York I would say: "The dinner exceeded the wildest dreams of Delmonico," for the man of Nessmukian type thinks that there is only one place to eat in New York, and somehow gets the idea that good cooking and service culminate under one roof. I can show him quiet, out-of-the-way places—but we have strayed from the camp on the Fulton chain of lakes.

When dinner was to be cooked Nessmuk shone as a bright particular star. He took charge, hustled around and did all the work, while we looked on. He cleaned the fish, washed and boiled the beans, while Geddes and I lay off, chatted and slept, Jim's last remarks being: "He's a mighty good man in camp."

A year later I wrote Nessmuk about the rod that he used that day, and under date of May, 1884, he described it as follows: "It was 10ft. 8in. long when I bought it, and it was in four pieces. I had the butt shortened to a handle, the other joints cut down 4, 5, and the top to 4in., but I think that if the rod is not as symmetrical as some others, it will snatch a trout or a bass bald-headed if I once hook him."

He was right. The only trouble in sight was to get the lure placed in attractive shape before the trout, and we voted him a pot-fisher. He left us after dinner and went back up the lake to his duffle. I think he preferred to be alone in the woods, although he wrote me under date of May 27, 1884, as follows:

"When you saw my rod you made fun of it, but it just suits me. It is not expensive, and if I smash it—Bismillah!—it is well. Can you meet me on the Tiadatton next month? Take your eye and throw it along the map of Pennsylvania. On the upper waters of the Susquehanna you will find a perfect maze of mountain streams, and there are 18,799 of them not large enough to find a place on the map. With all these springs and rills, cold as ice and little known of man, wherein you may camp without let or hindrance, cut timber, catch trout, smoke, sleep, laze and loaf, and no man shall say you nay. Among the affluents you may reckon the Sinnemahoning and Big Pine Creek. Big Pine Creek is the Tiadatton, and Tiadatton is Tuscarora for River of Pines. See? Now, the Tiadatton is not the Bigosh, although, by gosh, its a mighty good Bigosh, and is my Bigosh. Down the Tiadatton I am going in my new boat, the Bucktail, and

'My camp-fire shall
Glisten and shine
To the low alto song of the evergreen pine.'

"The Bucktail will be known of men before October. Only this, and nothing more. One old woodsman to another, a trifling letter, but sent off-hand. Couldn't you cut me off somewhere this summer?"

That's a true Nessmukian letter and shows how good-naturedly he took our chaffing. The "Bigosh" was an allusion to my sketches: "Trouting on the Bigosh." A few days after sending the above letter he sent me a deer's tail and wrote:

"Here's the Bucktail's burgee. Hail her when you meet her. 'Da-Whoop!' Shall I tell you how the original owner of this tail passed me on the very top of Bald Hill and how neatly I cut him down with the old muzzle-loader? No, I forbear! He did pass me, without a scratch, made a rattling race, was watered at 'long rifle' and squelched by an army musket; twelve buckshot and a bare-footed boy. I was glad to save a fore quarter, my hound and—the tail."

It was not convenient to meet him on the Tiadatton that year, but later I ran into his camp on the Fulton Chain, and I would have known it was Nessmuk's camp if I had not heard that he was ahead of me. A little tent of very light duck, which was just big enough for a small man to crawl into, was his shelter. A gum blanket and a woolen one were his bed, with no leaves nor balsam boughs under it, and a frying-pan, small tin pail to serve as a camp kettle, another containing salt pork for frying, a tin box of hard tack or pilot bread, and a coffee pot was all that was in sight, and all made of the lightest materials and just sufficient for one man. I gave his war cry; "Da-Whoop!" and soon he came paddling around a point and landed. After salutation I looked over his boat and outfit.

And such a boat! He had been experimenting in boat building with the sole idea of reducing weight, which he had to pack over the Adirondack carries, where the portages vary from a few yards to three miles or more. The Nipper was very light, too light for most men, it weighed about 25lbs. The Bucktail, which I never saw, he told me weighed 19lbs., and now I beheld the Sairy Gamp, so named he said: "Because she never took water." This latter creation of the Nessmukian brain and hand was, as I remember it, about 8½ft. long and weighed between 10 and 11lbs. These figures are from memory, my volumes of FOREST AND STREAM are boxed and in storage and I am writing at a distance. This boat formed part of the exhibit of FOREST AND STREAM at the World's Fair, being loaned for the occasion by the National Museum of Washington, where it has been deposited.

In the boat lay the little double-bitted axe which he devised and which bears his name when made to-day, a two-piece bait rod, about 8ft. long without a reel, the line tied to the end of the rod, boy fashion, and a few trout.

"I was just thinking of coming in to get dinner when I heard your hail, and I want you to stop and fish with me this afternoon. Oh, you needn't bother to count the trout, I've got some more dressed and in a tin pail in a cool spring, never fear about that."

He had read my thought correctly, and his statement that he had a base of supplies in the woods decided the question. I was alone in a boat hired from a "camp" for the sole purpose of getting on the trail of Nessmuk, and I would stay. I went for dry wood while he went for his stores. We got up an excellent dinner. Having but one frying-pan, he roasted the trout in the ashes, first wrapping them in a wet newspaper and putting a piece of pork inside of each fish. He brought out several pairs of giant frogs' legs and fried them in the pan.

"The trout'll take longer to cook," said he, "and we'll eat the frogs first while the coffee's boiling, and then we'll try a few trout, not too many, because I've got a few ribs of mountain mutton to top off with."

I began to feel that I had underrated the resources of this old woodsman when I mentally counted the trout in his boat and thought there was about enough for one, and he was not expecting company. It was late in June and the law forbade the killing of deer for many weeks to come. He had no rifle nor gun of any kind, and I knew he would not subject himself to suspicion by bringing a gun into the woods at that time of year, so I said: "The mutton is probably from farmer Dunning's flock; he has many head roaming these hills"

"Well, yes," said the old man, "I met Alvah yesterday and he gave me quite a bit of a fore-quarter; in fact, all I would take, for he said he had more than he could keep fresh and was glad to find some one who wanted it and could keep his mouth shut. What made you think of Alvah Dunning?"

"Merely this. I took dinner with the old man yesterday and he had a bit of 'mountain mutton' and I know, and so do all other men in this region, that old Alvah lives in these woods the year round and believes that he has a right to kill a deer to supply his needs. I would not partake of venison out of season at any table in the woods except that of Alvah Dunning, and I would enter a complaint against any other man who had venison in June, if I knew it. But the old trapper does not kill for sport and firmly believes that these woods belong to him by virtue of a residence in them of over half a century."

"That's my opinion," replied Nessmuk, "he will never exterminate the deer by taking an odd one out of season, and the people here know it, but the law cannot make a distinction between him and the so-called sportsman, who would come into the woods and kill 100 deer, to brag of, and leave them to rot."

The fried frogs and the baked trout had preceded the "mutton" chops, and all had gone where they would do the most good to two hungry woodsmen. We lay in the shade and slept; for what is so good as a nap after a meal? And then there is little use in fishing for any fish in midday. The camp was well placed on a point on the north side of the lake, where the summer breezes from most points of the compass kept it free from black flies and mosquitoes. Nessmuk had that knowledge of all those little things which enable a man to be comfortable where others would be miserable—things hardly worth mentioning, but which separate comfort from discomfort, and which only a thoughtful, observant man would ever learn.

I fished with him that afternoon, and he took me to a spring hole where trout were plenty and we had good sport; he fishing with venison for bait within 10ft. of the boat, and I using the fly where it did not interfere with him. He was the same old "snatch 'em in" pot-fisher, and enjoyed it; but he loved the woods and their solitude, and was perfectly able to take care of himself in them alone, with either rod or gun. He was bright, poetic and witty. His volume of "Forest Runes," published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., contains some of the most vigorous, manly verse in the English language. That is a very broad statement, but it is a deliberate one. The same company has also published a little book entitled "Woodcraft," by Nessmuk, and he was entirely competent to write upon the subject.

Nessmuk was one of those self-reliant men, who are the only ones who ever make good woodsmen. He was jolly, generous and convivial. He may have been a good shoemaker; of this I know nothing; but he was a good handler of light canoes, into which I would never trust my life, and I have crossed Broadway at Fourteenth street and eaten "goulash" in a Hungarian restaurant. I merely mention these things to show that I can take desperate chances if necessary.

After the events recorded in this more or less veracious sketch, old Nessmuk came down the Hudson River, camping all the way, until he reached New York city, when he beached the Sairy Gamp and pitched his tent in Central Park, procured wood from some source and proceeded to cook his supper. A gray-coated park policeman, who is generally known as a "sparrow cop," ran him in, and he spent the night in a cell at a police station.

What if his neighbors say that he was idle and preferred loafing in the woods to doing anything else? That is nothing to me; I enjoyed his society, which, if he had been thrifty, would never have come my way. I only know that I would like to meet him in the woods and on the streams

NESSMUK.
From "Woodcraft."

again. I don't know his neighbors, and don't want to know them. The little village of Wellsboro, Pa., has undoubtedly produced many more "substantial" men than George W. Sears, but never a more intellectual one. Like Edgar A. Poe, his neighbors, in Harlem, cannot understand why people make pilgrimages to his cottage. To them Poe was only a poor victim of an appetite, and this outweighs all his other qualities.

Some day a delver in poetic lore will dig up some nuggets from Nessmuk, and the wonder will be that we never heard of this man before. I think that I have presented over a dozen copies of "Forest Runes" to friends who would appreciate them, and then I have had from him many verses not intended for publication, which I have greatly enjoyed.

Mr. Sears died on May 1, 1890, aged sixty-nine. Readers of FOREST AND STREAM showed their regard for him by a testimonial fund by which a handsome memorial bronze, designed by Mr. Geo. T. Brewster, was provided for his monument in the village cemetery of Wellsboro.

FRED MATHER.

[The Central Park camping incident, while told with substantial correctness, was of much earlier date.]

PENNSLYVANIA COMMISSION.

AT the convention of fish protective associations at Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 15, to devise means for carrying on the work of the Fish Commission, there were present Gov. Hastings; S. B. Stillwell, of Scranton; James A. Dale, York; W. E. Meehan, Howard A. Chase, William P. Thompson, E. H. Frishmuth, Warren G. Sellers, William H. Green, Charles Wetherill and Dr. Bushrod W. James, all of Philadelphia; Col. H. C. Trexler and Lewis L. Roney, Allentown; John Price Wetherill, Bethlehem; Dr. Frank Monroe, Chester; John P. Austin and J. A. Smith, Renovo; W. O. Soult, Lewistown; Dr. W. B. Shaner, Pottstown, and others.

Col. Trexler presided, with Mr. W. G. Sellers secretary. Gov. Hastings addressed the meeting as follows:

"I desire to say to you with reference to the purpose of your assembling here to-day that an emergency has come upon us which must be met by the people of the Commonwealth who are interested in the continuance of the hatcheries of the State and the propagation of our food and game fish. The appropriation usually made by the Legislature for the propagation of fish was lost purely by accident. I took the trouble to make a careful examination into the matter, and I beg to assure you and the people of the State that it was simply an accident—an oversight—and we are now confronted with this emergency.

"We have four hatcheries in the State to-day. Two of these hatcheries are at Corry and Allentown, and I am informed by the president of the Commission that we have brood fish of the value of at least $40,000, and we have no money that we can get from the State to even sustain those brood fish, to say nothing of continuing the hatcheries at Erie and at Bristol. Now, my judgment is that the people of this Commonwealth are too patriotic to permit those fish to be lost and our fisheries interests in this State to collapse for a period of two years. I believe that if this matter is properly presented to the people of the State, that we can have by voluntary contribution as much money as will be reasonably necessary to continue our hatcheries and to continue the work that this Commission is now performing so industriously and so intelligently.

"I am informed by the President of the Fish Commission that if $20,000 is raised, that that would meet the emergency that is now before us; it will require about $10,000 for each of the two years. I will say to you—not as the Chief Executive of the State, but as a citizen, as your fellow-citizen—that my judgment is that the next Legislature will probably refund this money. I cannot give you any assurance of it whatever, and whoever makes any subscription to this $20,000 that we propose to raise will have to make it without any guarantee from me or from the Fish Commision, and no promise of the return of this money has been made either by myself or the Fish Commission, but I would suggest to you that a proper presentation of this matter be made to the people of the State, and that it be spread broadcast through the newspapers, and that personal appeals should be made to any of our fellow-citizens who are interested in the continuance of the propagation of fish.

"When we come to look at it, it would take only forty gentlemen who would give $500 apiece to help us out, I am not only willing to be one of the forty, but I now authorize your secretary to take my subscription for this amount; and I will say to you further, that I am authorized by the Attorney General of this State to make a subscription in his behalf for the same purpose, for $500. That will leave but $19,000 to raise.

"If you will permit me to suggest to you, I presume that it would be wise to prepare the memorial to the people of the State and let it have the weight and influence of the Fish Commission and all other organizations in the State that are interested in the propagation of fish. Do not confine your subscriptions to $500, but take what the good people of the Commonwealth can give to you, whatever the amount may be, and in whatever manner I can help you, either as an individual or as the Executive of the State, I am ready to be commanded by you; I am ready to help you in every possible way, and I have no doubt—I have not the least doubt—that when this matter is fairly presented to the people of the State you will have the $20,000 without much trouble.

"I desire to thank you most cordially, both as the Executive of the State and as your fellow-citizen, for this very patriotic effort upon your part to save the fisheries interests of the State"

Mr. Meehan showed that fish to the value of $60,000 would be destroyed if the Commission's work should not be continued; the value of the fish in the Corry and Allentown hatcheries he put at $40,000.

Pledges were received from various associations and clubs reaching the aggregate of over $11,000. All money is to be sent to Henry Demuth, of Lancaster, the Treasurer of the State Fish Commission.

It appeared from statements of delegates that many clubs had not been together during the summer, and that they would contribute to the fund during the fall. Dr. Bushrod W. James, of Philadelphia, made a motion, which was adopted, instructing the secretary to urge upon all clubs and associations prompt action.

Mr. Austin, of Renovo, suggesteed that a form of receipt be prepared which would make reimbursement by the Legislature an easy matter.

Dr. Dale's motion for the appointment of a committee of five to draft bills for the consideration of the fishermen of the State before the next session of the Legislature was adopted. On motion of Dr. Dale the drafting of a proper form of receipt for subscriptions was referred to the committee on memorial.

Mr. Thompson, of Philadelphia, suggested that each club and association should appoint a trustee for this fund, to whom all money should be payable.

The question of legislation for the fishery interests of the State was discussed at some length. Mr. Sellers, of Philadelphia, outlined a plan for the organization of fishculture associations, which will act in harmony with the State Fish Protective Association. He thought in this way more effective work can be accomplished in securing necessary legislation. Mr. Chase indorsed what was said by Mr. Sellers regarding club membership. He stated that the Fish Protective Association has a handsome permanent fund, which is used in practical work.

Mr. Sellers said one idea of the consolidation of the various fishing clubs in a central organization like the State Fish Protective Association is to interest all in fishculture, and to have annual conventions alternately in Harrisburg and Philadelphia, meeting here during the sessions of the Legislature.

Mr. Thompson suggested that the organization of clubs would also result in the more intelligent propagation of fish, in that the availability of streams for the propagation of certain fish would then be considered.

Mr. Smith, of Renovo, took the same view, and it was generally agreed by the convention that united work on the part of societies and clubs interested in fishculture would result in better things. A State league of clubs was the central thought.

The question of private fishing clubs—those that control leased streams—being affiliated with the State Fish Protective Association was discussed somewhat. Several delegates related incidents showing that these private clubs are doing great good, and that they are, in a general way, helping along the work of all engaged in promoting the fishery interests of the State. Local associations, it was remarked by a half-dozen delegates, are necessary to secure effective legislation in the enactment of a proper general law.

Dr. James presented very clearly the idea that there must be unity of action and harmony. He said there could be no general law until some concessions are made and the various elements in all the counties are brought together.

Dr. Dale, of the State Fish Commission, thought it would be well to have a committee to prepare a general law or laws and refer them to the various clubs for revision and amendment, so that when the Legislature meets the bill can be presented with something like harmonious support. Mr. Meeban spoke in the same vein and asserted that there would always be bitter opposition to too drastic a bill.

Mr. Charles Wetherill said the calling together of the sportsmen of the State to consider these matters by the State Fish Commission was a compliment to the sportsmen, and the steps to be taken ought to be taken very carefully. He thought that the arrangements for raising the fund necessary having been completed, an adjourned meeting should be held, when the subject of legislation could be more carefully considered.

On motion of Mr. Thompson, of Philadelphia, it was declared to be the sense of the convention that all associations of the State should have full membership and affiliation with the State Fish Protective Association, with the view of assisting in the enactment of proper laws.

Mr. Meehan read a paper on the relations between the State Fish Commission and commercial fishermen. He suggested that if the commercial fishermen on the Susquehanna and elsewhere were to send strong and reasonable delegations to discuss the matter with the Fish Commission some understanding could be arrived at which would be satisfactory all around. He suggested, in conclusion, that "it is time that the strained relations which exist between the Commission and the commercial fishermen be replaced by good feeling and hearty, unanimous, co-operation for the increase of the food fishes of the State, to the profit alike of the people, the fishermen and the Commonwealth."

The chair appointed the following committees: On Memorial and Other Papers, Wm. E. Meehan, Philadelphia;

John Price Wetherill, South Bethlehem; H. A. Chase, Philadelphia; Dr. Monroe, Chester, and Attorney-General McCormick. To Draft Laws, James A. Dale, York; John A. Smith, Renovo; Wm. E. Meehan and M. G. Sellers, Philadelphia, and L. L. Roney, Allentown.

WILD TROUT SPAWN, METHODS OF COLLECTION AND UTILITY.

A paper read by Commissioner J. W. Titcomb, of Vermont, before the American Fisheries Society.

THE method of securing an ample supply of wild brook trout spawn is so easy in localities where the parent fish abound, and so little has been said about this feature of trout culture, that I make bold to give my experience in this work.

Perhaps I should apologize for describing in an article before this Society a method of fishing of ancient origin which has for many years been applied by fishculturists to the capture of trout, fontinalis and anadromous fishes, but I have never seen this method written up in detail as modified for the capture of trout, and it seems a necessary part of a chapter on trout culture under the title on which I have written. I have reference to the first method I shall describe for the capture of the parent fish.

It is well known to all fishculturists that trout vary in their habits of spawning, or, rather, in their selection of spawning grounds. While brook trout in brooks almost invariably ascend to some point beyond their natural abode, or into some spring brook tributary to the main stream, it is not always the case that brook trout in lakes and ponds seek the tributary streams for their spawning grounds. It has been my experience that brook trout living in ponds quite as frequently spawn in them as in some tributary stream, even if the latter apparently affords good spawning grounds. In Vermont the earliest run of trout begin to spawn about the middle of September, although they have begun to seek suitable spawning beds at least a month earlier. It is, therefore, necessary for the fishculturist to guard against the ascent of the fish long before he is ready to trap them if he is looking for stream spawners. This is accomplished by the use of a weir stretched across the stream where the trap is to be located, as early as the middle of August. As this weir can be used as the upper side of the proposed trap later in the season, it is desirable to construct it with that object in view.

Location.—The location of a trap should be made at a point where it is least likely to be inundated or washed out by freshets, which would allow the escape of many fish when they are most likely to be running in greatest numbers. A point on the stream near its mouth is advised, or at some place below any possible spawning bed, but not near enough to the outlet to be affected by back water from the pond. It is desirable to have a slight fall of water at the entrance to the trap. In order to avoid washouts, the selection of a point where the channel is broad is preferable. The slats of the weir occupying about four-fifths of the natural waterway will act as a barrier to raise the water above its natural level, more or less.

Construction.—The trap is a V-shaped inclosure described by the mathematical term, "re entering polygon," made of slats varying in dimensions with the size of the stream and the force of the current. I used slats 1in. square, planed on two sides, driven into the bed of the brook vertically, about ½in. apart, and nailed to horizontal timbers or hewn logs. This framework of horizontal timbers consists of one course laid at water level and a parallel course at the extreme height of the weir. The general idea of such a trap is the same as the pound net, there being an opening of 4 or 5in. in the angle of the V. A gate can be arranged in the entrance with a lever reaching to some point obscured from the view of the entrapped fish, which can be lowered whenever the trap is approached for inspection. This method of trapping trout is not new, but requires more precautions than for the capture of other fish less active and gamy, and a few words of caution to the inexperienced may be desirable. Build your trap to resist the greatest freshet the stream is liable to develop. The run of trout at such times will be greatest. Be careful to get a foundation that will not be undermined by the constant washing of the current between the slats. It is usually best to entirely surround the sides of a trap with slats rather than to depend upon the natural embankments. It is not necessary to use narrow slats for the sides of the trap, as no water passes through them, and the only object is to secure an inclosure from which fish can be easily dipped out. For a stream 6ft. wide I should build an inclosure about 6ft. square, the V extending into the inclosure about 3ft.

In many localities it will be found possible to dig side ditches above the trap and inclosures, at right angles with the stream, in order to convey surplus water away from the trap, and lessen the danger of washout or inundation. The bottom of such ditches should be considerably above low water mark to carry off surplus high water.

A convenient place for the pens is just above the trap, so that the trout can be dipped from the latter into the former. They are constructed of the same material of which the trap is made, the upper side of the trap inclosure being used as the lower side or end of a series of pens. These should be made in shape and size to suit the location and number of fish expected to be captured, and the same precautions should be taken with them as with the trap to guard against washouts. In many instances, the bed of the brook is hard gravel and stones of large size, preventing the driving of the slats into it. In such cases it is desirable to make an apron at the base of the slat-work, upon which the water will fall as it passes through them, and prevent washing out of holes underneath the slats. This apron can be made of boards as an artificial bottom to the trap or pens, but a cheaper and quite as serviceable method is to place evergreen boughs or green underbrush at the base of the slat-work, covering the same with crushed stone or small stones from the bed of the brook, and then with coarse gravel. This feature of construction is very important. If there is a hole in the trap or pens large enough for trout to escape, they will surely do so. In fact, they will dig out under the slat-work if not properly guarded against. It is well to have planks extending over the trap and pens, on which one can conveniently stand to dip out the fish. Adjacent to the trap and pens, a rough board shanty can be constructed, or a tent can be temporarily used. There will be many stormy and cold days, however, and I advise having a shanty with facilities for heating it, and with a bunk where the attendant can sleep. Add to this equipment a reflecting lantern. Field stations of this description are usually some distance from habitation, and the ordinary comforts of camp life should be available to insure good work of the spawn taker.

I have described one of the field stations operated by the U. S. Fish Commission in Vermont. The cost of such a station equipped for work will vary from $90 to $100, according to facilities for obtaining materials of construction, etc. At this station the first run of trout occurred on Sunday, Aug. 23, when 1,650 trout ascended the brook during a rainstorm. Few trout were caught after this date until Sunday, Sept. 6, when about 1,000 more were taken. On Sept. 11 my records show that 3,885 trout had thus been taken. The fish continued to run in schools every rainy day, with a few stragglers every day until the end of the month. Oct. 15 some of the slats to the trap were removed after 7,138 trout had been captured. There is no other tributary to the pond where these trout could run, except in the wet season. In the latter part of September it was discovered that a large number of trout were ascending a "dry brook," so called, in large numbers. At the request of the owners of the pond, these trout were not disturbed, although it is doubtful whether their spawn would ever amount to anything deposited in such a stream. The discovery was occasioned by the fact that the trout had stopped running in the stream in which the trap was located, the inference being that they had learned of their danger and sought new spawning grounds. Whether such is the actual case, cannot be decided until after another season's work. The pond from which these trout ascended into the trap is an ordinary mill-pond of about forty acres, used to float logs into a mill, and with no screen at its outlet. The trout average about five to the pound, and the females of this size yield an average of 500 eggs. About 1,000,000 eggs were taken here, a part of which were eyed in a tent supplied with water from an adjacent spring, a part being transported to the St. Johnsbury station as soon as stripped. In connection with a collecting station distant from the hatchery, it is advisable to have a few troughs set up for eyeing the eggs before transportation, if suitable water can be obtained for the purpose. The natural brook water is ordinarily of low temperature, and too full of sediment to warrant using it for such temporary work. If an adjacent spring is available, troughs can be set up in a tent or shanty, and the eggs thus eyed in from thirty to forty days before the most severe winter weather sets in. For this work I use deep troughs, and stack the trays ten deep. The first stripping of eggs occurred Sept. 26, when 66,000 were taken. The second and largest stripping occurred Oct. 7, when nearly 500,000 eggs were taken, and the trout had all been stripped and liberated on Nov. 7. During the season only eighteen trout died. The cost of operating this stating during the season, including team hire and transportation of eggs to St. Johnsbury station, was $256 88, exclusive of services of one regular station employee two months. This cost included the cost of construction of trap and shanty, some of which would not enter into the expense of another season. For this privilege of taking trout liberal returns are made to the waters in fry.

Lake and Pond Spawners.—The method of taking trout from spawning beds in ponds differs materially from the method just described. The following is a description of a field station and methods of operation where the trout spawn in the lake:

One of the first important features is to have suitable retaining pens in the lake, where the trout will be undisturbed and secure from poachers. I am describing a station at a lake of 1,500 acres area, subject to high winds and rough water.

The first year that collections were made at this station a breakwater was constructed of lumber and stones as a partial shelter to the retaining crates, the latter being anchored in shallow water and weighted to the bottom so that they could be approached by a walk from the shore, where a small tent had been erected in which to strip fish. The crates were always a source of annoyance for fear they would be robbed or broken up by high winds. The fishing was conducted in calm weather, day and night, and the stripping in stormy weather. Lake or pond spawners usually deposit their spawn later in the season than the brook spawners, and the weather is inclement for outdoor work, such as stripping trout. As a result, the percentage of eggs eyed at this station was not what it should have been. The following season a boat house was constructed with retaining pens within it, and of sufficient size to give ample room for spawn taking operations. In this house a stove was set up, and thus the work of taking spawn could proceed without discomfort during the most severe weather of November and December. Of the eggs taken at this station last season, 97 per cent. were successfully eyed.

The feature about the boat house to be considered in connection with the work, aside from the comfort of the employees, is the method of building retaining space for the brood fish. Two piers were constructed about 6ft. wide by 24ft long, and laid parallel to each other 8ft. apart. The material for the piers consisted of water-soaked logs taken from the lake, with the addition of a few trees cut near by. The logs were piled crib fashion, fastened with drift bolts and filled with large stones. The two piers were tied together at each end by stringers of logs, and constituted the foundation upon which the boat house was built. The space between the two piers, or the inlet to the boat house, was occupied by four crates, each 6ft. long by 4ft. wide by 4ft. deep. The log piers are not at all water-tight, only large stones being used to sink them, and with the 8ft. opening at the sea end of the boat house, furnish ample opportunity for aeration of the water in the most calm periods. To guard against heaving by ice, which freezes 2ft. thick on the lake, the outside of the cob piers was covered with planks fastened vertically, but sloping out in the form of a battered wall, so that the ice cannot get a hold on the piers sufficiently to move them. The planking should not extend but a few inches below low water level, or it might interfere with the aeration of water in the crates. The trout were thus free from poachers, and also from the prying eyes of curious people. It may be remarked here that wild trout should not be disturbed in confinement any more than is absolutely necessary. Between 400 and 500 fish were retained at a time, one crate always being kept empty for use in transferring unripe fish.

Methods of Capture.—The implements used in the capture of lake spawners consist of spacious but easy-running boats, tooth-nets, dip-nets and jack-lights. I erroneously designate as "tooth" nets, gill-nets of a mesh too small to gill the fish.

The above described station was equipped with one each 100ft. and 200ft. gill nets of 1¾in. mesh (¾in. knot to knot) and 6ft. deep, colored blue. Fishing was conducted day and night, or when the weather was favorable, lee shores being selected if the wind blew, it being necessary to have the water calm enough so that the fish could be seen upon their beds. The dip-nets resemble large landing nets, the hoop or net frame being 15 to 20in. in diameter, made of ¼in. gaspipe, and the net being 2ft. deep, of as coarse a mesh as the size of fish to be dipped will permit without gilling them. It should be of rather fine thread and barked or colored blue. The latter color is best for work at night. After a fisherman has had experience with dip-nets, he will have his own ideas about the style of net, dimensions, etc.; but the general description given above will hold good with all. The technical description of a dip-net for ordering from the manufacturers is as follows: "52 meshes round, 28in. long, 1½in. mesh, 16-6 cable, barked, with twine strung through the top 5ft. long."

I have tried several forms of dip-net frames, and finally settled upon the ¼in. gaspipe as the best for lightness, strength and durability combined with cheapness. A better, but more expensive net frame, can be made by the same method that pitchforks are made, only continuing the process by drawing the tines of the fork around until they complete the arc of a circle. This form of net frame has the advantage of being strong, light and more slender than the gaspipe for rapid work under the water. The handles of the dip-nets should be of light and strong material, and I have found nothing equal to the bamboo for them, using 8 or 10ft. from the butts of fishing poles.

The jacklights are an important feature of this work, the larger part of which is done at night. The one I use is a gallon can fastened to a gaspipe standard so that it can be raised or lowered, also revolved in the arc of a quarter circle. To this can is attached a supply pipe to conduct kerosene oil from the can to a perforated burner suspended over the water. This conductor has a globe valve in it to regulate the supply of oil. The conductor is ¼in. gaspipe about 12in. long. The burner is ¼in. gaspipe 6in. long, with cap at the end. The perforations in the burner are $\frac{1}{64}$in. in diameter, and should not exceed twenty in number. The burner is made of larger pipe than the conductor to it, as a convenience in winding asbestos wicking, which is loosely wound upon it and fastened with fine wire. Cotton batting or bagging can be used for this purpose, but is not as good. The burner when wound with asbestos resembles in shape a bobbin of cotton. A shade is necessary to protect the fishermen from the heat and glare of the light, and for convenience should be detachable. Galvanized sheet iron is good for this purpose. For night fishing the light is suspended over the bow of the boat, the standard being screwed into a cast-iron foot, which latter is attached to the boat by means of a lag screw. The same method of fishing is employed whether by day or night, the jacklight being the only additional feature at night. The gill-net is then thrown around the spawning bed, the fishing boat is run inside, and a man with a dip net stands in the bow ready to dip the fish. He directs the guidance of the boat, which is propelled by one oarsman. The fish are easily seen on their beds in from 1 to 5ft. of water, and remain undisturbed until the dip-net approaches them. If they lie facing the net, they can be easily picked up. Sometimes a pair can be taken together. When several are on the same bed, those that are frightened away invariably start directly for deep water. In their sudden plunge they run against the gill-net, are caught by their jaws, and in their struggles wind up in the net. The cork floats of the net are painted white to facilitate seeing them at this stage, and the fish thus caught is easily taken by holding the dip-net under it and then shaking out the gill-net. The sport is exciting, and fishermen forget the time of night, even if the thermometer registers far below freezing point. This method of fishing with dip-nets was first employed in taking the lake trout (*S. namaycush*), and has been in vogue in New Hampshire for several years, the use of the gill-net not being required. It required much urging and practical illustration before the spawn-takers would believe that brook trout could be dipped up in the same manner. As fast as dipped up, the fish are put into tanks of water and kept in the boat until forty or fifty trout are captured.

Common sugar barrels will do for tanks. Seines can be used to advantage if the spawning grounds are smooth enough; but the majority of them are not. It has been my experience that the dipping process is less expensive than seining even on smooth grounds. The fish run best the first part of the night, and night fishing is conducted from dark until midnight. The spawning season of brook trout varies the same as it does with those spawning in streams, and is apparently affected by the height of the water. The first fish captured in the lake last season were taken Oct. 29, 1896. The last ones were taken Dec. 2, after which time the lake was frozen over. The trout could be seen at work on the beds long after the ice closed over the lake, and, in fact, until after Jan. 1, 1897.

The total number of trout taken with dip-nets was 1,437; average weight of each fish, a little over a pound. The number of males exceeded the number of females in the proportion of two to one. This has been the experience in the work of three seasons. The first stripping occurred Nov. 6, and the last Dec. 11. Total number of females stripped, 362; total take of eggs, about 500,000. The eggs were eyed in a shanty fed by springs near the lake, three troughs of trays in stacks being used for the purpose. As a matter of information, twenty-nine female trout, stripped of spawn at this field station Nov. 26, 1896, were measured and weighed and the number of eggs yielded by each recorded. The girth, as given in the following table, was taken before the trout were stripped and with a scale which might not be regarded as entirely accurate, but approximately so. Some of these trout had apparently dropped part of their eggs before being captured.

Length in inches.	Girth in inches.	Weight lbs. ozs.	No of Eggs.
12	7	1	1,344
18	7½	3 6	2,665
10	7½	6¼	492
11½	6¼	8	615
17	11	2 1	2,583
17½	11	1 14½	2,358
8½	4	3	130
12½	7¼	1½	1,312
12½	7	10	800
11½	6¼	8	410
11½	6	8	615
10½	5½	6¼	308
13	7	1½	820
16½	9	1 10¾	923
11	6	8	615
13	6¾	11½	1,025
17	10	2 1	2,665
13	6½	11½	923
11½	6¼	11½	820
14	8	10	718
16	9¼	1 9	1,845
10	5¾	6¼	656
16	10	1 14½	1,949
16¾	10½	1 1s	2,583
14½	8	1 2½	1,845
13¾	7¾	14	1,014
16	9¼	1 3	1,845
17	10½	2	2,665
13	8¼	1 6	1,948
Total for 30 trout...		31 6¼	36,380

The average weight of fish taken throughout the season will exceed that deduced from the above table, the males averaging in weight much more than the females. There is a very marked difference in the size of eggs of brook trout taken from different waters, and the size of the eggs does not depend upon the size of the fish. The variations in size of eggs taken at three field stations last season were in the proportions of 34, 41 and 42 to the square inch, respectively. The eggs numbering 34 and 42 to the square inch were taken from fish averaging five to the pound, while the eggs 41 to the square inch were taken from trout averaging over a pound each.

I will not discuss the subject now, but I believe that after successful field stations like those I operate have become permanently established, it will be advantageous to study the conditions surrounding the spawning grounds of each and see if the eggs do not require different conditions of water supply in artificial work, such as volume of water to each trough, etc., to produce the best results.

Utility.—In the collection of brook trout I have always borne in mind that eggs can be purchased at very low prices, after they have been brought to the eyed stage; in fact, it is difficult to attempt to compete with the commercial fishculturist in the cost of wild trout eggs laid down in the hatchery as eyed eggs, because the cost of eggs thus collected should not exceed the cost of the eggs of the domesticated trout, either being figured as eyed ova laid down in troughs where they are to be hatched; otherwise it would be expedient to buy eggs already eyed. There are some advantages about having the eggs of wild trout. The latter, if in suitable waters, would naturally be stronger fish than the inbred fish of the commercial hatchery. In answer to this argument, the commercial fishculturist will tell you that he frequently makes exchanges of eggs and fish and uses many precautions to keep up his stock of hardy fish. As a rule, the eggs of domesticated trout will eye and hatch a larger percentage than wild trout. Much depends, however, upon the facilities for taking the eggs of the latter, which means also the methods of taking the fish and retaining them until stripped. The lowest price I have been quoted by commercial fishculturists for eyed ova of brook trout is $0.70 per M. in lots of a million or more. To this price must be added expressage on the eggs to hatchery where they are to be propagated. To sum it up into one sentence, the utility of collecting wild trout spawn depends upon whether the cost of eggs thus collected is less than the cost of purchased eggs. Another point to be considered, is whether the spawn deposited naturally would yield a large percentage of fry.

I have mentioned a so-called "dry brook," in which the trout congregated in large numbers at one of my stations. One month before these fish ascended it, I personally examined it. It was then apparently a surface drain fed by a slight seepage of water from the muddy soil along its banks, but practically dry. I decided that it would be impossible for trout to ascend it, even during rain storms, and still believe that no spawn deposited in it would ever mature. I have visited several ponds where the trout cannot possibly ascend the feeding brooks until high water. When they do succeed in making the ascent, they have no time to prepare their beds, but must return to the lake in from twelve to twenty-four hours. The results from eggs naturally deposited in such places is practically valueless. In the case of lake spawners, the same spawning grounds where I operated were being cleaned by later spawning trout for a month after I discontinued my collections. The eggs of the fish I took, if deposited naturally, would have been eaten by the later comers or by the suckers and minnows which follow after them.

Many private clubs have well-stocked ponds and a man to look after them, and yet purchase eggs for restocking. The utility of saving the spawn going to waste in such places needs no further argument. The cost of wild trout eggs will vary, as a matter of course, and I have not found suitable or what I call paying stations without trying several which were afterward abandoned. I have not written this article to encourge competition with the commercial trout culturist, but to encourage a larger production of trout with the means available in State Commissions or private preserves. I am unable to say whether the collections made in this way are less expensive than carrying a stock of brood fish, as in vogue at State hatcheries and institutions of a similar character, but this method can be used to advantage as an auxiliary to such institutions.

POLLUTION OF THE POTOMAC RIVER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The pollution of the water in the Potomac River, by pulp mills and tanneries, is a serious matter, that threatens the destruction of the black bass, the king fish of our fresh water streams, that affords healthful recreation to thousands, and supplies a most delicious article of food. But worse still, if these unsanitary conditions are allowed to continue, epidemics of typhoid fever and kindred diseases are sure to follow, endangering the lives of the citizens living along the river. During my recent official visit of inspection along the Potomac the question of protection and propagation was almost overshadowed by the polluted condition of the river, and the indignation of the people against allowing pulp mills and tanneries to run their refuse into the river. From Piedmont to Cumberland, the water is very much discolored on account of the refuse from the tanneries at Piedmont. The color of the water is dark brown, and the odor emitted is very disagreeable. Bass fishing in this part of the river is a thing of the past, which fact is deplored by the residents.

Cumberland, the Queen City of Western Maryland, gets her water supply from the Potomac. This water is not fit for bathing and ordinary household uses, much less for drinking. I believe the authorities of Cumberland have gone to the Courts asking for an injunction, restraining the proprietors of certain manufacturing establishments from allowing impurities to run into the river. This is a move in the right direction, but, the proper thing to do will be to go before the Legislature next January and have a law enacted that will permanently abolish these abuses so far as Maryland is concerned. Then follow this up by going before the Legislature of West Virginia, the year following, and have that State pass a similar law for the Potomac River. Then the water will return to its pure, clear, sparkling, natural condition, and Cumberland will have as pure water as any city in the land.

From Cumberland to the South Branch the water was very much discolored; the tanneries at Paw Paw, W. Va., no doubt, assisting materially in the discoloration. It is an undeniable fact that bass are rarely caught in this stretch of the Potomac, the water being too impure for them to inhabit that part of the river. The water in the South Branch being pure, the conditions are better below where the North and South Branches unite; but the brownish color from the water in the North Branch may be seen as far down as Hancock. After leaving Hancock the water becomes clearer, improving gradually, and soon becomes clear. This condition continues until the pulp mills at Harpe's Ferry are reached. These mills run all their refuse into the river; the chips and shavings float down and cling to the rocks, gravel beds and tufts of grass, driving the bass from their favorite haunts. The coloring matter in these chips and shavings is extracted by soaking in the water, so that the discoloration is quite perceptible; but, fortunately, the pure water from the Shenandoah, that empties into the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, neutralizes this impurity. From Harper's Ferry to Little Falls, near Washington, there are neither tanneries nor pulp mills, and it is here, and from Harper's Ferry to Hancock, that the best fishing is found. Along this distance of 150 miles of the romantic and picturesque Potomac, one of the finest natural bass streams in America, hundreds of the disciples of Sir Izaak Walton may be seen every day during the open bass season, whiling away the hours in healthful, manly sport, forgetting the cares of business and the anxieties of this busy world. Hours pass like so many minutes. One's appetite takes on such a sharp edge that a cold lunch at midday is relished more than a swell dinner at a fine restaurant. When the club house, farm house or camp is reached at night, supper is hardly disposed of before Morpheus takes possession, and the ten hours of nature's greatest restorer—sweet sleep—that follow, rest the mind more than a dozen nights of broken, restless sleep at home. The sensation of a strike fills the angler's soul with joy, and landing a 3 or 4-pounder after a vigorous fight of five or ten minutes (such as bass only make)—well, I will not attempt to explain a "feller's feelin'"—you know how it is yourself, if you have ever landed one.

The Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association did a great work in bringing about legislation on the part of Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia for the protection of bass in the Potomac. The laws are vigorously and satisfactorily enforced. Transferring 15,000 bass from the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal was another splendid scheme of the Association, that was made so successful by the great liberality of the Washington anglers. The Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association stands ready to continue the good work of protecting the bass in the Potomac—the anglers' paradise of Maryland.

Is it not a very serious matter to contemplate the possibility that unless the pollution of the Potomac is dealt with summarily, all the bass will disappear? Washington, the capital of this the greatest nation on earth, is supplied with drinking water from the Potomac, and the health of her citizens endangered. The impurities in the water are not so great as far down as Washington as they are higher up, but the conditions are bound to grow worse, unless the polluting substances that run into the river are stopped. Is it not a shame that the health of the citizens of a great city, the capital of a great republic, is menaced by the condition of the water they drink? I am told that this matter was brought before the last Congress, and a committee was appointed to see what power Congress has in the premises. If it is found that Congress has no jurisdiction in the matter, on account of the sovereign rights of Maryland and West Virginia, then let us hope that the United States Government will use her influence with the Legislatures of Maryland and West Virginia in securing legislation that will prohibit polluting the water in the Potomac. This will give the citizens of Washington an abundant supply of pure water, and the Potomac will become one of the greatest bass streams in America, that can never be depleted by legitimate angling.

GEO. W. MASSAMORE.

SEA MULLETS ON THE HOOK.

A GREAT catch of sea mullets is noted off the coast of North Carolina. These delicious fish made their appearance in Bogue Sound and adjacent waters on Sept. 3, and on that and the following day hundreds of barrels were netted by the crews of fishing vessels. Two hundred barrels were caught at Rice Path, 200 barrels at Bogue Chapel, 100 barrels at Bogue Inlet, 180 barrels at Brown's Inlet, and 200 barrels in the waters around Swansboro, all in Carteret county. The crews lost lots of their fish, spoiled from not having salt on hand.

Later on the mullets worked their way up Pamlico Sound into the Neuse River at New Berne, and a big school struck in at the Government dock, where the watchman and a friend happened to be fishing with hook and line, and greatly to their surprise began to bite freely. In a very short time they lifted out 190 of them, which measured from 5 to 10in. in length, and although subsequent attempts have repeatedly been made to catch them with bait, none have been seen or caught.

The episode is altogether phenomenal. The sea mullets are strictly pelagic fish, altogether different from the shore mullets, which are so generally utilized as bait by our anglers in Florida and the Gulf of Mexico, and are very toothsome and sweet. Only once before have they been known to appear in these waters in like manner. Indeed, they very seldom come into the land from the deep sea. Holbrook mentions a visitation of sea mullets in the Apalachicola River in September, 1871. Whenever they do strike into shoal water they prove to be bold biters, and will take shrimp, crab or cut-fish bait. Jordan classifies the two species as *Menticirrus albinus* and *M. littoralis*. They are nearly related to our Northern kingfish (*M. nebulosus*).

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Triton Club Trout Fishing.

MESSRS. CHENEY and Rathbone have returned from their fishing trip to the Triton Tract in Quebec. Mr. Cheney writes: "I think I had the best trout fishing I ever had in my life. We caught thirty five trout in Moise Lake weighing 117½lbs.; Rathbone twelve of 44½lbs., and I twenty-three of 73½lbs. Ten of mine weighed 45½lbs., and ten of R.'s 41lbs. Twenty-five weighed 101½lbs. We killed but thirty-four, one 2lb. fish I returned alive to the water, as we killed only what we could eat in camp, and as we got out of pork our four men and ourselves ate a good many trout. We saw seven caribou, but did not have a gun with us."

Men I Have Fished With.

MR. MATHER'S delightful sketches are soon to appear in book form. See announcement on another page, and register your name for a copy.

Death of Clarence M. Teller.

His many sportsmen friends will be pained to learn of the death of Clarence M. Teller, of Baltimore, which occurred on Sept. 13, under tragic circumstances thus related by the Baltimore *Sun*:

"Mr. Teller, was found dead shortly before 9 o'clock yesterday morning in a clump of bushes, near a little stream, on the Franklin road, about three miles northeast of Catonsville. The discovery was made by John Groot, who was one of a searching party which had been looking for Mr. Teller all of Monday night.

"Early Monday morning Mr. Teller left his home, telling his wife that he was going into the country to catch minnows, which he used for bait when fishing. He had made an appointment with Mr. Robert Grist to go fishing at Lake Roland Monday afternoon.

"When darkness set in and Mr. Teller had not returned home, his wife became alarmed. A number of friends started out in search of him, but not the slightest trace of his whereabouts could be found until Mr. Groot came across his fishing net and a small tin pail beside the stream.

"It was thought by the searching party that Mr. Teller had fallen into the stream and had been drowned, and the stream was dragged. Mr. Groot walked about 50ft. from the stream toward the woods, and there, beside a small sapling which had been cut down by Mr. Teller, lay the body. In Mr. Teller's right hand was tightly grasped a small saw, which had been used to cut down the sapling. He had been dead about twenty-four hours. A jury of inquest was summoned, it being made up of those who took part in the searching party. A verdict was rendered that Mr. Teller had died of heart disease."

Mr. Teller was born in Westchester county, N. Y., Oct. 13, 1826. He had lived long in Baltimore. He was one of the organizers of the Monroe (N. Y.) Ducking Club; he was well known in sportsmen's circles, and was a life-long subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM from the beginning of the paper in the early seventies.

Basswood Bass for Count Fishermen.

THE Toronto *Saturday Night* has some pertinent suggestions about the depletion of the Muskoka and other waters by score fishermen:

"The guides realize what is happening. They have seen the slaughterers at work day after day, week after week for years on Rosseau and Joseph lakes, until now bass are scarce there and people have to go out of the way for good fishing. But what can a guide do? Unless he will take his patrons to a place where they can haul fish out with both hands and make as fine a showing in a photograph as did some rival crowd, then he gets a black mark and other guides are preferred. To maintain his reputation and gain a livelihood, he is compelled to assist in the work of exterminating black bass, although his good sense rebels against it. I know as well as anybody how hard it is to quit fishing when you have caught the half-dozen that are really needed in the camp or cottage, but I know, too, that the real sportsman when he finds himself cut off from civilization, unable to make use of 100 fish, yet surrounded by shoals of them, will at once set himself the task of avoiding rather than capturing the average fish. He uses all his skill to elude the bass of 2lbs. and under, and tries for 5 or 6-pounders. He makes it a test of craft to do this.

"The hotel keepers in Muskoka should get some nice bass made out of basswood, for use in photographs. They could be of all sizes, and, by rearrangement, would look like different fish in each picture. There was a time when the fisherman lied about his catch, but now he produces a photograph; and perhaps it would have been as well had he continued to lie instead of becoming a slaughterer. His tall yarns were not believed, nor did they injure any one but himself; whereas his greed in catching canoe-loads of bass merely to use them in a photograph is injurious to the interests of all. There are, I believe, regulations that would, if enforced, prohibit, the wholesale destruction of bass, and in the interests of Muskoka's future as one of the finest pleasure resorts on the continent, something effectual should be devised and applied."

Little, but Everyone Counts—for a Fine.

HUDSON CENTER, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Von W. strikes the keynote in his article of Sept. 1 when he advocates throwing back the fingerlings. But my experience leads me to believe that our laws are violated oftener by men than by boys. It seems to be a mania with some to boast of the number of trout they have caught.

A short time ago I was on the cars on my way from Concord to Manchester, N. H. A man came into the smoker with his rod and trout basket. I entered into conversation with him (he was a man nearly sixty years old). He told me that his catch consisted of forty-odd trout. I convinced him that it was necessary for me to look his fish over; among them I found twenty-two small trout with their heads cut off. I arrested him and took him off the train at Manchester. I cut off the head of a larger trout, and by matching that to the smaller ones convicted him. His sentence was $40 and costs.

Our brook trout fishing has been about on an average this last season. The brooks have been full to overflowing all summer. We are anticipating fine fishing next season.

Landlocked salmon fishing has never been better. Black bass fishing has also been excellent. To-morrow, the 15th, the opening season commences on most of our game. The foliage was never so thick at this season of the year as at the present time. Deer are very plenty in the northern part of the State, with a fair sprinkling all over the State right up to the Massachusetts line. The law was repealed last winter that prohibited the use of ferrets, so that ferrets may be used lawfully in hunting the small gray rabbit. From what we can learn, there will be an average supply of ruffed grouse; woodcock never more plenty.

N. W.

Fishing on Tomahawk Lake.

MR. B. W. Sherman and wife, of Chicago, have just returned from their lodge on Tomahawk Lake, Wis., where they have been since July 1. On Aug. 31 Mr. Sherman landed two 'lunge's weighing 7 and 11lbs. On Sept. 6 Mrs. Sherman, after getting three alongside of the boat and losing them, landed one weighing 17lbs. On Sept 7 Mr. Sherman landed a 21-pounder; Mrs. Sherman landed, the same day, one weighing 21½lbs. and a 4lb. pike.

Mr. Sherman tells me that at no time since July 1 has the 'lunge fishing been so good as the time above mentioned.

A gentleman, whose name could not be obtained, landed a 39lb. 'lunge in Squaw Lake last week.

PATTI.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 4.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y, Danbury.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 25.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual trials.
Nov. 1.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Nov. 1.—New England Beagle Club's trials, Oxford, Mass.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Central Beagle Club's trials, Sharpsburg, Pa.
Nov. 9.—Peninsular Field Trial Club's trials, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 23.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.

MY DOGS.

My dogs and I have had our day, and the night has come to us all, first bringing rest and everlasting sleep to them one after another, then to me only the darkness of night, while the sun still warms me, the breath of summer is in my nostrils, and the sound of diurnal creatures' voices and movements is in my ears. I cannot undertake to say whether the dogs or I have the best of it, but only know that I have many pleasant memories of them which they may or may not have of me.

Most of these old friends and comrades lie here before me under the green turf of a narrow patch of brush intervale, between a great buttressed elm and an old butternut, each with a rude stone at his head, bearing his age and the date of his death. At least there were such inscriptions but the earliest may be weathered to illegibility.

This is a pleasant place to lie on a summer day with the brook bubbling over the pebbles and sending back its song in faint reverberation from the depths of its hidden passage beneath the rocks, the south wind whispering in the beavens overhead, a wood pewee singing its slow, droway song, a flicker lazily hammering a dead branch of the elm, and now and then a wandering bumble bee droning in and out of hearing.

It is a pleasant place for dogs to sleep, or a man to dream in, as I realize sitting between the buttresses of the elm, with the voices of breeze, brook, bird and bee lulling me to dreamy memories of my dogs.

I have an impression that the Society of Friends, to which our family belonged, bore tacit testimony against keeping an animal, which perhaps was considered useless, or worse, merely ornamental and taking to vanity, for in my early childhood no dog has slept at our house, nor do I remember seeing them at the homes of but few of the Friends whom we visited.

Our neighbor, Friend Wheeler, had a fat and very shaggy old black and white dog named Trusty, so staid of demeanor and so constant in attendance at First and Fifth day meetings with his master, that it seemed to me he must be a birthright member among Friends, though the strangely contrasted colors of his coat were quite "out of plainness." He, lying at his master's feet and enduring as quietly as any of us, the largest silent meeting, was the only one of his race that I ever saw there.

My first intimate acquaintance with a dog began when I was about ten years old, and my eldest brother, who was many years my senior, bought a puppy at weaning age. When he went to get her at McNeil's Ferry, he took me with him. To me it was like a journey into a far country, passing along strange roads, by the dwellings of unknown inhabitants, and coming at last to the lake, which awed me with its greatness, so near me and stretching away northward to the sky and to unguessed mysteries beyond the blue rims of lake and sky, where shining sails arose or sank. The ferry-boat, propelled by horse-power, came wallowing across from the further shore, where the spires of Essex shone, and there was a bustle of arrival, and again of departure.

My brother left me to the contemplation of these strange scenes while he went for the puppy, with which he presently returned, and leaving her in my charge went away again on some affair of his own in the neighborhood. She was a cunning little formless bunch of brindle and white, and charmed me at sight. I was too much absorbed in watching her untrained gambols and in bringing her back from perilous explorations of the roadway to the safety of the sidewalk to note for a while how time sped, or to feel lonesome, till the shadows shortened to noon and I felt internal indications of the hour, and began to realize that I was a very small boy, very much alone in a strange neighborhood. Then there came to my ears from some outbuildings not far off, the angry baying of a dog, which I doubted not was the puppy's mother coming in search of her stolen baby, nor that she would hesitate to tear a small boy to pieces if she found one in possession of it. I might leave the puppy and fly for my life, but I felt that it would be dishonorable to prove unfaithful to my charge. The paling of a beautiful garden ran close beside me, but I could not get the puppy over it, much less myself. There was not a soul in sight to help, for every one had gone to dinner but the puppy and I, and how I wished that we had. There seemed but one way of saving both, and I hesitated but a moment to adopt it.

Clasping the puppy tightly in my arms, I fled as fast as my legs would carry me to the great house to which the garden belonged, and bolted in at the first door I came to without the ceremony of knocking. I found myself in the presence of two or three ladies, who must have been greatly surprised at the sudden appearance of a scared little boy and a puppy, but they received us very kindly, and gave us food and assurance of safety, and then took me through the greenhouse, where I remember there was a fig tree in bearing, and I was taken to the garden, which with its profusion of those rare flowers was the wonder and admiration of the countryside. Under the guardianship of the owner, Mr. McNeil, who treated us with great consideration, I wandered with my smaller companion in my arms, feasting my eyes on the beauties of the place till my long-lost brother returned and somehow found me, and magnanimously forgave me for running away from him. I was thankful enough when we were in the wagon and whirling away from the dangerous precincts, which I was glad to quit in spite of their wonders and rich beauties. The winsome puppy conquered the anti-canine prejudices of our family at sight, and immediately became a great favorite. She was named Juno, and except for an occasional youthful indiscretion such as killing a fowl or chewing up a shoe, she never did aught unworthy of her great name. She was called a bull terrier by her breeder, who no doubt believed her to be of that breed, and there was no one to contradict him in a community all unlearned in dog lore. She was considerably above medium size, her color brindle with white breast and feet, her eyes clear and kindly, the undershot of her jaw just enough to give a spice of sauciness to her intelligent countenance, which had no expression of ferocity, nor had she, as I remember, a single characteristic of the bull terrier, save indomitable courage.

She developed an especial fondness for gingersnaps and hickory nuts, and the clatter of one or the cracking of the other always awakened her liveliest interest. She got the notion that she must have a pillow of some sort when she slept, and when lying in the house would rest her head on the lower round of a chair. If the chair was moved she would still hold up her head, waiting for it to be replaced. She was a vigilant watch dog, but never meddled with any one who kept his hands off our belongings. One day our neighbor, the doctor, came to borrow a spade, and there being no man about to get it for him, he began searching the hallways for it. Juno followed him wherever he went, and when he found the spade and took it, she laid hold of his trousers leg and held him until he dropped the tool, when she at once chased him. She had a numerous progeny, but left none worthy to fill her place. When not having lived out more than half the allotted years of a dog, she passed into whatever hereafter is allotted to these most faithful and affectionate friends of man. There were many days of mourning in our house when her life ceased to be a part of ours, and her memory is fondly cherished by the two members of our family who have fifty years outlived her.

ROWLAND E ROBINSON.

THE NORTHWESTERN TRIALS.

The champion stake of the Northwestern Field Trials Club was run on Thursday afternoon and Friday forenoon, Sept. 9–10. There were fourteen starters, all famous dogs, and so well known that the particulars concerning owners, handlers, etc., are unnecessary here. Many of them were given in the report of the trials of the previous two weeks.

The conditions in part were favorable for good work. That is, the weather was all that could be desired. The conditions in respect to birds and competition on them were very unfavorable. Birds were scarce and, therefore, there was great difficulty in testing pointing and locating.

Messrs Thomas Johnson and B. Waters judged. Most of the competitors were satisfied with the judging. In fact, they were pleased to say it was well done.

Ann of Abbottsford, a winner in the previous trials, and heretofore described in that connection, won after a most thorough contest. Her honors were not won cheaply. The last heat, between her and Ortolan, would be a most punishing one to the average dog, but they went through it without the slightest distress or lessening of effort. Ann made a most excellent showing, as is more fully mentioned in the report of the final heat.

Following is the order of drawing: Tick's Kid with Ortolan. Elgin's Dash with Prince Rupert. Dodo III. with Hurstbourne Zip. Sam's Beau with Christina. Swab with Tony Gale. Ann of Abbottsford with Pearl R. Sam T. with Sport McA.

Sam's Beau was bitten in the leg and lamed after he was entered. Sam T. was suffering from a badly injured eye and was withdrawn. This necessitated changing the order of running.

The prize was a silver cup and a diploma. The conditions were that a dog to be eligible must have been a first or second prize winner in a recognized field trial. No entrance fee.

First Round.

Tick's Kid and Ortolan were started at 1:32. No birds were found in the forty-seven minutes they ran. Ortolan was far the better ranger. As the ground was very unfavorable, part of it mowed, part being stubble, and the rest known to be without birds, the judges considered it an unfinished heat and took both dogs in the next round for further trial.

Elgin's Dash and Prince Rupert ran thirty minutes, beginning at 2:22. No birds were found. Prince ranged irregularly. Dash ranged with poor judgment and pottered betimes, though he showed good speed.

Dodo III. and Hurstbourne Zip started at 2:56. Dodo pointed a single and Zip backed. Dodo flushed a single. Zip made a point and a flush on single birds. Zip at times frittered away effort on false scent. Both ranged middling well. Up at 3:36.

Christina and Swab started at 3:45. Down 27 minutes. Their range was middling and about alike. No birds found. They classed better than ordinary.

Ann of Abbottsford and Sport McA. began at 4:14. Sport, some distance away, flushed and chased. He was wild and lawless. Ann roaded and pointed well some running birds. Sport made a poor point on a single. He, much of the time, ranged out of bounds heedless of the gun. Ann showed good judgment in beating out her ground. Up at 4:34.

Tony Gale and Pearl R. were cast off at 4:39. Tony pointed a single; Pearl backed. Sent on. Tony pointed; Pearl backed unsteadily, then went in ahead. Nothing found. Next, Pearl pointed an old bird well. Gale drew and pointed on a sparrow. He wasted time now and then, stopping on gophers and other trifles. Pearl ranged well, though showing a frivolous behaviour at times. Gale ranged with inferior judgment. Up at 5:07.

Second Round.

Eight dogs were retained in the running, some of which were continued because their trials had not been satisfactorily complete in the first round, some because they were considered better than others. It will thus be noted that the retaining of dogs in the second round did not necessarily imply that they were all better than some left out; it implied only that they had not had so complete a trial as the judges desired that they should have. This will probably set some people right, who thought they knew a thing or two more than the judges did about the matter.

Tick's Kid and Dodo III. started at 5:31. They ran 7 minutes, ranging close and idling. Dodo was not well.

Ortolan and Hurstbourne Zip were cast off at 5:30. Ortolan made a point to which nothing was found. Next she found and pointed a bevy. It was quite a good piece of work. She far outranged and outworked Zip, so much so that he was hopelessly out of it. Down 17 minutes.

Ann of Abbottsford and Christina were cast off at 6:01. Ann roaded and pointed an old bird, which was lying very close, and which puzzled her not a little to locate. Christina roaded and pointed, but did not have the birds accurately located. As her handler walked up to her he flushed two birds. Up at 6:24. Ann showed much the better range and judgment. Christina ranged well and made a good showing, but was distinctly outclassed.

Swab and Pearl R. started at 6:25 and ran 17 minutes. Swab flushed a single. Pearl was the better ranger, and showed a higher class form of work.

Third Round.

Three dogs were in this round, of which one was Pearl R.

Friday.

The weather was clear, cool and pleasant, an ideal morning for field trial competition. Ann and Pearl were to run together, but Pearl did not appear, though the judges waited 48 minutes for her.

Final.

Ann of Abbottsford and Ortolan.—This heat was most thoroughly contested, and was an extraordinary exhibition of range and endurance. It was truly an admirable finish, and sustained well the purposes of the stake. The dogs were cast off at 9:09, and the course was up wind in open prairie. Each dog at once started vigorously, and they worked with perfect independence of each other. Ortolan found and pointed a single bird well, and was steady to shot. Next Ortolan made a most vigorous chase after a jack rabbit, but it did not in the least exhaust her; for she kept on seeking birds without any lessening of pace or range. At the same time Ann pointed and chased the bird when it flushed. At this stage the heat was in favor of Ortolan. By strict attention to her work and doing it well, Ann redeemed her chances later. Ann came back and dropped near where she had pointed; as her handler walked up to her he flushed a bird. Sent on. Ann, by beating out a lot of ground, found and pointed a bevy well. She was steady to shot. They were both ranging out well. Ortolano pointed. Ann coming in about 50yds. ahead and to one side, pointed independently. Ortolan left her point, took a short cast, took the scent again and drew straight up wind to flush on a single. Sent on, Ann went on and located the rest of the birds 50 or 60yds. ahead. Ortolan was completely outworked on these birds. Sent on. Birds were very difficult to find, and in their eager search both dogs were casting wider and wider. Neither wasted any time on gophers or small birds. They ranged intelligently and were much alike as to range and speed, but Ann had greater ability in finding. Sometimes they were fully a mile away, though it was the opinion of some that they were two miles away. Ann, coming in from a long cast, pointed and held her point stanchly till her handler went up to her. She had a bevy to her point, and the heat here ended. Time, 10:39. Down 1 hour and 30 minutes. It was one of the very best heats ever run in a field trial on chickens, and, so far as it is within my knowledge, it is the best one run on chickens, considering the equality of speed and range, the great area of ground covered, and the energetic searching displayed from start to finish. It required unlimited pluck to run under the discouraging condition of a dearth of birds. Few dogs have the heart to work so continuously with so little reward for their efforts. Many dogs will work when they can find with a reasonable degree of effort. Few will work when so many miles of prairie must needs be covered to show any results in finding. It was a great race and an admirable finish to a champion stake. On point Ann was lacking in style, but not in purpose. When the heat ended both dogs were going vigorously, and showed no intention of quitting. Both handlers and dogs were applauded generously at the conclusion.

Dogs of the Day.—II.

There is a new member of the life guards at Windsor Park Beach. He does not draw a salary nor does he wear any man's collar.

To be sure, the law compels him to own a small tag with a number on it, but it is locked up in a box, for neither dog catcher nor policeman would lay his unhallowed hands on Sir Cæsar, the life-saver. He is a splendid St. Bernard, belonging to Capt. Billie Johnson, the famous oarsman and swimmer, who is on duty day and night to rescue the imperilled bathers at Windsor Park Beach.

Cæsar is now regularly installed as a member of the life-saving crew, having finished the preliminary training. Far out into the lake he can carry the heavy life-line in his powerful jaws, for his fat gives him marvellous buoyancy and his great strength the finest propelling power. His legs are as strong as a lion's and as tireless as the flippers of a seal. He has learned to plunge out to the side of an exhausted swimmer and by a rapid maneuver face the shore and wait for the drowning man to clutch, and then paddle with all speed to the shore. Capt. Billie has taken infinite pains to teach him this trick, as untrained animals, in their eagerness to save, are apt to grasp a drowning man and force him under water with their heavy paws.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

Dogs of the Day.—III.

Strange dogs create such a disturbance in the Central Park menagerie that every effort is made to keep them out. The animals in the cages are made nervous and restless by them. It was knowledge of this that caused head keeper Shannon to run to the Arsenal for his gun this morning when he saw a small dog in the lion house. The dog was running about, and had apparently been there all night.

The dog was not large, but it was plucky; and when it awoke this morning it ran straight to the hippopotamus cage and barked at Caliph, the big hippo. That animal swung its head around close to the edge of the cage and the dog ran away. When Shannon opened the door the dog ran past him and toward the rabbit pen. He barked at the rabbits until he had frightened them half to death. Then Shannon came back with his gun. The dog saw him and ran at him, but the keeper fired and the dog rolled over dead.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

The Forest and Stream *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

As a testimonial of appreciation and approval, the Western Canada Kennel Club presented a gold locket to Mr. Frank Richards for his courtesy in judging their amateur trials at Lasalle, Manitoba, recently. One side of it bore his monogram, the other an inscription commemorative of the event. It was valuable in itself, and still more valuable to Mr. Richards, from its pleasant associations.

The recent trials in Manitoba have fully demonstrated that the dates in the last of August and early September are too early. The weather then is too hot, much of the grain is uncut, and the birds, having sufficient food in the open prairie, have not settled down to any fixed habitat with reference to a food supply in the grain fields. There is, of course, at a later date, the disadvantage of a diminished supply of birds caused by the shooting, but this could be guarded against by securing control of a large section of chicken country and preserving it.

Mr. Edward Dexter, patron of the Northwestern Field Trials Club, has donated a $200 cup for the club's next champion stake. This should excite the keenest competition, as it is one of the most valuable trophies, if not quite the most valuable, ever offered for field trial competition.

The *St. Louis Republic* reports the death of towser, a tramp dog, famous in the city of East St. Louis. Towser, though of mature years and large experience, died a drunkard's death. He made his haunts mostly around the great East St. Louis railroad yards, and in his way besought beer of the railroad men, and saloon keepers thereabouts and he was not averse to a dram of whiskey now and then when he "felt so disposed," *à la Sairy Gamp*. He refused water quietly but firmly, and so he lived a drunkard's life till a few days ago, when, being drunker than usual, he toddled athwart the course of a switch engine and was cut in two. His sudden cutting off in the prime of his pleasure should be a warning to all dogs of bibulous habits.

Sir Everett Millais, Bart., died Sept. 9, at Littleton House, Shepperton, England. Death was caused by inflammation of the lungs. He was well known as a writer on kennel subjects. "Rational Breeding" and "Two Problems of Reproduction," are his best known works. At one time he was a member of the Kennel Club.

Volume XVI. of the Greyhound Stud Book, published by Horace Cox, "Field" office, London, contains the addresses of coursing secretaries, judges, slippers, etc., coursing fixtures, of '97 and '98, pedigrees of winning greyhounds, review of the coursing season, registrations, winners of the Waterloo cup, purse and plate, portraits of celebrated coursers, and a vast amount of other information pertaining to coursers and coursing. It is invaluable to all who desire to be up to date in coursing matters.

In our advertising columns the Eastern Field Trials Club calls attention to its All-Age and Subscription Stakes for setters and pointers. Entries positively close on Oct. 1. The judges are Messrs. Arthur Merriman and S. C. Bradley.

Those who contemplate showing their dogs at the bench show of the Danbury Agricultural Society should bear in mind that the entries close on Sept. 27. G M. Rundle, Sec'y, Danbury, Conn.

The Huber Buffalo Herd.

DURAND, Wis., Sept. 12.—Albert and Charles Huber, living a few miles south of this city, have a herd of about twenty-five full-blooded bison and some eighteen crossed bulls and heifers. About six years ago they were hunting in the western part of North Dakota, and captured alive three young bison, a bull and two cows, and these they brought to their farm here. The animals grew and thrived amazingly, and are pastured in an inclosure of about 400 acres running down to the valley of Rose Creek, where they have ample room and shelter.

Experiments were made early with crossed breeds, and it has now been found that the cross is very successful, the half breeds combining the docility of the domestic animals with the endurance and large size of the bison. They are also very fine fur producers, and grow to maturity in less time than domestic cattle. The flesh of crossed animals is very palatable, and the fur has all the qualities of that of the bison, and is softer and more silky. The crossed bloods can stand far more exposure in winter than can the native cow. The Hubers believe they have a fortune in their herd if they can continue its increase a few years longer.—*New York Sun.*

The Ways of Snakes.

A FEW weeks ago I went into a woods with my rifle to look for a squirrel, and the first thing that attracted my attention was a blacksnake, about 15ft. high on an oak tree. The tree trunk was nearly 18in. in diameter and free of limbs and knots for something like 50ft. The top, however, was broken out, leaving a small stub of dead wood among the green limbs. The snake had evidently been up there after something to eat in the shape of young squirrels, mice or birds. Whether he found anything or not, he was now coming down very leisurely, and seemingly with as much ease and safety as he would crawl on the ground. I noticed that his body lapped back and forth across the tree trunk a distance of probably 12in., and evidently that was the secret of his being able to hold on. G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Good Words About Some Good Things.

Since Nov. 30, 1896, I have been living in a board cabin in the mountains of Polk county, Ark., engaged with three partners in trying to develop some rose quartz (supposed to be) gold mining claims, which will be my excuse for my long silence, but my family in Topeka forwarded the FOREST AND STREAM to my nearest post office, fourteen miles away, and you cannot imagine what a welcome visitor it was, and as a roll of four at a time was usually sent me by my family, it furnished us each one, and there was no other business before us on Sundays but to read the FOREST AND STREAM and to discuss the merits of its most excellent pages. W. F. R.

I HAVE been up the country fishing, about 1,500 miles, in Wisconsin during the summer, and bought single copies. I did not read a paper of any kind for three weeks (was between heaven and earth, you see), and then ransacked the news stands at Baraboo, Wis.; the Union Depot, Chicago; Union Depot, Kansas City, and all over Dallas, TEX., for back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM. I finally found them at a place in Dallas, and bought all they had. E. R. EBERY.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

A PERILOUS RIDE.

An Allegheny Mountain Camp-fire Story.

ONE day last October, in the course of a wheeling tour amid the Alleghenies, I found myself in the Chipmunk Field, one of those new districts in the oil country, which, despite all efforts to prevent overproduction, are continually being discovered and developed. The Chipmunk is a small creek flowing down a rapidly descending valley to the Allegheny River, at its head, not over eight miles from Bradford, the metropolis of the oil regions, yet up to last year wholly undeveloped. Oil was struck there twenty years ago, rich, too, but the well was bought up by shrewd operators, and reported a "dry hole, which prevented development until last year, when a "gusher" was struck, and before the operators in Bradford "got on to it" sufficiently to buy and plug it, the news leaked out, and there was a perfect stampede to the new field.

When I was there the boom was now. Looking up the valley, you saw little but great black derricks above the little village of board shanties that had sprung up in a day.

Engaging lodging for the night at McCaffrey's, the only plastered house in the place, and stabling my wheel under an apple tree in the front yard, I went for a stroll up the valley. Passing the Chipmunk Emporium, the Gasser Saloon and Bijou Café (the latter closed and bearing on its door the striking legend: "Dry Hole; ask the Sheriff"), I came to a shanty that bore this sign in letters so large as to cover the entire front,

GUSHER CIGAR FACTORY.
Manufacturers of
THE CHIPMUNK GUSHER CIGAR.
Wholesale and Retail.

I asked the proprietor if I might take a snap shot of it. "Cert," said he.

Just as I pressed the button a thick voice cried from the Gusher Saloon, diagonally across the way: "Hi, Bill, here's a wheelin' dude takin' picters. Come an' hev your'n took."

"Mine too," chorused several more. "And the dawgs," piped another voice; and so it happened that very soon four representative citizens of Chipmunk, with three dogs—a bull, a mastiff and a cross between the two—were looking into the muzzle of my camera.

Wandering on, with eyes and ears open, I came soon to a section where many wells were in operation. It seemed a sort of portico of Hades; Dante's approach to the inferno might have been copied from it. A vile odor of gas filled the air. Crude oil, green colored, ill-smelling, floated on the roadside pools and glided serpent-like over the bosom of a little brook trickling down to join the Chipmunk. In many cases the grass and weeds for rods around the well had been killed by an overflow of the vile stuff. In places stand pipes, fed by gas from the wells, emitted a roaring flame, while the creaking and groaning of the pumping machinery sounded like the wailing of lost souls.

The pumps are quite primitive, being composed in most cases of a huge wooden beam working on a pivot fixed in an upright, one end of the beam being attached to the pump piston in the well, the other moved by a small steam engine. Sometimes this engine is placed in a central house and works several pumps by means of rods extending across wide fields, like an octopus's arms.

Having walked, I suppose, two miles up the valley, I grew fatigued, and threw myself under a spreading oak to rest. I had nearly fallen asleep when there arose down the valley such a rattling and thumping that I was wide awake in an instant, feeling sure that something out of the ordinary was coming, and soon I espied a very peculiar vehicle of funereal aspect approaching—a heavy wagon with covered box painted black, and drawn by two ancient, lop-eared horses. A little, weazened old man with a quizzical expression on his hatchet-shaped face, filled the driver's seat.

"Good day," said I.

"G'd day," said he, pulling up.

"How far to Colegrove?" I queried.

"About a mile," says he; "I'm a-goin' there; jump in."

An odd smile stole over his face as he spoke, but disregarding it, I 'jumped in" with alacrity.

"I never saw a well shot," I remarked, by way of opening conversation.

"I hev," he replied, with decision.

"It must be an exciting and dangerous business," I continued.

"Wal, now, it is, and then agen, it ain't I hev known torpedo shooters die with their boots on, but a right smart chance of 'em dies in their beds like or'nary folks. There was Bill Wirt Sykes, now, shot more wells than any man in the oil country; but he got picked up at last, Bill did—an' they couldn't find pieces enough to hold a funeral over."

"How was it?" I asked.

"Well, you see, Bill was engaged to shoot No. 6, over in Wildcat Run. No. 6 was a gasser, an' when Bill let the fust ca'tridge down she only sunk about 500ft. an' then begun to rise. You see, the gas had got a 150lb. pressure under her, an' was a-hoistin' her, anchor an' all.

"'My God, boys, scatter,' sez Bill, 'she's comin' up.' Everybody got but Bill, he stood by to catch her as she came up, because if she shot up out of that hole and fell back she was bound to explode an' wreck everything. Well, Bill caught her all right, an' went to set her down on the pile; but somehow he fouled the anchor, or set her down too hard, or the anchor slid off and hit another ca'tridge—nobody knows exactly how it was—all we knew was, there was a slap in our faces, an' nothin' but a hole in the ground where, a minute before, had stood a 90ft. derrick, an engine house, two horses an' wagon, 150 quarts o' nitro glycerine, an' Bill Wirt Sykes. As I was sayin', we couldn't find pieces enough of Bill to hold a funeral."

"How very exciting," said I.

"Agin take me—I've shot a thousan' wells an' never an' accident. Fact, or it is Bill's time had come, an' when a man's time's called he's a goin', no matter whether he's drivin' a glycerine cart or playin' the dude roun' wimmin in a tennis court."

"Of course," said I. "Who is greater than his fate. But what is a glycerine cart?"

"Why, don't you know?" he replied. "Wal, I'll tell you. It takes from 100 to 150 quarts o' glycerine to shoot a well, an' if it's within two days' drive of the works, the stuff's always taken there in a covered wagon with a team. Pretty risky business? Well, a little. Still there was Abe Glacken followed it twenty years without an accident; then he had a pretty bad one."

"What was it?" I asked, as my companion paused.

"Wal, Abe had two horses that he allers drove to his cart—Pete an' Satan, a white an' a black. Some folks say a white horse fer luck an' some say a black. Reasons Abe, 'I'll hev both, an' sure to hit it.' Wal, for twenty years Pete an' Satan plodded over the mountain steddy an' reliable as the sun an' moon. But one unlucky day in the Devil's Elbow on Shirley Mountain, Driftwood Creek roarin' 400ft. below, a swarm o' bees follerin' their queen lighted on Pete's neck, an' what with his plungin' and snortin' soon began to sting both horses pretty bad. You couldn't expect flesh an' blood to stan' that, and for the first time Pete an' Satan bolted. As luck would have it, old Doc Killam from town, with his nigger driver and span, was in the crook of the Elbow. For nigh twenty years Doc had kept the undertakers busy, an' now his time was come. The boy heard the racket above, an' reined his outfit jist as near the edge of the precipice as he dared. Abe saw the trick, an' drew in to the mountain wall close as he dared, hopin' to pass; but 'twant to be—his off fore-wheel hit a protrudin' rock jist as he got abreast of the Doc: there was a crash, and a second one enough sight bigger, an' then all there was left was about five square rods of broken rock piled in the road an' rushin' down into Driftwood. No, sir. They didn't git a shred of anybody—Doc, the nigger, Abe, four horses—jist went into thin air."

The road grew rougher and rougher as we advanced. Hollows, mud puddles, ruts, stumps, and protruding roots obstructed it. In places attempts had been made to repair it by dumping stone in the hollows, but without much success. Over these the wagon rattled and bumped, my companion meantime whistling a merry tune.

"Someone said a well was to be shot up the valley this afternoon," I remarked after a time.

"Yes," said he, "I'm on my way there with the stuff now."

Well, my heart nearly stopped beating.

"Heavens, man! You don't mean to say you've got 150 quarts of nitro-glycerine in this box, do you?" I cried as soon as I could speak.

"That's the cold fact, squire," said he, nonchalantly.

I gave one leap from that box, and I didn't stop running till I was safe beside my wheel under the apple tree in McCaffrey's front yard. CHARLES BURR TODD.

THE annual report of the Long Island R. R. Co. notes that the influence of the bicycle in building up suburban resorts and encouraging the building of good roads has been very marked during the past year. Many towns are building macadam roads, and in the near future Long Island will have a perfect system of highways. The results are seen in the great popularity of Long Island for bicycle tours and in the large numbers of wheels handled on the trains. During this season more than 100,000 wheels will have been carried as baggage. The railroad invites this business, and has organized a special department to supervise generally the needs of cyclists and to aid and encourage the building of good roads and cycle paths.

An Administration of Herb Tea.

THE Prince of a small German State, reports a German paper, whose ambition it was to do the grand, if only on a small scale, had invited a number of gentlemen to go on a deer-stalking expedition. Everything promised well. The weather was superb, and the company was in the best of spirits, when the head forester approached the petty monarch, and, lifting his green cap, said in faltering tones: "Your Highness, there can be no hunting to-day." "Why not?" was the stern rejoinder. "Alas! your Highness, one of the stags took a fright at the sight of so many people and has escaped into the adjoining territory, and the other stag has been ill since yesterday. But your Highness must not be angry—it is most likely nothing worse than a bad cold. We have given it some herb tea and hope to get it on its legs again in a few day."

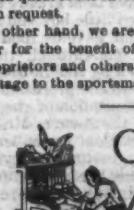
Rifle and Man.

A WRITER in No. 10 of the present volume of this paper takes me to task for saying "A man should hit a running deer within a circle whose diameter is the width of the deer's body, and at any distance his gun will shoot accurately." He did not quote all I said on that point. Furthermore, he must know there are exceptions to all rules. Not long ago I said "two men might meet in the woods and exchange guns to their mutual advantage." Now, after I add the opinion that a medium-sized man can hit a running deer in the forest twice with a .38-40-24in. barreled Winchester, to once with a .50-95-26in. barreled Winchester. I will give my case to the jury. G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

WHERE TO GO.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM'S service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsmen for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.


CHAINED
to Business?
Can't go Shooting?
Do the next best thing—
Read the
Forest and Stream.

THE story may be old, but it is worth repeating. It concerns the native Florida hog, known as the razorback. A resident was taking a visiting friend out driving one day and showing him the sights, when they came across a hog rubbing himself up against a telegraph pole.

"What do you call that animal?" inquired the friend, never having seen one of the like before.

"Why, that is a 'razorback'—a Florida hog," was the reply.

"Yes, but what is he doing rubbing against the pole?" was asked.

"Oh, he's merely stropping himself," replied the Floridian. —*Florida Citizen.*

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

Copies of the FOREST AND STREAM *race report blanks, for recording and reporting races, will be sent to all clubs requesting them.*

YACHT RACING FIXTURES 1897.

THE following list of fixtures has been compiled from many different sources, some of them not official, and it may contain some errors. We shall be glad to have notice of corrections and additions.

Races of the Sound Y. R. U. are marked with the letter S; those of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. with the letter M:

SEPTEMBER.

25-26. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Dillon's Point, San Francisco.
25. Buffalo, closing cruise, Lake Erie.
25. American, closing race, New buryport.

OCTOBER.

9. Miramichi, Gould cup, Chatham, N. B.
9-10. Cor San Francisco, cruise, Corinthian Cove, San Francisco.
16. Cor. San Francisco, closing day, San Francisco.
17. Cor. San Francisco squadron, cruise, San Franc'sco.

THE period for the acceptance of challenges without preference to priority for the Seawanhaka International Cup closed on Saturday last. A challenge has been received from the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., and it is reported that one has also been received from an English yacht club in behalf of Mr. J. Arthur Brand.

THERE is a promise of good sport next season in the news that the new class of restricted 51-footers is really true, and that a number of these yachts will be built and raced, just as the 30-footers have been for two years. The new yachts will be within the regular limits of the 51ft. class, but special restrictions will be imposed with a view of producing something better than the extreme racing machine. In model, they will show a positive S-section, like Colonia, Vigilant and Gloriana, in place of the fin; and there will be 6ft. of headroom under the carlins of a flush deck. The sail plans will be moderate, and there will be limitations compelling each yacht to carry a *bona fide* cruising outfit in the races, with skylights and hatches in place. The rules will be such as to produce a yacht on board of which the owner can live while racing, to prevent outbuilding in a single season, and to make it possible to race without the often useless labor of stripping.

The Herreshoff Mfg. Co. will probably build seven—all of one design—like the 30-footers, but the class will be open to other designs. It is probable that seven to ten yachts will be built for 1898.

The class will sail all the spring races about New York, then go to Newport for continued racing through the season, and will take part in the New York Y. C. cruise.

The present yachts of the 51ft. class—Syce, Kestrel and Vencedor—will, of course, meet the new boats in some races.

DURING the summer the special committee on organization appointed at the conference of yachtsmen last May has been steadily at work, and the result of its labors is now ready for sending out to the different clubs for approval or suggestion. The committee has drawn up articles of association for the proposed body, and also racing rules, with the exception of a measurement and classification rule, toward which, as decided at the meeting, nothing definite has yet been done. The papers will be sent out and a meeting will be called some time next month, at which it is hoped that a permanent plan of organization will be adopted and officers elected.

IN going out of its special field to discuss yachting matters, the *Amateur Athlete* gets very much over its head, as follows:

The ingenuousness of the average Canadian is something wonderful to behold. He has a manner of reasoning that would puzzle a Schopenhauer to divine. Now that Our Lady of the Snows, or poetic words to that effect, has succeeded in retaining her grip on the Seawanhaka cup, she calmly announces that precedence in challenging next year will be given to anyone and everyone but United States yachtsmen, and all because we failed to win back our trophy last month! Why not try this argument in connection with challenges leveled against us for possession of the America's Cup? Would it not be all right to tell Lord Dunraven and the rest of his clan that the Ahkoond of Swat would have first call on the Cup, and after that the Fiji Islands' claim would be considered? We have tried but once to get back the Seawanhaka cup, and yet we are now classed away down the line by the august Canucks. England, on the other hand—or other side, rather—has been trying from time immemorial to get back her coveted mug, and yet we do not turn aside in disdain; in fact, we are just looking for that sort of trouble all the time. There is but one inference to be drawn from Canada's action regarding the Seawanhaka cup. She's afraid.

This is not only utter trash, but it is untrue in every particular; the new stipulation concerning the reception of challenges originated, if we remember, with the Seawanhaka C. Y. C.; at any rate, the two clubs were in perfect agreement as to the necessity for a change. No preference is given to any nation or club, the arrangement is simply that the holder of the cup may select at will from all challenges received within the first thirty days after the final race, thus putting clubs at a distance on the same footing as those near at hand. The Seawanhaka C. Y. C. has already put in its challenge within the thirty days, and is anxious to try again for the cup, but many of the members are quite willing to see the preference given to a trans-Atlantic challenger, believing that it will increase the interest in the contests for the cup and make it more thoroughly international.

The New Measurement Formula.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In regard to the new measurement formula proposed in FOREST AND STREAM of July 31, I agree to first, second and third of the preliminary as stated, and as qualified in the issue of Sept. 11. Concerning the consideration of the measurement rule:

First—A measurement rule is intended to encourage the development of a safe, roomy, speedy, easily handled boat, and I agree that this is desirable theoretically, but believe it to have been proven impracticable by experience heretofore obtained, and suggest instead that the honest and manly way for yacht owners and yacht designers to do is to acknowledge that racing boats are built only for racing, which is really what is done, and would therefore modify "a" so as read:

(a) To determine whether or not a yacht belongs in a certain racing class.
(b) Admitted.
(c) Admitted.
(d) Admitted.

Second—"What elements of the yacht should be considered if the suggestion of 'a' is taken into consideration?" The only element that should be considered, in my opinion, is that of sail area.

All measurement rules are used to determine a factor of relative size from which the allowance of time from the larger to the smaller yacht is calculated; the only rational element in such a measurement then, is sail area, because sails propel the yacht through the action of the wind, and all other elements retard its motion, and in their sum form the resistance. This subject is treated by Sextant in the issue of Aug. 21 in part and illustrates one of the principal fallacies when he says: "In the speed that comes from length, sail area is an important and inseparable factor." If any speed comes in such a way it would be possible by obtaining sufficient length to obtain unlimited speed, for if any speed at all comes from length there should be no limit to that speed if the length is unlimited. Speed is the result of the action of the wind on the sails overcoming the resistance of the hull to motion through or over the water, and the fact in regard to resistance is that length is only a minor consideration. The facts, as deduced by thousands of tank experiments, are that the resistance offered to the passage of the yacht through the water are:

(1) The frictional resistance of the immersed surface (skin friction).

(2) The resistance of the particles of water to displacement as evidenced (a) by the formation and maintenance of waves, (b) by the tendency to produce a partial vacuum wherever angles exist, except at the entrance.

The skin friction of a clean-painted surface at a speed of 10 knots for a length of 12ft. is 0.75lbs. per square foot, and for a length of from 300 to 600ft. and at the same speed, is 0.60lbs. per square foot; therefore, this resistance is practically independent of length. The wave-making resistance cannot be expressed by any formula for dissimilar types, but for similar types we know that at speeds of yacht and model related to one another as the square root of the length the wave-making resistance varies as the displacement, and in this the element of length only comes in to determine relative speed, but the principal factor is displacement. It may be said that the hull resists the tendency to motion produced by the sails, with a resistance to motion astern, to motion forward, and to motion sideways; the resistance to motion in either a forward or a backward direction is about the same. The resistance to lateral motion is vastly greater than either of them, and is determined by the character of the lateral plane.

In a familiar way, we know that the old style of shallow sloop that creates a great deal of disturbance in traveling through the water, makes a great deal of leeway; that the coasting vessels with a large lateral plane, but with rounded ends, also makes much leeway; and that the fin-keel with a sufficient lateral plane, or the centerboard yacht with a very large centerboard, make but little leeway, and in the matter of leeway length has absolutely no function to perform. The tank experiments show that in a given hull the increases in wave resistance with increases of speed are not uniform, but advance in a series of jumps. In all of these experiments the actual waterline length between extreme points of the waterline is measured, but in all of the measurement rules a waterline length is measured, which is not the actual length of the yacht, which bears a different proportion to the actual length of the yacht for every different angle of heel, which proportion is different in every yacht, for the same angle of heel, except where they are all made from the same model, and as a consequence, if the comparison were made by lengths, it must fail absolutely because of the fact that the lengths are not the same, but are constantly varying. That there is a discoverable relation between length, sail area and speed is further disproved by the actual performance of certain yachts.

Glencairn and Momo using	33ft. w.l...	500sq. ft.	...11 knots.
Thirty-footers using	.....42ft. w.l...	1,000sq. ft.	...13 knots.
Dorothy using	.....31ft. w.l...	975sq. ft.	...13 knots.
Defender using	.....95ft. w.l...	10,000sq. ft.	...16 knots.

There is, however, something of a relation between sail area and speed of yachts of a similar type. I should say that if sail area is the only element producing speed, it should rationally be the only element considered in measuring speed.

Third—"The element should be derived from the designers of the yacht, certified to by the designer and builder, and filed with the measurer of the club as club property." Admitted.

As a corollary to the suggestion of using sail area, I would add that in my opinion all time allowance should be abolished. (1) Because experiment has proved that with wind as a motive power, the strength of the wind and wave resistance varies so within small areas as to make any theorizing impracticable.

(2) Because our present time allowance tables are based on assumptions, which I have proven absolutely false.

If we established classes of 225, 500, 750, 1,000, 1,500, 2,500, 3,500, 5,000 and 10,000sq ft. of sail area, and permit only races between yachts of the same class, we would have soon a mass of data as to efficiency of sail form and hull that would be positive so far as anything can be in which the personal equation of the helmsman is so great.

We, of course, know that some so-called designers will go to extremes, but the experiments thus made will teach a useful lesson, and at the end of a season's racing the intelligent designers will have a mass of data from which positive lessons of great value can be drawn. C.

Ogden Goelet.

THE steam yacht Mayflower arrived at Newport on Sept. 15 after a voyage of eleven days from Cowes, bearing the body of her late owner, Ogden Goelet. The funeral services were held on the following afternoon on board the yacht in Newport Harbor. The next day the yacht crossed the bay to Wickford, where the body was carried ashore in the launch and transferred to a special train. With the family were Capt. Jones, of the yacht, and some of the crew. The body was taken to Woodlawn Cemetery, near New York, being carried from the train to the receiving vault by ten men from the yacht's crew. By special orders the burgees of the New York and Seawanhaka Corinthian yacht clubs were half-masted on all club houses and yachts on the day of the funeral.

American Y. C., Open Regatta.

MILTON POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 18.

SOUND Y. R. U. RULES.

THE last race of the Sound Y. R. U. for 1897 was that of the American Y. C. on Sept. 18, sailed off the club station, Milton Point, in a light southerly breeze and clear weather. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CUTTERS—43FT. CLASS.			
Norota, D. B Burnham	41.64	3 11 15	3 11 15
Pontiac, H. Haelein, Jr	40.07	Did not finish.	
Eurybia, Charles Pryer	40.08	Did not finish.	
SLOOPS—26FT. CLASS.			
Olga, C. P. Buchanan	34.76	Did not finish.	
Acushla, A. G. Hanan	34.04	3 09 02	3 01 26
Vorant II., G. G Tyson	34.00	4 04 00	4 03 14
Viking, C. S Miller	34.89	Did not finish.	
Surprise, J. D Baird	34.68	Did not finish.	
Anoatok, Oswald Sanderson		3 19 10	.. .. ..
SLOOPS—30FT. (SPECIAL).			
Hera, R. N. Ellis	30.00	3 19 51	3 19 51
Carolina, P. Jones	30.00	3 13 04	3 13 04
Musme, J. M. MacDonough	30 00	Did not finish.	
SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.			
Kite, Adee Bros		4 17 30	4 17 30
SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.			
Ola, F. W Smedley	23.05	Did not finish.	
Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr	22 99	3 30 19	3 17 46
Vaquero W. G. Brokaw	22 59	Did not finish.	
SLOOPS—15FT. CLASS.			
Trilby, G. G. Tyson	15.00	4 06 24	4 06 28
Mist, C. F. Wolff	15 00	4 29 13	4 29 13
Fiddler, Nelson Vulte	14.08	4 31 28	4 30 01
CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.			
Qui Vive, G. A. Freeth	23 00	Did not finish.	
Uarda, H. K Gordon	24.64	3 55 49	3 56 19
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	24 08	3 49 40	3 46 54
Nameless, W L Flanagan	30 00	Did not finish.	
OPEN CATS—35FT. CLASS.			
Anglesea, L. G. Spence	31.53	4 07 20	4 07 20
P. K. Pidgeon, D. P. Harrington	30.93	4 03 07	4 00 56
Brant, J. C Varian	31.90	4 14 50	4 14 15
OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS.			
Dorothy, J. E Sanborn	19 87	4 16 30	4 15 22
Frankie, W. F. Wilson	20.00	Did not finish.	
Minnetonka, A. B. Alley	19 85	4 08 45	4 08 19
Sora, W. Hoey, Jr	19.75	4 01 52	4 00 59
Starling, E De Levante	19.60	Did not finish.	
Gosbird, R H. Nevins	18.21	4 28 50	4 24 39
OPEN CATS—15FT. CLASS.			
Caprice, F. F. Proctor, Jr	14.10	Did not finish.	
Skip, Oliver Adams	13.12	4 38 08	4 38 00
YAWLS—20FT. CLASS.			
Zahra, W. H. Browning	19.86	Did not finish.	
Alice, G. G. Fry	19.68	4 32 03	4 32 03

The winners were: Norota, Acushla, Carolina, Kite, Houri, Trilby, Win or Lose, P. K. Pidgeon, Alice.

Columbia Y. C.—Open Regatta.

CHICAGO—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, Sept. 11.

THE Columbia Y. C sailed its annual open regatta on Sept. 11 in a fresh N.E. wind, a very good race resulting. The times were:

	Start.	Winish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS 1—SCHOONERS.				
Toxteth	2 04 15	4 44 01	2 39 46	2 37 48
Mistral	2 05 58	4 30 34	2 24 34	2 24 34
CLASS 2.				
Siren	2 04 18	4 13 15	2 08 57	2 08 57
Charlotte	2 02 22	4 41 50	2 39 28	2 37 41
Frolic	2 03 03	No finish.		
CLASS 3.				
Hattie B	2 05 00	4 39 15	2 34 15	2 34 15
Blade	2 04 30	4 31 40	2 27 10	2 23 47
Perl	2 06 00	4 34 04	2 27 55	2 26 34
Genevieve	2 05 45	Disabled.		
CLASS 4.				
Wizard	2 14 51	3 42 30	1 27 39	1 27 39
Arcadia	2 15 34	Disabled.		
Bonnie	2 18 50	3 44 48	1 26 58	1 22 33
Arline	2 15 00	3 41 40	1 26 40	1 26 13
Agnes	2 13 17	3 40 30	1 27 13	1 26 04
CLASS 5.				
Weasel	2 15 00	3 59 58	1 44 58	1 41 35
B	2 11 13	Disabled.		
Microbe	2 12 24	3 35 01	1 22 37	1 22 00
Checkwis	2 15 00	4 12 03	1 57 03	1 48 03

Mistral wins the Steffens cup, held by Toxteth; either yacht winning it again will hold it. She also wins the new cup offered by Messrs Lawrence and Kimbark, to be won three times in succession, or four in all. Siren wins the Hennig cup, and Blade the Berg shield.

The judges were: Com F. W. Morgan, Com. Geo. Warrington and John McConnell. Joseph Ruff, timekeeper; George W. Rogers, assistant.

The Thirty-Footers at Newport.

THE race of Sept. 14 was marked by a collision between Wa Wa and Veda, in which the latter lost her mast. There was a fresh N.W. wind, and the Hope Island course was sailed, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	5 30 50	3 30 50
Vaquero III., H B Duryea	5 39 51	3 30 51
Dorothy II., H P. Whitney	5 40 03	3 31 03
Wa Wa, J A. Stillman		Did not finish.
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.		Disabled.

On Sept. 15 the Dyers Island course was sailed in a S.W. wind, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	5 46 41	3 30 41
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	5 48 12	3 32 12
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 49 11	3 34 11

On Sept. 18 the course was out to Brenton's Reef Lightship and return, in a fresh S.E. wind, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney	4 30 59	1 09 59
Vaquero III., H. B Duryea	4 31 45	1 10 45
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	4 31 51	1 11 51
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	4 33 01	1 12 04

Knickerbocker Y. C. Ladies' Day.

COLLEGE POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 11.

SOUND Y. R. U. RULES.

THE Knickerbocker Y. C. sailed a ladies' race on Sept. 11, in a very light S.E. wind, followed by a squall, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
51FT. CLASS.		
Mocasin, S. H. Mason, Jr.	2 50 50	2 50 50
SPECIAL MIXED CLASS.		
Nautilus, J. McCue	2 33 10	2 33 10
White, J. G. Honey	2 37 10	2 36 05
25FT. OPEN CATS.		
Melita, O H. Shellboy	2 41 19	2 41 07
Kite, R. & M. Goddard	2 43 09	2 42 19
21FT CATS		
Violet, A. S. Wiemers	2 51 16	2 51 16

THE racing season at Larchmont will end with the three races on Sept. 22, 25 and 29 for the 51ft. and 36ft. classes. In the former Syce will be matched against Vencedor, and in the latter Acushla will meet Anoatok. The races promise to be very interesting.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

THE annual mess dinner of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held on Sept. 16 at the Oyster Bay club house, about fifty members and guests being present. The principal guest was Mr. W. B. Stearns, of Marblehead, who has been in New York for some days in connection with the new one-design class. Com. Rouse was absent in the West, and Signal Officer W. G. Ulsoeffer occupied the head of the table. During the evening the new class was discussed and the plans and model examined. Mr. Dresser announced that already twenty members had enrolled their names in the class, and that no more would be admitted after Oct. 1. Mr. Stearns made some remarks on the subject of the new class and similar existing classes. Mr. Wetmore announced that a challenge had been sent to the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. for the Seawanhaka cup, naming the 25ft. class. He also announced that in the event of the challenge being accepted a syndicate was ready to build two boats, and that Mr. C. H. Crane would design a boat and return to New York in April to prepare and race her. Mr. Crane's plans were made last winter to go abroad this fall in order to continue the study of naval architecture at Glasgow, and during the summer he had fully decided not to continue in the racing for the cup in 1898, whether successful or otherwise this year. His experience in designing and racing for two seasons in the 15ft. and 20ft. classes is too valuable to be dispensed with, and he has promised to take an active part again next year. Measurer Hyslop offered a motion, which was unanimously carried, thanking Mr. Crane for his work in attempting to recapture the cup this year.

The new class has awakened the interest of yachtsmen within and without the club, and promises to give good sport, not for next season alone, but for several years, as the conditions prohibit any immediate outbuilding. The exact details have not been fully arranged with Mr. Stearns, but the boats will be substantially as already described. The specifications call for a good quality of work throughout, making a fast, serviceable and durable yacht. While elaborate finish and specially costly details have been avoided in order to keep the cost as low as possible, nothing has been sacrificed in the way of essentials. All the boats will be built from the same moulds and as nearly alike as possible in every detail, and the ownership will be decided by lot.

With the present week the Oyster Bay club house closes, after a very successful season, the town house, at 19 East Twenty-second street, will be opened about the first of next month.

Beverly Y. C.—257th, 258th, 259th Regattas.

257TH RACE—4TH OPEN SWEEPS—CLUB HOUSE.

Sept. 4.

COURSES: 11½ miles for second cruiser classes; 8½ miles for third and fourth classes; 5½ miles for fifth class. Wind: N.E.; light; calm at times. Judge: W. Lloyd Jeffries.

The day opened so calm that boats from Falmouth, etc., had to be towed up by steam yachts and launches, or they would not have got there in time. There was the usual crowd of members and ladies and children of their families at the club house to see the race.

For the first time, out of a very large number of races in the bay, one class—the second cats—failed to make a race in the time limit, and it was postponed to Sept. 10. Thordis crossed the line 2m. and 41s. too late.

Capelin started finely, as usual, outpointing and outreaching whole class; she, however, parted her peak halyards and lost six minutes in repairing them, and then found herself lost in a calm spot, while Opossum had a good breeze.

Thordis was protested by Kalama for a foul when the latter had right of way.

The cruising class has been a great success; these two races of Sept. 4 and 6 are the first where the whole eight were able to start.

It is said that the Seawanhaka Corinthian, Hull and Eastern clubs are already getting to build large classes of this type for 1898.

CRUISING CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Royal Blue, C. S. Dennison, B.Y.C.	4 26 20	4 07 07
Eina, John Parkinson, B.Y.C.	4 27 47	4 08 14
Edith, C. M. Baker, B.Y.C.	4 27 35	4 08 08
Micaboo, J. S. & C. R. Harding, B.Y.C.	4 33 35	4 13 08
Kantaka, A. Winsor, B.Y.C.	4 33 01	4 14 14
Nulma, A. C. Harrison, B.Y.C.	4 31 41	4 24 58
Robin Hood, A. H. Hardy, B.Y.C.	4 50 15	4 18 13
Mariposa, R. C. Denner, B.Y.C.	4 57 59	4 18 26
SECOND CLASS—CATS.		
Thordis, T. B. Wales, B.Y.C.	4 08 07	...
May King, D. L. Whittemore, B.Y.C.	4 48 48	...
Kalama, David Rice, B.Y.C.	4 18 30	...
Anonyma, Vice-Com. Dabney, B.Y.C.	Not timed.	
Mist, G. H. Lyman, B.Y.C.	Not timed.	

This class did not finish in time limit, Thordis being 2m. 41s. too late.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
THIRD CLASS—CATS.		
Melro, D. L. Whittemore, B.Y.C.	1 33 15	1 18 08
Allesoy, Steward McLeod Onset, B.Y.C.	1 49 05	1 26 53
FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.		
Capelin, W. E. C. Eustis, B.Y.C.	2 24 48	2 08 14
Opossum, R. W. Emmons, B.Y.C.	2 29 10	2 11 59
Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis, B.Y.C.	2 34 16	2 17 28
Bluefish, J. Crane, Jr., and A. H. Hardy, B.Y.C.	Gave up.	
FOURTH CLASS—CATS.		
Daisy, H. Stockton, B.Y.C.	2 53 25	2 35 31
Elsa, C. S. Sargent, B.Y.C.	3 00 03	2 38 19
Hope, J. C. Ellis, B.Y.C.	3 06 30	2 44 11
Howard, H. O. Muller, B.Y.C.	3 06 18	2 48 11
Playmate, Howard Sargent, B.Y.C.	3 57 27	2 36 12
FIFTH CLASS—CATS.		
Lara, A. B. Washburn, B.Y.C.	1 50 45	1 35 40
Laurel, F. Burgess, B.Y.C.	1 52 18	1 36 01
Vif, A. Winsor, Jr., B.Y.C.	2 03 30	1 47 55
Imp, G. B. Dabney, B.Y.C.	2 05 05	1 49 28

Prize Winners: Cruising class, Royal Blue first, Edith second, Eina third; second class, cats, Thordis first, May King second; third class, cats, Melro first; fourth class, sloops, Capelin first, Opossum second; fourth class, cats, Elsa first, Daisy second, Howard third; fifth class, cats, Lara first, Laurel second.

Thordis protested. Royal Blue, Thordis (if not ruled out on protest), Melro, Capelin, Daisy and Lara score for pennant; Eina, May King, Opossum, Elsa and Laurel score one-half.

258TH REGATTA, THIRD OPEN.

This race was sailed Sept. 6, in a light sou'wester, from the club house.

Judges—F. Elliot Cabot, Geo. P. Gardner and W. Lloyd Jeffries.

Courses—11½ miles for cruisers and second class; 8 3-5 miles for third and fourth classes; 5½ miles for fifth class. Plenty of windward work.

CRUISER CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Royal Blue, C. S. Dennison, B.Y.C.	21.00	2 28 00	2 19 05
Eina, John Parkinson, B.Y.C.	21.00	2 29 17	2 20 22
Edith, C. M. Baker, B.Y.C.	21.00	2 42 26	2 23 41
Kantaka, A. Winsor, B.Y.C.	21.06	2 44 17	2 26 22
Micaboo, J. S. & C. R. Harding, B.Y.C.	21.00	2 45 18	2 26 07
Nulma, A. C. Harrison, B.Y.C.	21.00	2 47 22	2 28 34
Robin Hood, A. H. Hardy, B.Y.C.	21.04	2 54 23	2 35 48
Mariposa, R. C. Donner, B.Y.C.	21.00	2 56 58	2 37 59
SECOND CLASS—CATS.			
Thordis, T. B. Wales, B.Y.C.	26.00	2 31 38	2 19 21
May King, D. L. Whittemore, B.Y.C.	26.00	2 42 57	2 30 46
Kalama, David Rice, B.Y.C.	26.00	2 46 58	2 34 47
Mist, G. H. Lyman, B.Y.C.	25.01	Gave up.	
THIRD CLASS—CATS.			
Agnostic, D. Crosby, Osterville	21.10	1 46 17	1 34 58
Melro, D. L. Whittemore, B.Y.C.	20.08	1 50 10	1 34 56
Allison, Stewart McLeod	22.00	2 08 50	1 52 30
THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS.			
Alma, A. R. Bigelow, Mon. Beach	21.09	1 51 01	1 37 25
Dorothy, Bruce Clark, B.Y.C.	23.03	1 51 53	1 39 57
Klondike, C. C. Hanley, Monument	22.00	Gave up.	
FOURTH CLASS—CATS.			
Elsa, C. S. Sargent, B.Y.C.	19.00	2 06 41	1 49 41
Daisy, Howard Stockton, B.Y.C.	18.03	2 18 46	1 55 48
Howard, H. O. Muller, B.Y.C.	18.01	2 20 19	2 03 02
Cinch, Howard Parker, B.Y.C.	18.01	2 23 17	2 05 00
Hope, J. R. Ellis, B.Y.C.	17.11	2 25 40	2 07 08
Squall, Dudley Hart, Onset	16.11	2 29 00	2 08 57
Playmate, Howard Sargent, B.Y.C.	18.01	2 44 54	2 26 37
FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.			
Opossum, R. W. Emmons, B.Y.C.	19.00	1 55 46	1 38 46
Heiress, G. G. Amory, B.Y.C.	19.00	1 57 38	1 40 33
Capelin, W. E. C. Eustis, B.Y.C.	19.02	2 00 20	1 43 53
Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis, B.Y.C.	19.00	2 08 31	1 45 34
Blue Fish, R. S. Hardy & J. Crane, Jr., B.Y.C.	19.00	2 10 34	1 53 34
Fin, Howard Stockton, B.Y.C.	17.06	2 14 24	1 55 37
FIFTH CLASS—CATS.			
Lara, A. B. Washburn, B.Y.C.	15.00	1 48 47	1 38 51
Vif, A. Winsor, Jr., B.Y.C.	14.04	1 56 50	1 41 06
Hebe, John Parkinson, Jr., B.Y.C.	15.00	1 57 26	1 45 24
Imp, G. B. Dabney, B.Y.C.	14.05	1 58 13	1 47 36
Laurel, Frank Burgess, B.Y.C.	15.00	2 00 20	1 45 24
Tashmo, J. Kenny, Onset	15.00	1 57 36	1 48 41

Winners of Prizes: Cruiser class, Royal Blue first, Eina second, Edith third; class two, *Thordis first, May King second; class three, cats, Melro first; class three, sloops, Alma first; class four, cats, Elsa first, Daisy second, Howard third; class five, cats, Lara first, Vif second, Imp third; class six, Opossum first, Heiress second, Capelin third.

* Subject to protest.

259TH REGATTA—FIFTH CORINTHIAN.

The 259th regatta, fifth Corinthian, was sailed Sept. 11 in a N.E. breeze. It was a moderate breeze at the start, but increased greatly in force and blew hard soon after.

Boats carried whole sail during the race, but reefed before sailing home. May King, while near the home line and a little ahead of Thordis, parted her peak halyards. Howard broke her gaff and withdrew.

Cruisers and second class cats, 8 miles; third and fourth classes, 8½ miles; fifth class, 5½ miles. Wind: Strong N.E. Judges: G. P. Gardner, F. E. Cabot, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

CRUISERS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Edith, C. M. Baker	21.00	1 39 42	2 16 15
Robin Hood, A. H. Hardy	21.04	1 40 44	2 27 38
Royal Blue, C. S. Dennison	21.00	1 41 17	2 27 50
Kantaka, A. Winsor	21.06	1 43 40	1 30 45
Eina, J. Parkinson	21.00	1 46 29	1 23 02
SECOND CLASS—CATS.			
Thordis, T. B. Wales	26.00	1 42 26	1 33 43
Kalama, D. Rice	26.00	1 43 18	1 34 35
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr	25.09	1 44 29	1 35 36
May King, D. L. Whittemore	26.00	Disabled.	
*Gmynote, W. E. C. Eustis	26.00		

* Went wrong side of buoy at finish.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.			
Capelin, W. E. C. Eustis	19.02	1 51 06	1 34 31
Opossum, R. W. Emmons	19.00	1 53 57	1 37 04
Heiress, Geo. G. Amory	19.00	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS—CATS.			
Elsa, C. S. Sargent	19.00	2 18 47	1 55 50
Daisy, Howard Stockton	18.03	Withdrew.	
Howard, H. O. Muller	18.01	Withdrew.	
Playmate, H. Sargent	19.00	Withdrew.	
Hope, J. C. Ellis	17.11	Withdrew.	
Cinch, H. Parker	18.01	Withdrew	
Squall, D. Hart	16.11	Withdrew.	
FIFTH CLASS—CATS.			
Lara, A. B. Washburn	15.00	1 17 40	1 02 08
Imp, Geo. B. Dabney	14.05	1 16 23	1 01 27
Vif, A. Winsor	14.04	Withdrew.	
Laurel, F. Burgess	15.00	Withdrew.	

Prize winners: Cruiser class, Edith first, Robin Hood second; second class, cats, Thordis first, Kalama second; fourth class, sloops, Capelin first; fourth class, cats, Elsa first; fifth class, cats, Lara first. Edith, Thordis, Capelin, Elsa and Lara count 1 for pennant. Robin Hood and Kalama count ½.

Pewaukee Y. C.

PEWAUKEE LAKE.

Saturday, Sept. 11.

THE last regatta of the Pewaukee Y. C.'s 1897 season was sailed on Sept. 11 over the regular 4-mile triangular course. There were but four yachts out, but as they are the swiftest of the club's fleet, the affair was doubly interesting for that reason. The wind was of a light and puffy variety, from the northeast. The preparatory gun was fired at 2:30, and the starting signal five minutes later. The start was very pretty, and all of the boats got across the line within fifteen seconds after the last gun was fired.

Lorraine led, and Idle Hour, Sirrocco and Christine followed, almost lapping each other. The start was to the west and in the run before the wind to the first buoy Idle Hour had the best of it, and was the first to get away on the second leg of the course. Lorraine, however, soon overhauled her on the beat to windward in making for the buoy opposite the Waukesha Beach, and rounded it fully a half-minute ahead of Idle Hour. The times were:

CLASS A.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Lorraine, Schiller & Bauch	3 32 25	0 57 25
Idle Hour, R. E. Giljohan	3 31 23	0 58 23
Sirrocco, Wallber Bros	3 35 29	1 00 29
Christine, Gen. Louis Auer	3 31 21	1 03 21

Time of start, 2:35 P. M. Winners: Lorraine, Class A.

Judges—Andrew Nelson, C. E. Wintermute. Timekeeper, A. G. Miller, Jr.

Lorraine, having won the greatest number of the Class A events, was awarded the Pewaukee Y. C. 1897 Class A pennant.

Aids, winner of the club's '96 pennant, was awarded the Class B '97 pennant, as she won out in the greatest number of Class B regattas this season. ERNEST E. WHITE.

Cohasset Y. C. Special Race.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, Sept. 18

THE Cohasset 15 footers sailed a special race on Sept. 18 for a $50 cup presented by Ralph Williams, owner of Delta. The race, sailed in a good S.E. breeze, was quite exciting, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Swallow, John Richardson	1 51 32
Blink, F. H. Pratt	1 51 40
Bee, A. Bigelow, Jr	1 52 30
Hoodoo, Gammons & Wheelwright	1 57 04
Mermaid, W. R. Sears	1 57 12
Jap, Bouve & Pegram	1 58 07
Mungo, L. D. Willcutt	1 59 10

East Gloucester Y. C.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Saturday, Sept. 18.

THE third pennant race of the East Gloucester Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 18 in a light S.W. breeze, the times being:

	Corrected.
Luna, S. E. Davis	1 08 48
Torment, Pomroy Bros	1 09 13
Tempest, Mr. Pinkham	1 15 07
Witch, I. H. Higgins	1 15 31
Hoodoo, Mr. Wheeler	1 16 20
Skeedaddle, Mr. Merchant	1 18 16

Luna, Brownie and Skeedaddle each hold a leg and will sail off for the pennant.

Knockabout Association Sweepstakes.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Thursday, Sept. 16.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. R. A. RULES.

THE Knockabout Association, of Massachusetts Bay, held a series of three sweepstake races last week for the knockabouts, sailing in two classes, without allowance and handicap.

The latter class included the cruising boats. On the first day, Sept. 16, the wind was light S.E. at the start, but freshened considerably and raised some sea. The course was from Buoy 1 off Marblehead Neck to an outer mark 2½ miles S.E., thence to Pig Rocks Bell Buoy, and return over the same course; a beat to the outer mark, a reach to the Pigs and back, and a run home.

The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mongoose, A. D. Erving, Jr.	4 32 45	...
Fly, W. O. Gay	4 34 04	...
Gosling, North & Clark	4 35 40	...
Cock Robin, C. S. Eaton	4 35 43	...
Cockatoo, C. H. W. Foster	4 38 19	...
Sally III., L. S. Percival	4 43 56	...
Hazard, H. M. Sears	4 43 56	...
HANDICAP CLASS.		
Comet, J. S. Lawrence	4 56 20	4 53 30
Dorothy, F. Brewster	4 56 05	4 54 05
Mayona, C. O. Stearns	4 55 23	4 54 23
Tautog, J. F. Moors	4 55 30	4 55 30

Judge, H. H. Buck, Eastern Y. C.

Friday, Sept. 17.

The course was changed by the substitution of Half Way Rock for the Pigs. There was a light north wind and an old sea, making uneven conditions. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cock Robin, C. S. Eaton	2 14 50	...
Cockatoo, C. H. W. Foster	2 15 55	...
Mongoose, A. D. Erving, Jr.	2 17 31	...
Fly, W. O. Gay	2 18 01	...
Gosling, North & Clark	2 18 41	...
Sally III., L. S. Percival	2 21 43	...
Hazard, H. M. Sears	2 23 43	...
HANDICAP CLASS.		
Mayona, C. O. Stearns	2 29 05	2 28 05
Tautog, F. J. Moors	2 34 05	2 34 05
Comet, J. S. Lawrence	2 40 00	2 37 00
Dorothy, Frank Brewster	2 39 05	2 37 05
Carl, Dr. J. Payson Tucker	2 44 27	2 41 57

Judge, Herman Parker, Eastern Y. C.

Saturday, Sept. 18.

The same course as on Thursday was sailed, the wind being light S.E. but freshening; however, it was very variable and resulted in various flukes. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mongoose, A. D. Erving, Jr	1 51 57	...
Fly, W. O. Gay	1 53 58	...
Hazard, H. M. Sears	2 04 27	...
Gosling, North & Clark	2 08 31	...
Cock Robin, C. S. Eaton	2 09 19	...
Sally III., L. S. Percival	Withdrew.	
HANDICAP CLASS.		
Tautog, F. J. Moors	2 00 24	2 00 24
Comet, J. S. Lawrence	2 04 52	2 01 52
Mayona, C. S. Stearns	2 13 44	2 12 44
Dorothy, Frank Brewster	2 16 29	2 14 29
Carina, J. Payson Tucker	2 19 25	2 17 25
Carl, Dr. Clark	Withdrew.	

Judge, Henry Taggard, Knockabout Association.

Mongoose was designed by B. B. Crowninshield, of Boston.

Dorchester Y. C. Ladies' Day.

DORCHESTER—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 18.

A PART of the programme of the Dorchester Y. C. for its Ladies' Day, Sept. 18, was a handicap race, sailed in a very light breeze, and resulting as follows:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Muriel, H. N. Nute	1 55 46	1 52 46
Wrinkle, S. N. Small	1 59 46	1 54 46
Hobo, T. W. King	2 11 00	2 12 00
Box, J. O. Gray	2 15 19	2 15 19
Tedesco, W. B. Pear	2 28 10	2 19 10
Hector, Dr. Theo Hallett	2 30 49	2 22 49
Isel, J. E. Preston	2 40 15	2 25 15
Dorothy Q., Quincy Tucker	2 41 10	2 26 40
Transit, Nute & Lundburg	2 43 00	2 28 00
Cycle, Cook & Alden	2 54 04	2 39 04
Hawk	Not timed.	
Madge	Not timed.	
Al Hawna	Not timed.	
Sue	Not timed.	
Lydia Adams	Not timed.	
Athena	Not timed.	
Brit	Not timed.	
Melrose	Not timed.	
Iola	Not timed.	
Velma	Not timed.	

The judges were: Messrs. Coolidge, Barnard, Charles L. Nute, Parker H. Kemble and John F. Small.

Eastern Y. C. Handicap Race.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 18.

THE Eastern Y. C. sailed a handicap race on Sept. 18 with fifteen yachts starting. The wind was light S.E., but shifted at the last of the first leg to S.W., favoring some of the boats at the expense of others. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS—SCHOONERS.		
Hope Leslie, Lawrence Minot	5 50 05	5 45 05
Rusalka, J. A. Stetson	6 01 14	5 47 14
Adrienne, H. P. Smith	6 33 58	6 58 58
Virgilda, Sumner Myrick	Withdrew.	
Frolic, H. H. White	Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS—CUTTERS.		
Barbara, C. H. W. Foster	5 42 52	5 30 52
Queen Mab, N. L. Francis	5 52 30	5 52 30
Chiquita, A. Hemenway	6 28 09	5 58 09
Alga, A. Geiger, Jr.	6 37 32	6 08 32
Mystery, Roger Upton	6 33 52	6 05 58
THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS.		
Saladin, Loud Bros	4 25 05	4 16 08
Katonah, Oakes Ames 2d	4 29 01	4 25 01
Handsel, J. B. Hooper	4 29 25	4 29 01
Tom Boy, W. S. H. Lothrop	4 58 08	4 43 08
Asahi, E. V. R. Thayer	Withdrew.	

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

A series of two out of three matches was recently sailed at Gloucester by the 15-footer Spruce IIII., now owned by Paul Butler, and the dory Tabasco, owned by Harry Wiggin. Spruce IIII. won the first two races.

Mr. Thos. McKean, of Philadelphia, has ordered of Cramp & Sons, a steam yacht 218ft. over all, 178ft. 8in. l.w.l., and 23ft. 3in. beam. She is to be completed by next April.

The Atlantic Y. C. is going ahead rapidly with the work of locating itself anew at Sea Gate, the new villa colony on Norton's Point. The financial plans have been perfected, and the plans for a new and much larger house are now under consideration. By the opening of the next season, the club will be fully installed in one of the finest club stations on the coast.

In our different descriptions of the Montreal 20-footers, we omitted to mention that they were rigged with a fine Manilla cordage, specially made for them by the Consumer's Cordage Co., of Montreal. The company, on the demand being made, interested itself in the matter, and produced a grade of 3-strand manilla in the small sizes that proved very satisfactory.

The youngsters of Lake St Louis, whose older brothers have raced this year and last in the 20ft. and 15ft. classes, are preparing to take their turn in due time at international racing. The following is from the Montreal *Gazette:*

On Saturday, Sept. 4, races took place between the above two clubs for a silver challenge cup won last year by Lachine. The race started from opposite the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., Dorval, and was a beat to windward, the best two out of three to be the winner. Valeria, owned by George H. H. Eadie, was an easy winner. Defender, owned by Harry Davison, Lachine, was very fast, but Valeria walked by her. Six boats started, but only three finished. The thanks of both clubs are due to Mr. W. A. C. Hamilton, of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., who acted as judge. The times were as follows: First race started at 3:27—Jubilee, G. Eadie, sailed by Lawrence Norris; Defender, H. Davison, finish 3:39:45; Queen, G. Eadie, did not finish; Valeria, G. Eadie, finish 3:37:20; Vaseline, Harry Norris, disabled; Goldbug, Hamilton Gordon, disabled; Valeria won by 2m. 25s. Second race started at 3:51:30—Defender did not finish; Valeria touched Defender, 4:02:31. Third race—Defender won; Valeria did not finish. Fourth race—Valeria won; Defender disabled. Valeria, Dorval, wins cup.

No yacht was better known in her day about the Sound than the old Arrow, "Kirby's Arrow," the sloop. For some years past little has been seen of her. Lately she has been laid up Bay Ridge, but after being sold at auction she has started life anew on the Delaware, as told by the Philadelphi *Ledger:* "The Abe Townsend Y. C. started on its annual cruise early this morning in the sloop yacht Arrow, a recent purchase of the organization. The craft was laden with provisions, and the casual observer was impressed with the fact that the commissary department had not been neglected. The Arrow is a trim looking sloop, 65ft. over all, with 21ft. beam and 6ft. draft. The club purchased her at an assignee's sale in New York recently, and by their enterprise added another craft with a history to the local fleet. The sloop has been a Cape May cup winner, and while being used for cruising purposes in Eastern waters during the past ten years many a skipper has been obliged to read her name on the stern, for she has speed as well as providing comfort. For a sloop of her size she carries a very large spread of sail, her spinaker boom being 55ft. in length, while her balloon jib would be considered large for a craft of greater dimensions. Her underdeck plan, perhaps, furnishes more room than any sloop of her size in this vicinity. Her previous owner had so planned the allowed space that over a score of persons can be comfortably accommodated. The staterooms are so arranged on either side of the yacht that they can be closed, and only accessible from the main cabin. She is finished in mahogany, this valuable wood being liberally used in the companionway. The culinary department of the Arrow has been deftly arranged and fitted with all the modern appliances. Refrigerators are on either side of the sloop, with capacity for a ton of ice. Oil and junk lockers have their place abaft of the forecastle, and in fact every niche under deck is utilized in a manner reflecting great forethought on the mind of the designer. The yacht is fitted with a binnacle on deck and one suspended in the cabin, in order that the owner may lie in his berth and still be able to ascertain at a glance the course being sailed. The lines of the Arrow are strikingly beautiful, and with her large sail area she will likely give some of the prominent racing craft in this locality an occasional brush."

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Macnee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

BARELY a month ago canoeists were deeply exercised over different questions connected with racing; but now that the time has come for action there seems to be a total lack of interest in the very important matter of the amendment of the rules. Thus far no comments have reached us on the proposals published last week. But a short time is left before the annual meeting, and if anything is to be accomplished then, canoeists must bestir themselves.

Ianthe C. C. Regatta.

THE annual regatta of the Ianthe C. C. will be held at Newark on Saturday, Sept. 25, and all canoeists are invited to attend. Trains leave Chambers street for Woodside at 1:50, 3:15, 4:22, 5:00, 5:22, 5:52, 6:22, 7:30, and return at frequent intervals.

The regatta committee have arranged the following programme of events:

1. Sailing, handicap.
2. Paddling, any canoe.
3. Paddling, open canoes, single blades.
4. Paddling, tandem, open canoes, single blades.
5. Paddling, tail-end, open canoes, single blades.
6. Paddling, decked sailing canoes.
7. Paddling, Club fours.

The usual supper will be served the visiting canoeists, and a smoker will be held in the evening.

Rushton's Canoes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your report of the A. C. A. meet, in the issue of Aug. 28, in speaking of the new sailing canoes, you say "A third, designed and built by J. H. Rushton, was owned by C. W. Lansing." I did not have that honor. I neither designed nor built her and do not even know who did. Shortly before the meet Mr. Lansing shipped this canoe to me to be varnished and fitted out. It was found necessary to replank her, all but the sheer strake, and this I did. The centerboard and rudder were furnished by Mr. Butler, the rigs by Hemmenway, some other fittings were furnished by me—taken from my regular stock goods. Will you not kindly make this correction? J. H. RUSHTON.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Charles C. Hubbell	Hoboken, N. J.	——
Wm. F. Adam	New York, N. Y.	——
Louis Leroy, M.D.	Newark, N. J.	——

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Zettler Rifle Club.

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL TOURNAMENT.

ON Sunday and Monday next, Sept. 26-27, the Zettler Rifle Club, of New York city, will hold its twenty-third annual tournament. The big event will take place in Henry J. Bookman's Cypress Hill Park, Brooklyn. The programme announces that "All riflemen and lovers of this sport are cordially invited to participate."

To get to the park there are alternative routes: Take Union Elevated direct from Brooklyn Bridge, or Fulton, Grand or Twenty third street ferries to Ridgewood; thence by Cypress Hill trolley to the park. Shooting commences at 9 A. M. on Sept. 26, and opens on Sept. 27 also at 9 A. M., closing at 6 P. M.

The shooting committee is composed as follows: H. D. Muller, chairman; G. Zimmerman, Ignatz Martin, Dr C. Grosch, C G. Zettler, J. Begrow. B Zettler is shooting master, and G. Schurman, secretary. The ladies' committee is made up as follows: C. J. Watson, chairman; J. Guenther and W. Soll.

The three main contests will be on the ring target, the bulls-eye target and the target of honor. In these competitions, over $500 in cash will be distributed as prizes. There will also be special contests as follows: On the special 25-ring target, 3 shots free, only one ticket allowed; prize, a fine trophy presented by Zettler Bros. On the judges' target, open to judges only; prizes, two fine gold lockets presented by the club. On the ladies' target of honor, open only to the ladies of the club members; prizes presented by the club.

Calumet Heights Rifle Scores.

CHICAGO, Ill. Sept. 12.—The following scores were made to-day on the range of the Calumet Heights Gun Club. Metcalfe won the medal in Class A, and Booth the medal in Class B, in the men's contest. Mrs. Schmidt had no competitor in the contest for the ladies' medal, but won with the good total of 49 points.

Medal shoot, 200yds.:

Metcalfe	8221106955—39	Norcom	1335258349—31
Schmidt	2521133141—18	Chamberlain	0711080418—25
Whitman	0031000020— 6	Booth	3322334583—35
Harlan	0431258335—35		

Ladies' shoot, 100yds.:

Mrs Schmidt.........4443366048—42

PATTI.

A Rhode Island Shot.

MAJOR RANSOM, of the Warren Artillery, in competition for the veteran's badge, made a clean score of 25 at the 200yds. range a few days ago. He previously made a score of 24, making a total of 49. This is the first score of 49 at 200yds. to go on record in the State. The total of 20 shots fired at the same time was as follows: 25, 22, 23, 28; total 98 Lieut Sparks, of the Warren Artillery, last November exceeded this score by 1 point, his score being 21. 25, 23, 24; total 93, but unfortunately being shot out of season, no record could be made of it. Major Ransom's score is the largest official score ever made in the State at 200yds.—*Providence Journal.*

A Creditable Record.

ON Saturday, Sept. 11, Mr. Robert Hoffman, of Pittsburg, improved his former score of 114 at 200yds. muzzle rest, by 1 point. Mr. Hoffman used a 32-40 Ballard, and U. M. C. shells loaded with Du Pont powder and his own moulded bullet He made the following score with 10 successive shots: 11 12 12 12 11 12 12 12 10 11—115.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Sept. 28-29.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. Professionals and paid shooters barred. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Sept. 28-Oct. 1.—PASSAIC, N. J.—Annual tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association at Clifton racetrack. First two days, targets; last two days, live birds. Main event on last day is at 25 live birds, $25. birds extra. handicap; $500 guaranteed to three high guns. W. H. Huck, Sec'y, Rutherford, N. J.

Sept. 30-Oct. 1.—ALTON, Ill.—Tournament of the Piasa Gun Club at Douglas Park. Targets. Under the management of Jack Park.

Oct 4-5.—WARWICK, N. Y.—First annual tournament of the Warwick Gun Club. Open to all. Targets. $50 average money to four high guns in all programme events John M Servin, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

Oct. 13.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Sixth contest for the *Recreation* cup. E. A. Jackson, Sec'y.

Oct. 13-14.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Oct. 19-21.—DAYTON, Ia.—Second annual tournament of the Dayton Gun Club. First two days, targets; last day, live birds. "Cannot divide with professionals or manufacturers' agents."

Oct. 19-22.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Four days' tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. First two days, targets; last two days, live birds. $500 added money. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y.

Oct. 22-23.—HUNTINGTON, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Erie Gun Club.

Oct. 26-28.—COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia.—Tournament under the auspices of W. D. Hardin, F. S. Crabill and C. B. Randlett. $300 added. Programmes later.

Oct. 19-30.—GRAND RAPIDS, Minn.—Tournament of the Itasca Gun Club. Dr. W. P. BROWN, Sec'y.

1898.

March 22-24.—ELKWOOD PARK, Long Branch, N. J.—Sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, $25, birds extra; $1,000 guaranteed to the three high guns; all surplus added.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

At Rutherford, N. J., on Wednesday of last week, Sept. 15, Captain Money said to us: "Why don't you say something nowadays about 'dropping for place'?" Our answer did not take much thought: "The fact is, Captain Money, we've not taken part in or attended any tournament this season where the old system has been in use, except at Auburn, N. Y., where it was used on the two sets of traps set apart for the 'Wolves' and the 'Lambs.' Personally we saw no dropping for place' at that shoot; and no one has said anything to us about the subject for several months." "Well," said Captain Money, "I'll tell you of an instance that occurred quite recently at a shoot which I attended. I won't mention any names, but the parties interested will know that I speak facts. I was standing near the scorer, and heard him tell a man who was standing by: 'Go and tell —— to drop a bird; tell him that I said so' There was a balk just then; a target had been broken by the trap, or a trap had gone wrong, so the messenger went up to the party designated by the scorer and gave him the message. The party spoken to looked around to catch the scorer's eye, but he caught mine instead. I put up my hand and said: 'Don't you do it; we know the message that has been sent to you, and who sent it; but don't you dare to drop this target.' The target was not dropped. Of course, I don't know whether he would have 'dropped for place' or not; but there were two people present who evidently thought he would have done so, viz: the scorer and his messenger. The matter caused quite a little talk, and 'dropping for place' came in for a whole lot of approbrious epithets" We have to thank Capt. Money for giving us this strong argument in favor of the Rose system, where the more targets you lose, the less money you receive. As we have repeatedly pointed out, the only case—so far as we can find out—in which combinations, pooling and dropping for place can pay under the Rose system, is where something like the following occurs: 15 targets, $1.50 entrance. Several men have shot, but 13 is high; the last squad has to shoot Two men are straight up to the last round; one agrees to drop a target and pool issues; he drops into the 14 hole, and cuts out a lot of (say) 11s, making each point more valuable. Anyone with any practical knowledge of tournament shooting will agree with us that this instance, or similar ones, will occur so seldom, that it is scarcely worth anyone's while to watch for such a chance. We shall be glad if someone—we don't care who—will give us instances where crookedness pays under the Rose system, quoting examples that differ from the above.

The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., announces its "third annual interstate tournament," Sept. 28-29. The programme for the first day consists of four 20-target events, $3.50 entrance, and a 100-target race for the Grand Hotel cup, emblematic of the amateur championship of Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois. Entrance $9, with an optional sweep of $2.50 on each 25 targets. This cup is to be held subject to the following conditions: 100 targets, unknown angles. Each party to deposit $10 with the secretary at time of challenge and acceptance, and $10 more on or before date of match. Challenged party must accept within ten days and name time and place, which must be within thirty days of date of acceptance. On the second day there will be four 20 target events, $2.50 entrance, a different style of shooting being used in each event, viz: No. 1, known angles; No. 2, unknown angles; No. 3, reversed order; No 4, expert rules. Event No. 5 will be at 3 pairs, known angles. No. 6 will be a two men team race, 50 targets per man, $6 per team. The shooter who makes the best average in the first five events will have his net entrance money for those events refunded to him. Targets will be charged for at the rate of 2 cents each. 10-gauges, black powder, professionals and paid shooters barred. On the first day all purses will be divided under the Rose system, with ratio points of 5, 4, 3 and 2 to 1. On the second day all purses will be divided under the old system, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The following note closes the programme: "Shooters who are barred from the sweeps, and those who do not feel strong enough for the competition, may shoot and pay for targets only. They will be just as welcome and receive the same attention as those who put up their money."

From an item in a New York daily of Monday, Sept. 20, we learn that a serious, if not fatal, accident occurred on Saturday afternoon last, at Garnerville, N. Y., while the local gun club's members were holding a live-bird shoot. Below we give the story as it appeared; anyone who is acquainted with live-bird shooting will see that it is rather involved. There is one thing clear, however, and that is, that at least two of the shooters present were violating one of the most important rules in trap-shooting, viz., The shooter shall not load his gun until he is at the score. The item runs thus: "John Allison, superintendent of stables, live stock, etc., of the Rockland Print Works in Garnerville, with several other members of the club, was standing outside the range, between the platform and the traps, watching Mr Samuel Winterson shoot. Mr. Winterson with his last shot, wounded his bird and started walking toward the traps to get it, removing the old shells from his gun and replacing them with new ones as he walked along. When the lock sprung, closing the gun, one of the barrels exploded, the full contents of the shell striking Mr Allison, who stood within a few feet of it, in the hip, making a very dangerous if not mortal wound Mr. Allison at the time had his gun in hand awaiting his turn at the traps, and when he was wounded dropped it as he fell beside Mr. Fred Taylor, who is assistant manager of the works. Allison's gun struck the ground on the tops of the barrels, both barrels exploding, the contents all passing within 3in. of Mr. Taylor's head Drs. Laird and Hasbrouck were summoned to attend Allison, and they say that his life may possibly be saved, but he may be obliged to lose the leg."

In another portion of the trap columns of this issue will be found a note of great interest to the vast majority of the trap-shooting readers of FOREST AND STREAM. We refer to the communication from Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, informing us that the Grand American Handicap tournament will be held March 22-24, 1898, at Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J. All doubt, therefore, as to where this, the greatest live-bird event of 1898, is to be held, is thus set at rest. The facilities for handling a big crowd at Elkwood are so far beyond those of any other place that we are satisfied the Interstate Association has made no mistake. Those who took part in the event of 1897 will be the best advertising medium for next year's event; those who were there know just what there is at Elkwood, and the Grand American Handicap of 1898 will show the effects of this knowledge by an increased number of entries There were 146 entries this year, with 135 starters; what number of entries will there be in 1898?

A. W. du Bray and S. A. Tucker were in the city recently. We saw Du Bray, but we did not see Tucker, so can't say anything about the latter, except from hearsay, and we regret to learn through that channel that the "new corduroy shooting coat" is not wearing so well as the old one did. About Du Bray we cannot say anything very pleasant; he had an appointment with us which he didn't keep. Still he has apologized, and in the following terms, his letter being dated from Hotel Rennert, Baltimore, Sept. 16: "You will pardon my having skipped out so unceremoniously, and what is worse, my not having notified you of it sooner. But really our engagement for the time escaped me, until it was too late to make amends. However, there will be another day I trust, and then I will give myself the pleasure of looking you up and squaring myself with the formidable etc."

The New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association now has a membership of seventeen clubs in good standing, in addition to several individual memberships. This is a good showing for an association that has had such a hard road to travel while making its way back from oblivion into the world. The programmes for the Association's tournament at Clifton race track, Passaic, N J., are now spread pretty widely broadcast through this section of the country, and those who have received them, or who have read our synopsis of the same in last week's issue, can readily see that the Association is most thoroughly alive in every respect. There has been very little time to prepare for this tournament, but the management of the Association has done wonders. Its efforts are bound to be crowned with success. The traps will be ready for practice work by noon on Monday, Sept. 27.

We have been told that some people object to the charge of 3 cents for targets in all events scheduled for the New Jersey State shoot at Clifton race track, Sept. 28 Oct. 1. Why there should be any objection, we cannot say. The Association adds $100 a day in cash, and also announces a merchandise event each day. It must be remembered, too, that all the proceeds of this tournament will go into the (at present) almost empty treasury of the Association; and will be applied next year in endeavoring to secure better game legislation for the State, something of which it is sadly in need. Sentiment may go a long way in this matter, but money goes a great deal further. It is a sure thing that if the State Association does not move in this matter of better game legislation, no one else will; and it is another sure thing that the Association cannot make a move unless it possesses the sinews of war, popularly known as the wherewithal.

Bravo, Tucson! John J. Hallowell, late of Tucson, Ariz., but now of Bethayres, Pa., we salute and congratulate you on your magnificent run of 154 straight, made with Hazard's Blue Ribbon, on the second day of the Portsmouth, N. H., Interstate shoot, Sept. 16. Only the other day we made a note of Charlie Young's score of 151 straight, made July 30, on the grounds of the Springfield, O., Gun Club, and referred at the same time to Capt. Bartlett's run of 151 straight made at Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 26, 1895. Since Hallowell's arrival in the East he has been doing a lot of shooting, and the practice he has had has brought him rapidly to the front. His friends in Tucson will rejoice at his success.

Next week will find us busy at Clifton race track, Passaic, N. J., where the trap-shooters of New Jersey will meet their friends from neighboring States. The week following Warwick, N. Y., and Newburgh, N. Y., twenty-eight miles apart, will be the center of attraction of target and live-bird shooters around here.

The New Utrecht Gun Club will open its live-bird season for 1897-98 on Saturday next, Sept. 25. These semi-monthly gatherings will be held at Woodlawn, L. I., as usual.

The Florists' Gun Club, of Philadelphia, Pa., announces a target shoot on its grounds at Wissinoming, Pa., Saturday next, Sept. 25. The programme is an interesting one, including sweeps and a team race open to all. Both the Rose and the old system will be used in the division of purses, while in some events two 10-target events, entrance $1 those breaking 10 will receive $2 each; the 9s, 8s and 7s will also receive respectively $1.50, $1 and 50 cents each. The team race will be started about 2 o'clock. The conditions: five men from any organized gun club to compose a team. 25 targets thrown from a magautrap per man, no handicap. Entrance free. If six to nine entries $5 to first team, $3 to second and $2 to third. If more than nine entries, $5, $4, $3 and $2 to the four highest teams. An optional sweep of 50 cents will be shot on the 25 targets. The following is pleasant reading: "Please notice that this tournament will be given by the Florists' Gun Club for pleasure and not for profit. We give away three purses and guarantee two others. We throw targets free in the team match which is the same as added money. We have the prettiest shooting grounds in the State. Will you come?" A. B. Cartledge, 1314 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, is the secretary of the club. Shooting will commence on the arrival of the 9:53 A. M. train from the Pennsylvania (Broad street) Station.

From Ravenna, O., comes the following item, which shows that Mingo, otherwise John A. Flick, still retains his skill in breaking targets: "The last shoot for the Portage county championship cup donated by the E. C. Powder Company, and the handicap gold badge, was held on the grounds of the Ravenna Gun Club Tuesday last, Sept. 14. The cup was won for the sixth time by John A. Flick, of Ravenna, and the badge by Frank Spiers, of Atwater. Flick's score of 46 is considered good, as these shoots have always been held at difficult angles and flights, Sergeant system. These prizes are now the individual property of the winners. After the regular events some doubles were shot, Flick breaking 20 straight. These shoots have been the best ever held in Portage county, and the E C people have the satisfaction of knowing that their powder won the cup donated so generously by them, although under the rules any make of powder was allowed."

W S Brown, 520-522 Wood street, Pittsburg, Pa., the proprietor of the gun store where Old Hoss holds out in the Smoky City, has issued a pamphlet containing the latest revision of the A S A trap-shooting rules, a synopsis of the game laws of the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia, and hints on how to form a gun club, a blank constitution and by-laws etc. The booklet is a good form of advertising, and the information contained in it will be found of interest to many shooters. We cannot say, without referring to *Game Laws in Brief*, the standard authority on such questions, whether the game seasons, open and close, are correctly given or not, but we suppose that Old Hoss, who undoubtedly has had a finger in this pie, has tried to be as accurate as he usually is in other matters. His nickname of "Old Statistics" has been thoroughly well earned.

Here's a good story on Charlie Floyd, one of the most popular shooters around New York, but one whose time for shooting is sadly curtailed by his duty to his employers: A couple of winters or so ago Charlie was hunting ducks way down on the Delaware Bay. Geese were such rare visitors to the blinds, that when Charlie knocked one down he thought of nothing else but securing that goose. It fell in shallow water, but being only winged made rapid progress for the other side of the open water. Not having a dog, Charlie went in after it, gun in hand. After a short time the gun seemed in the way, so Charlie *laid it down*. Then the water began to get deeper, and, ice-cold as it was, he started to swim after that goose. To make the story short and to get to the point: The goose got away, and an expensive Greener is still at the bottom of Delaware Bay.

From Sherwood, Md., comes the following: "The Sherwood Gun Club is the title of a new trap-shooting organization which has been formed at Sherwood, on the Northern Central Ry. The club will shoot only at clay pigeons, and its traps will shortly be set in a large field which has been secured for the purpose. The organization, which starts out with about twenty-five members, is governed by an executive board consisting of the regular officers and one member at large. This board is made up as follows: Pres., C. S. Abell; Vice-Pres., F Smith; Sec'y, B C Howard; Treas., A C. Nelson; Member Executive Board, O F. Lackey. Shooting will begin in about a week, and the board will shortly designate the regular shooting days."

On Saturday afternoon last, Sept. 18, 1897, Jack Winston shot a couple of 100-target races, expert rules, with a certain party, and lost both matches. The scores were low, because Jack wanted to throw the targets as far and as low as the A. S. A. rules would permit. The shoot, also, took place on the Endeavor Gun Club's grounds, at Marion, N J., and that signifies something when it comes to comparing scores. What we want to get at is the following: After the races had been concluded, an inspection of the scores showed the following: First race—76 to 72, defeated by 4 targets. Second race—80 to 73, defeated by 7 targets; 4 and 7 are 11. Who will say now that 147 is not a fitting title for John L. W.?

We regret to have to announce the extremely sudden death of Mrs. Paul North of Cleveland, O. Her death, which took place on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 16, was caused by heart failure, from which Mrs North has long been a sufferer. On the day above mentioned Mrs. North retired to her room about 3 P. M., with the intention of taking a nap, leaving instructions with the servant to call her at 5:30. Her death was not discovered until the return of her husband, Paul North, from the office of the Cleveland Target Company, although efforts had been made by her young son to awaken her at the hour set, 5:30 P. M. Mrs North had only just returned to Cleveland from a two months' vacation with her family in Marquette, Mich.

The King's Smokeless Gun Club, of East St Louis, Ill., advertises its "first annual Interstate amateur shoot, and fourth annual fall tournament," Oct. 7-8, under the joint management of Jack Parker, of Detroit, Mich., and Jack Trendley, of East St. Louis. In addition to a long list of merchandise prizes for both days' programme, the club adds money in several events. In connection with the programme, J. M. Trendley writes us: "Please note that the twenty-two railroads entering East St Louis will make reduced rates, owing to the fall festivities and the St Louis fair, which takes place the week of the shoot; and also on account of the parade of the Veiled Prophets, which will take place Tuesday, Oct. 5."

On Thursday of this week, Sept 23, at 2 P M., there will be a couple of individual matches at Marion, N. J. One will be a return match between W L. Gardiner, of Norwalk, O., and Carl von Lengerke, 50 targets per man, unknown angles. The other match will be between John 147 L. Winston, and a nominee of Uncle Al Heritage's. The conditions of this match, which is set for 2 o'clock sharp, are 100 targets, expert rules; and 100 targets, unknown angles, total score to count. The stakes may be termed "plunder," viz.: a dinner for ten at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City; a Dunlap hat and a pair of shoes!

Mr. E. C. Eaton, treasurer of the Montreal Gun Club, made a new record in the regular monthly shoot of his club on Saturday, Sept. 11. The club shoot is at 10 known angles and 10 unknown angles, and Messrs. Eaton and Aubin tied for the Class A badge with 20 straight: on the shoot off at 5 targets, Mr. Eaton broke his 5, but Mr Aubin lost his 2d and 4th. Mr. Eaton's 25 straight is likely to be a "bogey score" for some weeks to come. Mr. D J. Kearney won in Class A with 16 breaks, none of his classmates being anywhere near him.

The Riverton, N. J., Gun Club will hold a strictly invitation live-bird shoot Oct 15-16. On Oct. 15 the main event will be the second "Raili shoot," limited to twenty entries, 20 birds per man, $20 entrance. This event will be shot in two squads. On Saturday, Oct. 16, the main event will be a 50 bird handicap, $50. Entries close Oct. 6, and must be accompanied by $10 forfeit. This match will be started, unless otherwise announced, on the arrival of the 10:30 A. M. train from Philadelphia.

In our last issue, under the head of "In New Jersey," we credited Noel Money with winning a heat for the Boiling Springs Gun Club's silver service at the semi-monthly shoot, held Sept. 1. As Captain Money was the winner, Noel Money not taking part in the shoot, the Captain now wants to know whether the mistake was the result of an accident, or of collusion between Noel Money and the trap editor.

There can be no two opinions as to the action of the Interstate Association in making arrangements for holding its Grand American Handicap at Elkwood Park next March. Chicago could undoubtedly take care of the shoot and the participants very satisfactorily, but there is only one spot on this side of the Alleghenies that is suitable for such a shoot, and that is Elkwood Park.

Tom Keller put in a day or two in this city last week, but jumped out again to make a short trip in the interests of his firms, the King Powder Company and the Peters Cartridge Company. We did not see Tom while he was here, but we learn from a reliable source that he has not fallen away at all, in spite of the hot weather and the hard licks he has been putting in while on his last trip.

The Riverside Gun Club, of Redbank, N. J., will pay a visit, with a 10 men team, to the Bergen County Gun Club, at Hackensack, N J., on Friday of this week, Sept. 24. The Riversides are able to get together a strong team, but the Bergen County Gun Club can generally reckon on the support of its members, and should be able to give the visitors a tough argument.

Manager Shaner, of the Interstate Association, tells us that: "After I've managed the New Jersey State shoot at Clifton race track, Passaic, Sept. 28-Oct. 1, I'm going to take a rest. I've arranged for a hunting trip, and self and 'Our Jim Denny's' dog Rupert, the dog he gave me at Oil City, will make it interesting for ruffed grouse and quail on that trip."

The men from Bellefontaine, O., won pretty nearly everything in sight at the big shoot and picnic at Brush Lake, Sept. 8. According to a local exchange, the team race was close and exciting. Bellefontaine and Columbus tied with 107 breaks each, Urbana's team being third with 100. Plain City, Mechanicsburg and Springfield also entered teams. Owing to the lateness of the hour when the team race was concluded, the shooting off of the tie was postponed until the annual picnic and shoot that will be held as usual in 1898. The Bellefontaine team was composed as follows: George Leidigh, A. Dushane, Gil Courter, C Bime', H Lee and Bob Bailey.

Dr. Hudson, of this city, a member of both the Emerald Gun Club and the New York German Gun Club is shooting exceedingly well for a man who has as little practice on live birds as the worthy doctor avails himself of. At the regular monthly shoot of the New York German Gun Club on Wednesday last, Sept. 15, the doctor scored every bird he shot at save one.

Wednesday, Oct. 13, is the date set by the Bergen County Gun Club for the sixth (and last but one) shoot for the Recreation cup. The shoot will be held, of course, on the club's grounds, Hackensack, N. J. The conditions are 50 known and 50 unknown angles.

The Piasa Gun Club, of Alton, Ill., will hold a target tournament Sept. 30-Oct. 1, at Douglas Park. The shoot will be managed by Jack Parker, the popular representative of the King Powder Company and the Peters Cartridge Company.

The regular monthly handicap shoot for the E. C. cup will take place at Hackensack, N J., Saturday next, Sept. 25, on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club.

Sept. 21. Edward Banks.

IN NEW JERSEY.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Sept. 15.—The regular semi monthly shoot for the silver tea service donated by the Boiling Springs Gun Club, took place this afternoon on the club's grounds, Rutherford, N. J. There were eleven competitors in the main event, Banks winning a heat for the service, after a tie with Chris Wright. The latter shooter, although he has only one win for the service, has been very much in evidence in all the contests to date, having been in about every tie that has occurred. In the last shoot he tied with Capt. Money, but was shot out after a good struggle. Ed. Taylor shot a good race, scoring 45 out of his 50; he was unfortunate enough to lose his first allowance target, when he needed all 5 to make a highest possible. Winston shot strongly, scoring 23 out of each 25; his total of 46 out of 50 was not enough, however, as his allowance of 2 extras would not permit of his making a highest possible. He did not, therefore, shoot out his allowance. In fact, Wright, Taylor and Banks were the only ones who shot out their allowances, none of the others having a chance for highest possible. The handicaps were from 2 (scratch) to 10. This trophy has now been shot for six times. Van Dyke has two wins; Capt. Money, Chris Wright, Frank Hall and Banks have one win each. Scores in this event were as below:

C Wright (6)..111111101111111011111111111111110111111111101101—45
111101 — 5—50
E Banks (7)...111111111111111111111111111101111111011111111111—48
11 — 2—50
E Taylor (5)..111111101111111111101111111101111111111110111101111—45
01111 — 4—49
147 (2).........11111011111111111111101111010111111111111111111111 —46
Beveridge (6).11111110111111010111101011101110111011111101111110 —40
Capt Money (4)10111101110111011101010111011001111111111111111111 —40
B James (10). 10110110111101111111101110110110111110101011111010 —38
Hexamer (10).01101111101111111001110110100011111010111101111111101 —36
T Thomas (4)..01110011011111010001010111001100111110111111111110 —34
Matzen (10)...10111011100111111110111011100011100101100101111111 —34
J Hildreth (10)00110100001101000111101100111111111101110110111101 —32

Shoot-off, 25 targets, proportionate allowances:
Banks (1)................................1011111111111111111101101111—23
Wright (3)...............................1111010111111101101111110 10w

Several other events were shot off, three of them being at unknown angles:

No 1, 15 targets: Taylor, 15; Wright, Money and Banks, 14; 147, 10; Hildreth, 9.

No. 2, same; Wright and Winston, 15; Money, 14; Beveridge, 13; Banks, 11; Taylor, 10.

No. 3; 25 targets: 147, 23; Banks, 22; Wright and Thomas, 21; Money and Beveridge, 20

Two other events, one at expert rules and the other at 10 pairs, were shot with the results given in detail below:

Twenty-five targets, expert rules:

147	11111	10111	11111	11111	01111—23
Taylor	01101	10111	11111	11111	11111—22
Banks	11111	11001	11111	11111	11101—22
Beveridge	01111	01111	11110	11111	11101—21
Money	11011	01011	11011	10111	10111—19
Wright	00100	11111	10101	11111	11111—19
Palmer	11111	11001	11100	11000	01000—14
Matzen	01100	00101	00101	01111	10110—13
Hexamer	11111	10000	01011	01110	01000—13
Hildreth	10011	00010	01010	10101	11000—11
Thomas	01100	01100	11110	11010	w —

Ten pairs:

Banks	11	11	11	01	11	10	11	11	10	01—16
147	10	11	10	11	10	11	11	10	11	10—15
Money	10	11	01	00	11	10	11	11	11	10—14
Beveridge	00	11	11	10	11	01	11	11	10	10—14
Wright	10	11	10	10	01	10	00	10	11	01—11
Palmer	00	10	11	10	11	01	10	10	10	00—10
Matzen	00	00	11	10	11	10	10	10	10	00— 9
Thomas	11	10	00	10	01	10	00	11	00	00— 8
Hildreth	10	00	00	00	11	10	00	10	10	01— 7

Several miss-and-outs were also shot to close the afternoon. In these events for the first target all stood at No. 5 and shot at No 1; the next target was shot at from No. 1 score, the target being thrown from No. 5 trap, and so on. Both barrels were allowed. Chris Wright covered himself with glory in these events.

Edward Banks.

PIGEON SHOOTING AT PLAINFIELD.

Sept. 16.—A group of Plainfield business men and others who are fond of a day's outing at the traps had a little shoot in the country near that New Jersey city to-day. The pigeons were a lot of fast and strong country birds, and proved altogether too good for the majority of the shooters. The prizes were two live geese. The last thing seen of Dutchy was a rear view, as he disappeared in the direction of Plainfield with the largest goose under his arm. The scores in the 7-bird event for the geese were:

Dutchy Smith (28)	1111121—7	Sunderman (28)	2002120—4
C Lister (26)	2111120—6	Adelman (26)	1111000—4
Tom Keller (28)	1201102—5	McCullough (26)	0102201—4
Scott Terry (28)	1102201—5	Pearson (26)	0002011—3
Reed (26)	1021012—5	Worth (26)	0020200—2
Codington (25)	0121022—5	Hourand (26)	0100000—1
W Terry (25)	1101002—4	Blatz (26)	00w

BREAKING TARGETS AT MARION.

Sept. 18.—A series of matches, with sweepstakes attached, attracted a moderate crowd of shooters and spectators to the grounds of the Endeavor Gun Club at Marion this afternoon. The matches were two in number: One between Carl von Lengerke and W. L. Gardiner, the latter of Norwalk, O.; and one between J. (147) L. Winston and E. Banks. Both were at 100 targets per man, but that between Von Lengerke and Gardiner was at unknown angles, while the match between 147 and Banks was at expert rules, one man up. In match No. 1 Gardiner was to have allowed his opponent 5 extra targets to shoot at in addition to the 100, but Carl did not need his allowance. The pair were tied at the end of the first 25 with 20 each. The second 25 saw Gardiner 1 in the lead; the third 25 resulted in a gain of 1 for Von Lengerke, the two being thus once more a tie, with only 25 more to shoot at. In the last 25 Carl broke 23 while Gardiner fell away badly in his shooting, losing the match by a substantial majority.

The above match was supposed to have been started at 1:30 P M., but business kept both the contestants away until quite an hour later. The result was that Winston and Banks, who started in at 1 P. M. to shoot 100 targets, expert rules, for a Dunlap hat and the targets, were able to make a double header, and shoot two matches in place of one. Prior to starting the match, both agreed to have the bluerock traps throw the bluerock targets as far and as low as the A. S. A. would permit. This made the shooting very hard, the Endeavor Gun Club's grounds being notorious around here for hard shooting under any conditions. No. 5 was an especially low and hard target, and 147 found it a perfect hoodoo; he only broke it twice out of the first twenty times he shot at it. Winston was not shooting up to his form; as he put it, he felt too good to do good shooting. Anyway, he was very slow and dusted lots of targets. The results of the two matches were wins for Banks, who thus holds a cinch on two Dunlap hats, fall styles. Under the original conditions Winston was to have allowed Banks 5 extra targets to shoot at, or 105 in all to his 100; the allowance, however, was not needed in either match. The match was refereed by A. R. Strader, secretary of the Endeavor Gun Club; the same gentleman acting as master of the indicator. Jim Hildreth, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, who was suffering from a maimed foot, owing to his having stubbed his toe the night previous in a Turkish bath, acted as score keeper. Scores in these two matches were as below:

First match:

Banks	01111	11111	01011	11111	11111—22
	10011	10111	10101	11111	01110—18
	11101	10011	10111	11111	11111—21
	11011	01001	10101	11101	11000—15—76
147	10111	01111	11011	11110	10111—20
	00011	01111	01101	11110	01110—16
	11001	11110	11101	11101	10110—18
	01011	10011	00111	11011	11111—18—72

Second match:

Banks	10111	01001	01111	11111	11111—20
	11100	11111	10111	11111	11011—21
	11111	01011	11111	01001	11011—19
	10111	10111	11101	10111	11101—20—80
147	11000	11110	11011	00111	10101—16
	01011	11011	10011	10111	10011—18
	11011	11011	11110	11101	11011—20
	11001	10111	11111	10010	11111—19—73

The scores in the 100-target race between Carl von Lengerke and W. L. Gardiner were as below:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	Total.
Carl von Lengerke	20	20	20	23	83
W L Gardiner	20	21	19	17	77

A team race, three men to a team, 25 targets per man, unknown angles, was another feature of the afternoon. This affair resulted in a tie on 66 each. Scores:

Banks's Team.		Gardiner's Team.	
F Sinnock	23	Gardiner	25
Capt Money	22	147	24
E Banks	21—66	C von Lengerke	17—66

The tie was shot, Gardiner's team going to pieces in the failing light and having, therefore, to settle for 300 targets. Scores in the second race were:

Banks's Team.		Gardiner's Team.	
Banks	24	147	23
Sinnock	22	Gardiner	10
Money	18-64	C von Lengerke	10—53

Sweepstake scores were as below, all events being at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	20	25	25	25	Targets:	15	15	20	25	25	25
Gardiner	..	..	16	21	20	19	Hildreth	12	12	12	16	14	19
147	14	14	19	22	23	23	Fletcher	11	10	17	19	..	20
C V L	..	..	16	19	20	20	Cummings	11	4	..	17	14	..
Banks	..	13	20	23	20	22	Strader	13	..	16	21	20	19
Sinnock	11	13	16	21	17	21	Althus	..	..	20	14	17	16
Capt Money	..	..	18	20	22	21	Jones	..	..	..	19	..	..

Western Traps.

GARFIELD GUN CLUB

Sept. 18.—The Garfield Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot on its grounds this afternoon. There was a fairly good attendance, considering the fact that the 15th comes in this week, and that this is the time most of our Illinois shooters are away chicken shooting.

This month winds up the regular shoots for the season of 1897, and some good scores are being made and hard work done by some few who rival each other for the yearly medal. In some instances there is but 1 or 2 birds difference on the ten best scores of the season, and there is no certainty who the winners are as yet. Following are the scores of this week's shoot:

Medal shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Stickle	0111111111110111110111101—21
Richards	1110101101111101111010111—19
Shaw	1111111111111111111101111—24
De Maus	1111000101101101000011101—14
Hicks	1111111011101111101100111—20
Russell	1001111010111110111110001—17
Slocum	0011000000000000100000100— 5
Workman	1101110111001101000011010—14
Wiley	0011101000101001111100111—14
Fish	1110101111011111111110110—20
E S Graham	1111110111010111111011111—21
Thatcher	0011001010001011001110010—11
Neal	100w
Patterson	1111011100111011001100111—17

Sweeps were shot as below. Nos. 1, 2 and 3, unknown angles; No. 4, snipe shooting; No. 5, reversed order; No. 6, 10 singles and 5 pairs. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	15	10	10	20	Targets:	15	10	15	10	10	20
Richards	9	6	11	8	8	14	E S Graham	12	8	..	..	5	..
Shaw	13	8	12	7	8	14	Stickle	9	8	13	4	7	15
Hicks	12	10	12	..	7	18	Wiley	12	6	13	..	6	15
Russell	6	6	..	..	5	12	Fish	8	8	13	..	5	15
Slocum	5	2	..	..	..	..	Thatcher	8	8	..	..	..	..
Workman	4	7	..	..	..	..	Demaris	..	7	..	..	..	..
Neal	12	9	15	9	6	12	Patterson	..	..	11	..	..	..

CICERO GUN CLUB.

Sept 18.—The following are scores of members of Cicero Gun Club, of Oak Park, Ill., who attended the grounds to-day. The attendance was light and the poor scores of the participants were largely due to the strong wind from the left quarter across the traps, making the flight of the targets very erratic.

Twenty-five targets, known traps, unknown angles.

Trophy Contest.

Banks	1101011011000101010111101—16
Knott	1001011100001100000110010—10
Barnard	0100011001000001011000000— 7
Dr Matthews	0011111011111101100111100—17
Lowry	0110110110111111100010101—16

AT WATSON'S PARK.

Sept. 15.—Below are the scores made at the Audubon Gun Club's weekly shoot, held to-day at Watson's Park:

Foss	2110211?0121111—12+3—15
Rice	0220202010200— 7+3—10
C E Felton	120081100
Hollester	001110211021112—11+2—13
J Amberg	102/121 011320—12+2—14
H H Frothingham	110020202022212—11+0—11

The following scores were made in practice:

Rice	102110?1000112212000201112000—18
Hollester	2111212011110121111110120013—24

Sept. 18.—F. P Stannard and R. Kuss, 100 targets, unknown angles, known traps; $25 a side, loser to pay for birds:

F P Stannard.11111011110111111111101111101100111111111111111111—44
11111111111111111111111111111111001111111111111111—48—92
R Kuss.......00111111111011101001011111111011111111111111111110—41
11011101110111111110111111010111111111011011111111—44—85

The following scores were also made: Adams shot at 100, broke 78; Vetter shot at 50, broke 37; Moran shot at 50, broke 21; W. Stannard shot at 25, broke 21; F. P. Stannard shot at 25, broke 21; Goodrich shot at 25, broke 17.

COOK COUNTY TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

The Cook County Trap-Shooters' League will hold its seventh contest on the grounds of the Eureka Gun Club, corner Seventy-ninth street and Vincennes avenue, Saturday, Sept. 25th, 1897, at 1 P. M. The grounds will be open for all those wishing to attend at 10 o'clock A. M., and the regular programme of sweeps will be indulged in.

The Grand American Handicap of 1898.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Contracts have been signed between the Interstate Association and Messrs. Daly & Chanfrau for the holding of the Grand American Handicap tournament of 1898 at Elkwood Park, March 22, 23 and 24. The requirements of the Grand American Handicap are such as to demand the securing of the best shooting grounds obtainable for the holding of the event. The Elkwood Park grounds have been so fully described in the columns of Forest and Stream, that it is hardly necessary to state they are unequaled in this or any other country.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

West Lebanon Gun Club.

West Lebanon, N. H., Sept. 14.—The West Lebanon Gun Club held its third annual shoot to-day. The attendance was small, owing to many of its members being unable to leave their business to attend the shoot, consequently the events were cut short. Following are the scores, all events being at known traps and angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5		Events:	1	2	3	4	5	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	Broke.	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	Broke.
Clapp	4	4	3	7	1	19	Bailey	6	6	8	8	6	34
Hoffman	4	5	1	3	7	20	Young	..	3	4	6	5	18
Briere	6	2	5	6	..	19	Batchelder	4	9	7	7	7	34
Baker	1	5	6	8	6	26	Carter	..	6	1	6	..	13

Nap. Briggs, Sec'y.

The Schmelzer Tournament.

Kansas City, Sept. 17.—The fourth annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Co. succeeded in accomplishing the object of its promoter: that of bringing together a lot of amateurs, as well as inducing that class of shooters to attend which one never meets at the open-to-all shoots. There were plenty of this class present, and among them were a number who had never attended a tournament before, and others who had been shooting at the trap less than a year. Bringing out this class must stamp the tournament a success. It is safe to assert that some of the shooters who get their first experience at this tournament will be seen at other shoots next season, while the successful ones will return home with renewed enthusiasm. Their success, too, will be the cause of interesting others in the sport in their particular locality. This was the object of holding this tournament.

CONDITIONS AND HANDICAP.

One of the conditions in the programme specified that no shooter could win more than one first prize on any one day. On the face of it this rule appears straight, as it prevents the more skillful from winning all the principal prizes, and naturally protects the weaker shooters. Theoretically, it looks very good; but practically, it was a failure. Not that it failed to protect the weaker shots, but that it induced, or rather compelled shooters to drop for place—something which the programme emphatically stated would not be tolerated. This time, however, it was either 'drop" or remain out of the shoot for the balance of the day. Time and again the last target was dropped, as to tie for first after you had already won one would shut the shooter out. The system was wrong this time. For this reason no averages have been computed, as they would signify nothing under these conditions.

The shooters were divided up into three classes, A, B and C class. The A class shooters were required to shoot from three unknown traps, unknown angles, 18yds. rise. This was changed after the second day to known traps, unknown angles, at 18yds. B class shot known traps, unknown angles, 16yds.; while C class shot from known traps, known angles, 14yds. rise. If a shooter was found too fast for the class he was in he was advanced. Some few were advanced from C to B, but only one (Reust) to A.

The tournament was held at Fairmount Park, where all previous ones were held. Three sets of traps were run, one of these was arranged on the Sergeant system, and the other two after the old style of five. Perfection targets were used.

PRINCIPALS AND PARTICIPANTS.

The following is a list of the visiting shooters: F. M. Frick, C. V. Renick and N. C. Ewing, Oke Grove, Mo: H. Klio, Williamstown, Kan.; Dr. J. B. Hungate, Weeping Water, Neb.; E. A. Burton and J. A. Shaw, Murray, Neb.; C. L. Funk, Pueblo, Col.; F. N. Cockrill, Platt City, Mo.; Dr. S. Redman, W. S. Robinson, D. Davis and A. J. Williams, Cockrell, Mo.; C. E. McGee, F. W. Tryman and W. D. Moulder, Easton, Kan.; E. E. Hargrove, Sutton, Neb.; Dr. J. M. Hamme, Cottonwood Falls, Kan.; Tom Blackwell, Dr. E. A. Lee, Ed. L. White and J. E. White, Odessa, Mo; J. N. Akard and Young, Fairplay, Mo.; A. L. Bennett and wife, Emporia, Kan.; W. S. Allen, Raymore, Mo.; Jas. Thomas, W. H. Allen and Huck, Pleasant Hill, Mo.; L. Pruitt and L. H. Bruner, Homewood, Kan.; Sumner Hale, Purden, Mo; B. Johnson, Leloup, Kan.; S. W. Tatum, St. Joe, Mo.; F. P. Hollenback, Zarah, Kan; F. C. Reust, Frankfort, Kan; E. A. Farris, Hall Summit, Kan.; J. C. Farris, Randolph, Mo.; B. O. Running, Airy Lou Hardt and Hyde, Atchison, Kan.; J. W. Sexton, Leavenworth, Kan.; Frank Hodges, Will Lemon, J. C. Carpenter, W. R. Walker, Lou Thiele and R. E. Walker, Olathe, Kan.; Dr. C. B. Clapp and L. L. Wayland (Woodson), Moberly, Mo.

First Day, Sept. 14.

While I have put all the events scheduled for this day in the table, this is not really the way they were shot, as only three events were finished on this day and two others begun. Much valuable time was lost in making a start and more in classifying the shooters, and then it is a much more difficult matter to keep new shooters in their proper place, and there were a lot of this class present.

The first event was a 10 target race, no entrance fee. Dave Elliott won the kodak, which was first prize; Burton second, Ewing third, Davis fourth and Funk fifth. In the second event Hale won first, a Colt rifle; Funk second, Akard third, Burton fourth and Bennett fifth. No. 3: Blackwell first, a Syracuse hammerless gun; Redman second, Reust third, Gregory fourth and Funk fifth. No. 4: Gottlieb first, an Ideal loading machine; Bullock second, Wright third, Croweater fourth and Lee fifth. No. 5, Gottlieb first, 500 Peters shells, loaded with King's Smokeless; W. S. Allen second, McNu third, Hamme fourth, and Herman fifth. No 6 was a miss-and-out; Herman broke 27 straight and took first, a Spencer repeater; Bullock second, Sweet third, Hickman fourth, and Simms fifth. No 7 was also a miss-and-out; Palmer won the wading pants on 21 straight, W. S. Allen second, Bennett third, Sexton fourth, Cornett fifth. A Baxter camping outfit was first prize in No. 8. This went to Shaw, D. Elliott second, Reust third, Burton fourth, and Cornett fifth. A tent was first prize in No. 9. W. S. Allen got this, McNee second, Cornet third, Funk fourth, and Shaw fifth. Nos. 6 and 7 being miss-and outs, are not shown in the table below, though we have numbered them in this order. Bruce, Harrison, Herron, Arnds, Branhall, Richards, Hintche, Moore and Bottem shot only in one event.

CLASS A.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	10	15	Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	10	15
Gottlieb	7	14	17	10	15	8	13	Erhardt	..	10	15	..	..	..	..
Fanning	7	13	17	9	10	9	15	Sexton	..	12	14	9	..	9	14
Cornett	8	12	19	10	13	6	13								

CLASS B.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Funk	6	14	15	9	14	7	13	Scott	8	12	11	..	13	9	14
Herman	8	13	18	9	11	9	13	Rickmers	..	11	..	..	15	8	13
Sweet	7	10	18	7	9	9	14	Palmer	..	..	..	..	12	8	13
Bennett	9	11	19	9	12	10	14	Woodson	..	..	..	..	13	8	13
Hale	8	15	18	10	13	10	12	Hodges	..	..	..	..	..	8	13
Wright	9	14	18	8	9	8	8	Running	..	..	..	..	..	7	12
D Elliott	10	12	..	..	..	9	10	Norton	..	..	..	..	..	9	..
Reust	..	14	17	10	14	8	12								

CLASS C.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Hungate	6	12	18	7	11	6	10	Davis	7	13	14	..	..	..	..
Simms	8	15	13	8	13	7	11	Williams	2	8	9	..	..	..	..
Bates	4	14	14	7	12	6	12	Klio	4	8	15	..	..	..	..
Hamme	10	10	15	6	12	6	10	Hairgrove	9	12	15	..	..	..	..
Croweater	8	12	12	7	13	8	8	Huck	..	..	..	..	..	8	11
Bryant	7	12	18	8	13	5	10	Hickman	..	12	16	..	..	..	15
Bullock	7	9	17	9	15	10	15	W H Allen	..	..	..	..	..	6	14
McNee	10	10	15	8	13	9	14	Blackwell	..	..	..	9	13	9	13
Akard	10	13	18	9	14	9	15	W S Allen	..	..	..	..	14	10	15
Shaw	10	13	19	10	12	10	11	Park	..	11	15	7	..	..	..
Burton	9	12	18	9	14	7	14	Leach	[illegible]	..	..	8	..	..	..
N Jarrett	8	13	17	10	12	10	12	Sonnochein	6	4	..	..	..	..	..
Lee	8	10	16	8	13	9	..	R Jarrett	7	11	..	..	..	..	..
Bruns, Jr	7	14	16	9	13	8	12	Thomas	..	13	18	..	..	..	..
Frick	7	10	14	..	12	8	12	McGee	..	13	15	..	..	..	..
Kelly	8	10	..	8	12	9	12	Jones	..	7	18	..	..	..	..
Young	7	12	9	7	..	10	13	Edwards	..	7	..	6	..	..	..
Gregory	8	10	16	7	..	5	15	Tatum	..	13	..	..	..	9	12
McCurdy	6	12	10	7	..	9	11	Hollenbock	..	9	17	10	..	..	..
Robinson	..	11	17	7	12	9	8	Redman	..	..	18	9	..	..	..
Pruitt	..	10	18	9	10	8	15	Carpenter	..	..	..	..	..	8	12
Cockrell	..	..	12	8	11	8	8	Markle	..	..	..	..	..	4	8
Farris	7	14	17	8	14	..	..	Lemon	..	..	..	..	..	8	12
Ostertag	6	12	16	8	..	..	..	Templeton	..	..	..	..	..	7	14
Vaughn	8	12	14	..	..	..	..	Frenkas	..	..	..	..	..	8	12
Bruns, Sr	8	11	15	..	..	..	..	Bills	..	..	..	..	..	8	11
Ewing	8	9	13	9	7	..	..	Cords	..	..	..	..	..	7	9
White	8	10	16	8	..	7	..	Dickinson	..	..	..	..	..	6	6
Tryman	6	11	11	6	..	..	..								

Second Day, Sept. 15.

Things moved along much smoother to day, and a good number of events were shot off; no less than twelve events being disposed of, though the tie in many remained undecided.

The first event was a free for all, no entrance fee. Reust won first, a fine cigar case; Hodges second, Woodson third, Thomas fourth and N. Jarrett fifth. Hickman won the corduroy hunting suit, first prize in No. 2; Running second, R. Jarrett third, Rickmers fourth and Woodson fifth. Half a keg of Hazard Blue Ribbon is what Hodges got for first in No. 3; Gottlieb second, Swope third, Young fourth and McNee fifth.

Blackwell won a clock, first prize in No. 4; Hickman second, Thomas third, N. Jarrett fourth and Wright fifth. Shaw won the Winchester trap gun in No. 5; W. S. Allen second, Reust third, Swope fourth and N. Jarrett fifth. A clock is what Reust got for first in event No. 6; Young second, Rickmers third, Scott fourth and Hodges fifth. Sexton was on top in event No 7, and got the Smith hammerless gun; Cornett second, Thomas third, N. Jarrett fourth and Burton fifth. Young got the silverware in the eighth; Funk second, Hodges third, Hill fourth, Gregory fifth. Lee landed the Lefever gun that he was anxious to secure, the first prize in No. 9; Hungate second, Erhardt third, Shaw fourth.

Part of these events were shot on Wednesday and part on Thursday. The weather was sultry and threatening. The attendance was good and everything ran smoothly. There were a number of shooters who participated in but one event, among them the following: Yowell, Linn, Houck, Marston, Hollenback, Snell, Tatum, D. Elliott, Brucker, Bills, Dickinson, Bruns, Sr., Bottem. Beohr and Mrs. Bennett.

CLASS A.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	15	25	25	20	20	15	20
Gottlieb	10	14	14	22	21	18	18	11	18
Fanning	8	12	13	21	..	19	18	15	16
Sexton	..	11	7	20	19	16	19	12	15
Cornett	..	15	14	23	16	15	18	12	15
Erhardt	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	17

CLASS B.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Funk	10	15	14	20	24	18	12	15	19
Reust	10	13	15	25	23	20	16	11	18
Palmer	9	13	14	19	20	15	18	10	16
Wright	9	12	12	21	19	17	16	14	14
Woodson	8	11	11	22	18	16	17	9	18
Herman	9	12	14	21	21	18	15	12	16
Rickmers	6	12	13	20	23	18	15	11	17
Scott	9	8	13	21	21	17	13	11	13
Hodges	9	14	15	24	23	16	18	13	16
Sweet	..	12	12	22	18	16	15	11	15
Hale	7	14	18	21	18	..	..	..	..
Running	..	14	14	22	..	..	..	..	..
Simms	6	12	14	19	..	..	..	..	..
Norton	..	14	13	21	..	15	..	..	..
Bennett	8	..	..	..	24	..	19	..	15

CLASS C.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bryant	9	11	13	23	23	8	14	14	16
Gregory	8	13	14	15	20	11	14	11	13
N Jarrett	6	12	13	22	21	17	16	12	17
Akard	8	14	14	25	24	15	18	11	15
Young	7	14	12	15	22	19	12	15	19
Bates	7	12	8	23	16	13	12	9	16
Hamme	8	14	18	20	22	11	14	18	13
Hungate	6	12	18	22	24	16	19	18	18
Thomas	7	14	13	23	23	19	17	12	..
Frinkas	5	10	14	20	18	16	..	..	..
Robinson	9	9	9	16	14	7	..	..	..
W S Allen	9	13	14	24	24	18	..	..	..
McNee	8	..	11	22	23	16	16	11	16
Cockrell	7	..	10	16	..	..	15	..	16
Thiele	5	10	14	17	18	4	18	..	..
Lemon	8	12	14	19	22	11	..	..	..
Carpenter	5	10	10	21	19	18	..	..	..
W R Walker	9	12	8	19	20	..	..	..	..
R E Walker	6	9	10	20	..	..	..	..	..
McCurdy	6	11	11	18	24	16	..	..	..
Blackwell	..	14	14	25	..	..	17	11	18
Hickman	..	15	13	24	25	19	12	..	..
Swope	..	..	13	20	22	..	15	16	..
Kelly	10	11	12	22	21	17	..	..	..
Pruitt	9	12	11	20	19	..	..	..	..
Bruns	..	12	15	..	..	..	11	..	..
Lee	8	..	13	..	20	..	15	18	19
Bullock	8	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shaw	9	..	..	..	25	..	..	..	16
Burton	8	9	..	..	..	..	15	..	15
Markle	6	9	..	22	..	..	..	..	..
R Garrett	8	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hill	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	12	16
Ewing	5	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bramhall	..	6	9	15	18	..	..	..	..
Cords	..	10	12	23	..	..	..	..	..
Bruns, Jr.	..	12	15	..	..	..	11	..	..
W H Allen	..	11	14	21	..	..	..	..	..
Hyde	..	14	13	24	..	..	..	..	..
Croweater	..	18	18	16	..	..	..	..	..
Hubbard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	16
Barker	..	..	..	12	17	..	..	..	..
Frick	..	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
W B Thomas	..	..	14	..	19	..	..	..	..
Lilly	..	..	10	..	17	..	..	..	..

Third Day, Sept. 16.

The morning of the third day of the shoot opened up very gloomily. There was a nasty rain falling, and a drop in the temperature of about 30°. Those who had been complaining of the heat were now shivering with cold, and later on when the sun came out were eager to reap the benefit of its rays. There was a big day's programme to be disposed of, and with the gloomy prospects in the morning, it looked very much as though it would be impossible to finish it. The disagreeable weather, however, had cut down the attendance considerably. Those who were present had come to shoot, and paid no attention to the driving rain nor the disagreeable conditions under foot. The events were run off with great rapidity, and as it cleared up after dinner, it was possible to finish all the events, as well as decide all ties.

First prize in No. 1, a lawn swing, was won by Funk; Palmer second, Bruns, Jr., third, Hodges fourth and Burton fifth. Hungate won the hunting suit, first prize in No. 2; Sexton second, Funk third, Lee fourth and Reust fifth. Hamme got a Marlin rifle as first prize in No 3; Palmer second, Hill third, Wright fourth, Lee fifth. Rickmers won a Kosmic rod, the chief prize in No. 4; Funk second, Erhardt third, Gregory fourth, Bryant fifth. In No. 5, the Smith & Wesson revolver were to Hickman, Hungate got second, Palmer third, Erhardt fourth and Hodges fifth. An Ithaca hammerless was won by N. Jarrett in No. 6, Hill second, Cockrell third, Woodson fourth and Herman fifth. First prize, an antique oak cigar box, in the 7th event went to Cornett, Cockrell second, Lee third, Bennett fourth and Gregory fifth. The prizes in No. 8 consisted of five lamps. The finest went to Wright, Bryant second, Gottlieb third, N. Jarrett fourth and Cornett fifth. In the final event Burton won first, a Remington ejector gun; Young second, Woodson third, Palmer fourth and N. Jarrett fifth.

A CLASS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	15	15	20	25
Gottlieb	10	10	14	8	15	15	14	16	24
Sexton	10	9	13	9	12	14	18	17	21
Cornell	9	8	12	5	11	11	15	16	13
Reust	10	6	12	7	10	7	14	17	21
Fanning	..	10	12	9	10	12	18	18	22
Erhardt	..	6	12	8	12	13	15	15	24

B CLASS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Herman	9	8	11	7	12	11	11	18	25
Sweet	7	6	10	7	10	15	13	14	21
Rickmers	7	8	14	10	12	13	14	13	..
Funk	10	10	14	9	15	15	14	19	24
Palmer	9	6	14	8	13	12	13	16	22
Woodson	7	8	12	8	11	12	9	14	23
Hickman	10	8	15	8	15	14	18	..	18
Wright	10	..	12	6	11	14	15	20	23
Hodges	7	..	..	9	11	14	12	15	23
Bennett	10	..	..	6	..	12	12	..	17

C CLASS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Hungate	10	10	10	8	14	12	10	15	17
Hill	8	7	13	7	11	14	11	17	22
Bryant	7	7	13	6	14	13	12	19	21
N Jarrett	9	8	13	8	12	15	12	17	21
Gregory	8	6	13	7	10	11	11	15	19
Lee	8	7	11	8	9	13	12	..	..
Bruns, Jr	5	7	..	..	..	12	6	..	15
McNee	7	..	13	..	11	14	..	..	..
Cockrell	..	8	..	..	8	13	14	14	23
Shaw	9	8	..	..	..	14	..	..	23
Swope	8	..	13	..	13	..	13	..	..
Tryman	..	..	11	6	9	10	10	..	..
Hamme	..	..	15	..	12	13	..	..	20
Akard	..	..	..	..	12	..	7	16	18
Young	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	17	24
Bates	..	..	8	..	11	9	..	..	..
Thiele	..	..	8	8	..	..	13	..	..
Burton	6	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	25
Tatum	..	8	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Eikers	..	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Duck	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..

These shot in only one event: Villians, Bruns, Sr., Norton, Scott, Blackwell, Dennis.

NOTES

J. S. Fanning, the Gold Dust powder representative, was the only trade representative present. Sharkey shot right along, but for birds only, though just as hard as if there was a good round sum at stake, Jack did lots of good missionary work.

Ed Hickman started in Class C, but after one day he was advanced to B, and here he shot equally as well. If the shoot had lasted a day longer Ed would have gone into A. Ed is a first-class live-bird shot, but makes no pretensions on targets; yet there is no reason why he should not do equally as well with the saucers. Ed's name appears quite frequently among the winners.

C. L. Funk shot a very steady gait throughout, and was also fortunate in the few sweeps that were shot. He landed a 13 and a 15 alone. He has made wonderful strides since I first met him at the midwinter last January.

Gottlieb made one run of 48 straight, while the handicap of three unknown traps, unknown angles, 18yds. rise, was imposed on the A class men.

Airy Lou Hardt, as usual, was the life of the shoot. Lou never cares about his scores, but is out for a good time, and endeavors to make it enjoyable for all. Such people always add much to the pleasure of a shoot.

Funk is authority for the statement that there will be $2,500 added money shoot at Cripple Creek, Col., in October, under the auspices of the Intermountain Association. It has not been definitely settled yet whether it will be an open shoot or confined to members of the Association only.

Paul R. Litzke.

Trap Around Buffalo.

AUDUBON GUN CLUB.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 11.—The regular weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club was well attended. Event No. 3 in the table given below was the badge shoot. In Class A, C. S. Burkhardt and L. W. Bennett were tied for the badge; on the shoot-off, Burkhardt won. R. H Hebbard won in Class B, and Dr. Sauer in Class C. Nos. 6 and 8 were at 5 pairs. The team shoot, for the club championship of the city, was won by the Audubons with 108 out of 125 shot at. Casenova Gun Club defeated the Bisons for second place by 95 to 91. Scores in to day's shoot were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	25	15	20	10	15	10	Targets:	10	15	25	15	20	10	15	10
C S Burkhardt	10	13	23	12	17	7	12	8	R Hebbard	..	..	20	8	20	5	..	4
Norris	9	14	13	18	17	6	13	..	J O'Brien	..	..	18	14	16	4	..	4
E C Burkhardt	9	14	21	13	18	9	15	5	Wheeler	..	..	19	12	9	..	..	..
Hammond	8	12	23	15	18	..	..	..	E Burrows	..	..	18	15	..	..	..	..
L Bennett	10	12	23	12	17	8	11	..	Mack	..	..	17	9	..	..	..	..
B Toisma	9	..	23	13	..	..	..	..	H Waltz	..	..	10	11	..	..	..	..
G Zoeller	8	14	18	13	18	6	14	7	J Beck	..	..	22	11	..	6	13	7
Swiveler	..	13	20	9	13	..	12	..	W Heinold	..	..	18	14	..	7	13	..
J J Reid	..	10	10	11	13	6	..	..	Jacobs	..	..	21	..	17	..	13	..
CH Werlin	..	..	19	9	14	5	..	..	W R Eaton	..	..	18	..	16	..	10	..
Dead Eye	..	..	13	9	..	..	..	..	E Sauer	..	..	18	..	10	5	10	8
J Kennedy	..	..	15	9	14	5	..	4	W C H	..	..	24	..	..	..	..	..
									J B	..	..	21	..	..	..	10	..

Team shoot for city championship:

Audubon.		Casenovia.		Bisons.	
C S Burkhardt	23	Waltz	10	Werlin	19
Norris	18	J Beck	22	Mack	17
E C Burkhardt	21	Heinold	18	Wheeler	19
Hammond	23	W C H	24	Zoeller	18
Bennett	23—108	J B	21—95	E B	18—91

CASENOVIA GUN CLUB.

Sept. 15.—The regular weekly shoot of the Casenovia Gun Club was held this afternoon. The best shooting was done by E. C. Burkhardt and Geo. P. McArthur, both members of the Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo. The Audubon Gun Club again won the club championship of the city with 108 to the Bison's 88 and Casenovia's 84. Below are the totals made in to-day's events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*15*	Targets:	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*15*
Mose	5	12	10	12	11	..	..	J J Reid	..	11	9	8	16	18	9
Zoeller	9	13	12	12	21	..	..	J A Kerew	..	12	8	10	16	..	1
Main St	9	8	7	..	..	8	8	R H Hibbard	..	8	9	7	12	7	5
J Beck	9	13	8	..	16	15	13	Waltz	..	14	..	..	..	..	..
Talsman	8	..	11	..	22	12	..	Dancer	..	13	7	..	21	..	..
Cannon	8	..	11	9	15	..	7	W Heinhold	..	10	10	..	13	..	..
McArthur	7	9	8	12	23	12	..	Norris	..	..	8	10	20	14	10
C Burkhardt	11	14	12	12	21	14	13	E B	..	..	12	..	19	..	..
Mack	9	7	13	13	16	..	..	Warren	..	..	12	14	20	..	13
E Burkhardt	12	10	11	11	23	13	12	Wheeler	..	..	..	14	16	..	..
Foxie	..	11	12	9	14	12	..								

BISON GUN CLUB.

Sept. 16.—Below are the scores made to-day at the grounds of the Bison Gun Club, Walden avenue and City Line, Buffalo:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*25*	*10*	*10*	*15*	Targets:	*10*	*15*	*25*	*10*	*10*	*15*
Zoeller	8	11	18	6	..	..	Hager	9	..	16	..	..	..
Bauman	8	14	19	8	7	15	Foxie	9	11	15	..	..	7
Wilson	..	..	15	..	..	..	Vine	..	..	14	..	..	..
Estes	..	9	13	7	6	..	Beebe	..	7	11	..	..	9
Cooper	7	12	14	6	9	..	Kreason	..	7	..	6	4	11
Mack	5	9	18	4	6	11	Wheeler	..	..	18	..	..	..

Zoeller and Bauman tied for A badge; Hager won Class B badge, and Beebe won Class C badge.

The next team shoot for the championship of Buffalo will be held on the Bison's grounds Sept. 23.

Trap in Rhode Island.

Providence, R. I., Sept. 15.—The Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association's team was victorious to day on the club's grounds in a three cornered contest with the Pawtuxet and Centerdale gun clubs. This was a State club shoot, open to all, for a bluerock expert trap, donated by the Cleveland Target Company. The shooting throughout was poor but close, as the Rhode Island team finished only six points ahead in a score of 250 targets shot at by each team. Messrs. Corey and Sheldon headed the shooting for the Pawtuxets; Remington and McCormack for the Centerdales, and Root and Greener for the Rhode Islands.

A special 100 bird race was also shot, and was won by R. C. Root, with a score of 87, F. L. Corey 83, W. H. Smith 81, and F. I. Greener 78. This was a sort of a feeler for the contest which is to take place next Thursday for championship title and a silver cup offered by the Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association, open to all residents of the State. This cup is not subject to challenge, but becomes the property of the winner, who holds the title for the year 1897. There will be other prizes offered beside the cup. A large attendance is expected and the best shooting of the season anticipated.

Summary of the team shoot:

R. I. Association Team		Pawtuxet Gun Club.		Centerdale Gun Club.	
R C Root	41	W H Smith	35	J Collins	15
E C Whittaker	28	F Arnold	31	W F Reiner	24
F I Greener	41	H W Bain	26	G T Naylor	27
P H Veteran	38	A Hawkins	29	J McMormack	28
Amos Arnold	31—178	F L Corey	46—167	H Remington	34—128

Conditions: Five-man team, 50 birds to a man; 25 known and 25 unknown angles.

J. F. Russell, Sec'y.

Haverhill Gun Club.

Haverhill, Mass., Sept. 18.—Herewith I hand you scores made today at the regular weekly practice shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	10	20	20	10	20	10	20	20	10
Angles:	K	K	K	U	R	R	K	K	U	U	K	K	U	R	R	R
Orne	3	3	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bryan	5	10	10	10	6	9	16	9	15	15	10	13	10	16	13	4
Miller	5	7	9	9	7	5	16	7	18	15	6	16	9	15	14	..
Leighton	..	6	10	7	7	7	15	9	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stevens	..	..	..	8	9	8	16	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Abbott	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	10	12	7	11	3	10	9	..
Webster	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	13	9	15	6	16	14	10

The attendance was light, as it has been all through the summer, but some of the boys certainly brought along their shooting eye, for some excellent practice work was done and more straights were made than I ever remember being made before at any practice shoot of our club. The birds were thrown low and a distance of 50yds.; but the day was one to make a man shoot anyway, with a clear, bracing air and a light that was perfect. A singular thing in connection with the shoot is, that Webster made a straight for the first time in his life, and it was at reverse pull, which is the first straight ever made on the grounds at that particular style of shooting by any one.

A few birds are being bagged about here, but the best bag I have heard of was made by two of our members on the opening day, Sept. 15, and consisted of ten ruffed grouse and four woodcock.

Geo. F. Stevens, Sec'y-Treas.

Peter Gibson has returned from the continent of Europe, and has been seen in the city once or twice. We understand that Lieut. Gibson is anxious to shoot his long talked-of rifle match with Ed Tayler, but that the latter objects, on the ground that the lieutenant now speaks with such a pronounced English accent that the conditions are no longer equal. There will probably be no shoot.

Indiana Trap-Shooters' League.

THE TERRE HAUTE TOURNAMENT.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Sept. 11.—The two days' tournament of the Indiana Trap-shooters' League, under the auspices of the Terre Haute Gun Club, was a successful one in every way. Everything went like clockwork. The boys who had the hard and thankless jobs of scorer, referee, puller, cashier, etc., knew their business and attended to it. A magautrap was used for throwing targets, and a goodly number of targets were thrown. Some of them seemed too hard for Paul North but still he seemed to like it.

The visiting shooters were: Tripp, Tack, Partington, Beck, Parry and Lawrence, Indianapolis; Voris and Stilwell, Crawfordsville; Smith, Postner and Davis, Paris, Ill.; Joab and Murphy, Brazil; Morgan, Chicago, a member of the Eureka Gun Club; Deitrick, Waveland; Carter and Wm and Joe Buffo, Clinton; Green, Marshall, Ill.; Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Co.; Ralph Trimble and R. S. Waddell, of the Du Pont Powder Co.; and Mackie, of the King Powder Co.

When the president called a recess for lunch on the second day, Mackie and Trimble misunderstood him and thought there would be no more shooting, and as they both had a great deal of business to attend to, they took advantage of the afternoon and so missed a great deal of the fun, much to the regret of all concerned. As will be seen in the scores below, the five high guns on the first day were Trimble, Partington, Stone, Tack and Tripp.

One of the features of the second day was the shooting of Sheriff Seeburger. It was his second appearance before the traps. He missed his first bird and then broke 19 straight. He purchased his shells from Tetzel, and as Tetzel is inclined to be careless, the boys all think there was no shot in the first shell!

First Day, Sept. 8.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Birds:	*10*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	Broke.
Tripp	10	12	14	17	14	14	21	14	12	16	13	19	176
Tack	6	11	14	18	13	13	21	13	15	18	15	20	177
Partington	9	14	14	18	15	14	22	13	12	18	13	17	179
Trimble	9	14	18	18	13	14	23	15	18	17	18	19	181
Stone	8	12	13	17	14	14	24	14	15	19	10	18	178
Deitrick	5	13	14	17	14	13	23	12	15	19	14	15	175
Nuekom	8	12	9	18	12	11	20	14	12	14	10	20	161
Mackie	8	14	11	18	12	11	22	10	13	16	..	..	...
Mitchell	6	11	..	16	10	..	..	12	13	16	11	19	...
Lawrence	7	9	14	18	14	14	24	11	15	15	..	..	...
Parry	7	8	14	18	18	15	23	14	14	18	13	15	172
Cromwell	7	9	9	..	13	11	..	7	11	..	12	9	...
Voris	7	11	13	15	12	12	20	13	12	16	9	..	...
Stilwell	7	9	9	17	6	12	..	11	12	12	13	16	...
Beck	10	12	11	18	14	11	19	18	13	16	12	17	166
Tetzel	..	..	..	17	12	13	24	14	12	16	13	18	...
Bindley	..	..	..	16	12	15	..	12	11	15	10	18	...
Morgan	4	7	5	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	...
Bement	9	9	..	14	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Davis	7	14	..	13	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	...
Murphy	6	10	9	11	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	...
Carter	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Stewart	6	10	7	16	12	11	20	..	..	..	..	..	...
Joab	8	9	..	..	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
North	9	10	11	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Smith	..	13	..	..	12	13	20	14	..	19	..	..	...
Postner	..	..	..	..	12	9	..	9	8	..	..	..	...
Green	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	17	13	..	...
G P	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	12	..	..	...

Second Day, Sept. 9.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Birds:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*
Nuekom	9	8	12	9	6	9	7	8	8	9	9	7	8
Mitchell	..	5	12	7	8	9	8	6	7	9	7	..	..
Tetzel	..	..	13	6	8	9	9	9	8	6	9	8	9
Stone	7	9	12	10	8	8	9	9	8	8	9	9	8
Deitrick	9	10	15	10	6	10	9	10	8	10	9	8	8
Mackie	10	9	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Trimble	..	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wallace	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Buffo	..	..	..	3	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bindley	..	..	..	9	7	9	8	9	9	10	10	10	7
B Buffo	..	..	..	7	6	..	9	10	8	8	6	9	5
Bement	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	6	8	8	5	10
Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	8	9	9	10	8
Stuckwist	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	..	..	..	..
Seeburger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	..

The following team races were shot for price of birds, 15-bird races:

Stone.....11 Nuekom.....14
Tetzel.....15—26 Deitrick.....15—29
Mackie.....13
Trimble.....14—27

Team race, 25 birds:

Stone.....25 Mackie.....23
Buffo.....18—43 Trimble.....25—48
Nuekom.....24 Tetzel.....22
Deitrick.....23—45 Mitchell.....18—40

Match, 25 birds: Mitchell 24, Stone 18.
Match, 15 birds: Pierson 9, Cooper 14.
Match, 25 birds: Nuekom 21, Mitchell 19.

BRUCE COOPER, Sec'y.

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 12.—Following are scores of regular weekly contest held to-day by the Calumet Heights club. The day was very warm and with scarcely any breeze, which accounts for the fair shooting shown by the scores. The early morning found most of the shooters on their way to the river, where the ducks were flying, small bags were made by all. The total killed by noon was thirty-two, most of which were blue-wing teal, with some few wood ducks. It is expected that good shooting will be had by the club members early this fall, as the marsh and water are in excellent condition.

Class A.

Lamphere.....1111111111011110111111111—23
Young.....1010111111110111110111—21
Booth.....0111111111011111111111111—23
Metcalf.....1111101111011110011111101—20

Class B.

Norcom.....1110001111111101111011111—20

Class C.

Schmidt.....0101011100111100100101101—14
Harlan.....1111111010001101101110101—17
Chamberlain.....1111101111111001011100 11—19

Lamphere won the medal in Class A on the shoot-off. Norcom won in Class B, and Chamberlain in Class C.

Six sweeps were also shot. No. 1 was at known traps, unknown angles; Nos. 2 and 6 at unknown traps and angles; Nos. 4, 5 and 6 at 5 pairs, unknown traps and angles. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	Targets:	*15*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*
Harlan	15	11	4	1	..	9	Young	12	10	..	..	..	..
Metcalfe	13	9	6	7	8	12	Norcom	9	9	5	4	7	6
Booth	6	12	..	..	..	..	Chamberlain	13	..	4	..	..	..
Schmidt	12	4	..	..	..	..							

PATTI.

Iroquois Rifle Club, of Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Sept. 10.—The 100-target handicap race shot to-day on the grounds of the Iroquois Rifle Club had seven entries. This contest was the last but one of the series, so extra interest attached to the results. Russell, with 20 extra targets, and Bennett, who was allowed 25 extras, tied with 90 each. Born, a scratch man, was next with 84, Hofmeister (2 allowance) came forth with 83. Motz was not in his usual form, and could do no better than score 80 out of his 100. Below are the scores in detail:

Russell (20)...11101111111111111111111101101101111101101111101001—40
11110111101101111011100011111001101110101111110000—31
11101111111011110111 —16—90
Bennett (25)..01111111111111110101111101100011110001111111011000—37
01111110111101110110011111100111001111000110101 1—35
1110111111100110100011111 —18—90
Born (0)......11111110111110111111001111111111111111111011111111111—45
01111111110111011111000111100111111011111111111010—39—84
Hofmeister (2)111 01111111111011111010111101001111111000101111 1—38
11111011111111111011001111101111111111111111110111011—43
11 —2—83
Motz (0)......11101111111111111011111110101111101111011111110011—42
11100110011111011010111101111111111110101101101111—38—80
Wood (7)......00101101011110110110111011011001110101100100111001—30
10101110110111111111111111111111111100011111011100 1—40
0110:0101 —5—75
Daniels (25)...00000101010011100010111010110001011111110110101011—27
11110111110011000011001011011110100001011011111011—31
01101101111001011111110110 —17—75

Cook County Trap-Shooters' League.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 13.—The sixth contest of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League was held Saturday, Sept 11, on the grounds of the Garfield Gun Club. While the attendance was good, the shoot was not as well patronized as was the last contest. This was probably due to the fact that many members are away chicken shooting. The interest was most intense, and considerable guessing was indulged in by the participants on the final results of the season's shooting, which will end within a month.

The sky was overcast the greater part of the day, and a strong wind blew across the traps from the left quarter. The flight of targets was somewhat erratic, and the shooting of some of the participants as well; though, considering these disadvantages to large scores, the results show up in a very favorable manner. The best scores of the day were by Kues and Old Hoss Stannard, each going out with only one miss, both breaking their targets clear and good. These scores were followed by quite a number of 22 out of 25, and it is strange to say, out of the many scores shot, that not one made a 23.

The next and last team shoot of the league will be held on the grounds of the Eureka Gun Club, corner Vincennes and Seventy-ninth street, Chicago, on Sept 25.

This will end the league's shooting for the year, except the handicap shoot, which will come off shortly thereafter. Those eligible to contest in this event are the five making the highest scores in each class of each club during the season.

Following are the scores of the team race:

Class A—Garfield Gun Club.

R Kuss.....1110111111111111111111111—24
E Neal.....1111011111111111111101101—22
Dr Shaw.....1111101111110101111111111—22
A C Paterson.....1101111111101011111111111—22
Fehrman.....0111110111111101111111111—22
Wiley.....0111111111111011111111110—22—134

Eureka Gun Club.

F C Stannard.....1101111111111111111111111—24
Goodrich.....1101111111111111111101110—22
A W Adams.....0111101111101110111111111—21
Steck.....1110111101111111111011101—21
Prickett.....0110101010101101101111101—16
Cornwall.....0110001011111111111110000—16—120

Class B—Garfield Gun Club.

Von Lengerke.....1111011111111010111111011—21
T E Graham.....1111111111110111111001011—21
Fish.....1111001111111111001111111—21
Richards.....1111001111101111111011011—20
Hicks.....1111111101111100111011111—21
Stickles.....1111101110101110101000111—16—122

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

Lamphere.....1111111101110101011111111—21
Turtle.....1111110111011111110101111—21
Metcalfe.....1111110111111100111011101—20
Ferguson.....1110110111010011111101111—19
Booth.....1010111011010010111111111—18
Houston.....1100111111010011111111011—19 118

Garden City Gun Club.

Ruble.....1101111111111011111111011—22
F E Adams.....1111111111011100111110111—21
Goldsmith.....1111011111111111011010101—20
Heilman.....1010100111011111011111110—18
A Smith.....1111111001110101101010000—15
Levi.....0001111100000110011110111—14—110

Class C—Cicero Gun Club.

Gaetter.....0111111101101111111111110—21
Matthews.....1011101110111110110101111—19
W Chusman.....1001011011111011101011111—18
Knott.....0110101111111101000001111—16
A Chusman.....1111101000111100001111011—16
Lowrey.....1101101111011001010110011—16—106

Garfield Gun Club (one man short).

E S Graham.....1111111011010011110101101—18
Thatcher.....0101101111010110011101100—15
Comley.....0011110111101101011110100—16
S Palmer.....1000010000100000010001100— 6
Russell.....1101110110111110010101111—18— 73

Calumet Heights Gun Club (two men short)

Norcom.....0011101111101111011100111—18
Black.....1101101011010100 1110111—16
Young.....0110110101100111110110000—14
Harlan.....1001110001100110100110011—12— 60

Eureka Gun Club (five men short).

H B Morgan.....0110111001000011100000110 — 11

Class D—Cicero Gun Club (four men short).

Banks.....0111001011101111010101101—16
Barnard.....0011110000100010101000000— 7— 23

A. C. PATTERSON.

Bedford Rod and Gun Club.

BEDFORD, Ind., Sept. 13.—On Sept. 13 a team race between Stipp and Thompson on one side, and Hatfield Sears and Richard on the other, was decided on the grounds of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. Conditions: 100 targets per man, 5 traps, unknown angles, for $15 a side and was won by the raw recruits, who "did themselves proud" on this occasion, while Thompson was in poor form. Scores appended. This race grew out of a challenge by Stipp and Thompson to any two men in Lawrence county to shoot them such a match. Braxton and Sherwood will try to entertain them about Sept. 21, same stakes and conditions:

Hatfield.....1011111100111111111111111—21
Stipp.....1111011111111111111111111—24
Sears.....1110111110011111011111000—16
Richard.....0010011011101011111111101—16
Thompson.....0111101111010111011100110—17

Hatfield.....1111011011000110001111101—16
Stipp.....1111111111011110111011111—23
Sears.....0110111101111110111111110—20
Richard.....1110111000111111000010111—20
Thompson.....1111100111101111111010110—19

Hatfield.....1101111011100111101001111—18
Stipp.....1101111111111101111111111—23
Sears.....1110101100011111111001011—18
Richard.....1011111010110101001011111—17
Thompson.....1001111101111111111011110—20

Hatfield.....0110001111101111111101011—17
Stipp.....0111110010111111011110110—18
Sears.....1011100011111011111101101—18
Richard.....1011111011100101100111111—18
Thompson.....1100111101111111111111000—19

Summary:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	Individual Total.
Stipp	24	23	23	18	87
Thompson	17	19	20	19	75—162
Hatfield	21	16	18	17	72
Sears	16	20	18	18	72
Richard	16	16	17	18	67—211

SHERWOOD, Sec'y.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., Sept 13.—Below are the scores made in the two last shoots of the Hunters' Handicap series. Next Saturday Sept. 18, will see the finish of this series. The finish will be interesting, as the two leaders in Class A, Root and Sheldon, are tied with 87 breaks out of 100 targets shot at. Each has a chance to improve upon a score of 20, the best four scores out of eight shoots to count for prizes. In Class B, Armstrong cannot lose the first prize, but second and third prizes in each class are still in doubt, four or five men being pretty well bunched for these honors.

Sept 4.—Hunters' Handicap.

Class A, 25 targets, unknown angles:

S D Greene, Jr (0).....1101010011111111111111101 —20
F Corey (0).....1111111011111100111010010 —18
F Arnold (2).....001110111000111110111011011—18
F Geaves (2).....1100001010100011100111101 —11

Class B, 25 targets, known angles:

Armstrong (0).....1111100110111111111111101 —21
Thoene (0).....1100011000111101111000110 —14
Buxton (2).....010000100111010010111010111—14
Repeater (0).....1111011100010010100100101 — 13

Sept 11.—Hunters' handicap.

Class A, 25 targets, unknown angles:

R C Root (2).....111110110001111111110111111—22
W H Sheldon (0).....0111110101101011111111111 —20
F Arnold (2).....110111001110110111110011111—20
W Mooney (2).....100111111010011111100011101—19
H W Bain (2).....101101101111111000101011111—19
S D Green, Jr. (0).....1010110110011111011111110 —18
F Corey (0).....0011000111100101100111111 —15

Class B, 25 targets, known angles:

Buxton (2).....111001101110010110001101000—15
J Armstrong (0).....0011110100001010010110011 —12
Repeater (0).....0111010110000111011000010 —12
Peck.....1000001000100101101000110 — 9

Thoene also shot and broke 8.

PAWTUXET.

ON LONG ISLAND.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Sept 18.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the New Utrecht Gun Club on the Dyker Meadow grounds.

Club shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

D Deacon (A).....01111 11111 01001 01111 11111 —20
P Adams (A).....10011 11100 11110 11111 11101 —19
P E George (A).....01110 10011 00001 11110 11110 11 —17
C C Fleet (B).....00010 00001 10111 11100 00100 —10
Dr O'Brien (B).....00010 01000 01000 10110 01011 — 9

Prize gun shoot, 25 targets, handicap allowances:

P Adams (3).....11100 01011 01111 11111 11100 101 —20
P E George (5).....01110 10011 00001 11110 11110 11111—20
D Deacon (2).....00110 10100 10111 11011 01011 —15
C C Fleet (7).....11100 11011 10101 10010 11000 100 —15
Dr O'Brien (6).....11000 10111 10111 10001 00111 —13

Fleet, O'Brien and Deacon having no chance to win did not shoot up allowance. No classes in this shoot, each man having his allowance according to work done during 1897.

Tie for gun:

P Adams (3).....01101 11110 11101 11010 01011 011 —19
P E George (5).....11001 10111 11010 01000 01010 11101—17

This Winchester repeater (shotgun) was presented by one of our members for competition, and will become the property of the one having the first three wins. Live bird season will open at Woodlawn Saturday next, Sept. 25.

G. E. POOL, Sec'y.

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.

Sept 15.—Dr. Hudson won the badge to-day in the regular monthly shoot of the New York German Gun Club. Below are the scores:

Club badge shoot, 10 live birds, 28yds. rise:

Seven Points—Handicap.

Dr Hudson.....*211112121—9 Eugene Doeinck.....*0111*2112—7

Six and One-Half Points.

John Schlicht.....*011111120—8 Peter Garms, Jr.....1220*01000—4

Six Points.

Henry Thornford.....0220222211—7 J P Dannefelser.....0112*11020—6
Aug Schmitt.....1011022002—6 Fred Sauter.....0000021*20—4

Five and One-Half Points.

Fred Kronsberg.....2201021020—6 Aug Lucas.....111*020*21—5

Five Points.

Ph Moersch.....0210222112—8 Henry Meisenholder.2010120100—5
Michael Bondon.....*010012122 6

Four and One Half Points.

Charles Horney.....1021001110—6 John Boesenecker...001002101*—4
Charles Voehringer..000111101*1—5 Jacob Bissinger.....0002001000—2

Glenwood Gun Club, of Newburgh, N. Y.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Sept. 16.—The "melon feast" of the Glenwood Gun Club, held to-day, was well attended. Some 200 persons visited the club's grounds and partook of the watermelons, muskmelons, steamed clams, etc., that were only waiting to be attacked. About 2,000 targets were thrown during the day, the main event being a 25-target handicap for three woodcock, donated by John Brewster, of Coldenham, N. Y. As will be seen by the following score, C. Hoppenstadt won the woodcock:

C Hoppenstadt (3).....1011001111111111111111011111111 —24
H Wyatt (3).....1101110111111111111110111110111 —24
L Henderson (3).....1111111011101100111111111 —24
W M Stanbrough (0).....1110111111111111111111110 —23
C Bingham (1).....1110111111011011111110111011 —23
A Dickson (3).....1111101111011111101111111011 —23
Neaf Apgar (0).....0110110111111111111111111 —22
T Rhodes (3).....1111111010111011111011111000 —21
G D Carr (7).....11111011100110010011011101111001 —20
J J E Harrison (10).....0011110001010010111101111010010011—20
S Lewis (5).....110010101110111010111000011111 —19
R Hobbs (7).....01001011111000100100101100011101 —16
W May (7).....00000001111000010101000110101100 —12

In the first shoot-off of the ties on 24, at 10 birds, Hoppenstadt and Wyatt broke 9 to Henderson's 8. In the second shoot-off, Hoppenstadt won by 7 to 6.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

F. M., Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.—There is no game law in Alaska.

C. B. M., Hubbard, Tex.—Please tell me what is the matter with my dog and what to do for him. He has a cough, and tries to vomit; does not seem to want anything to eat, just lies around. Ans. Apply tincture of iodine to outside of throat. Give a sixth of a grain of sulphate of morphine three times a day.

WANTER-KNOW, Philadelphia.—Please tell me if Grimm has replied to Elliott's challenge for the cast iron medal. Ans. So far as we are aware of Grimm has taken no notice of Elliott's challenge, although Elliott deposited $50 in the hands of FOREST AND STREAM to make the match. In our issue of Sept 18, page 240, under the head of "Western Trap," you will find the conditions governing the cast-iron medal, and other matter from the pen of our Chicago correspondent, Mr. Hough, touching upon this question.

INQUIRER.—Will you kindly answer in your next number as to when hammerless guns were first put on the market? Ans. We cannot give the exact date, because we don't believe that anybody knows. Greener, in his book, "The Gun and its Development," mentions Daw's "central fire hammerless gun," and says that it is supposed to have been introduced by Mr. Daw about 1862. Green's hammerless gun, patented 1866, is said by Mr. Greener in the same work, to have been "one of the first English central fire hammerless guns."

A. F. B., Pittsburg, Pa.—Can you give me the scores made by Gilbert in the first contest for the E. C. championship cup? The shoot took place at Guttenburg, N. J., I believe. Also the scores made by Gilbert and Heikes in the two matches they have shot for this trophy since Gilbert first won it? Ans. In our issue of Aug. 21 of this year, page 159, you will find the full scores made in the first championship contest at Guttenburg, N. J. On Aug. 20, 1896, at John Watson's grounds, Heikes won by 128 to 130, as follows: Unknown angles, 48 to 47; expert rules, 45 to 44; pairs, 40 to 39. On July 31 of this year, at Dayton, O., Gilbert beat Heikes by 149 to 126, as follows: Unknown angles, 48 to 47; expert rules, 48 to 44; pairs, 46 to 45.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Interstate Fair at Trenton, Sept. 27, 28, 29 30, and Oct. 1.

THE great Interstate Fair at Trenton grows more extensive and important each recurring year, and the exhibition to be held on Sept. 27, 28, 29, 30, and Oct 1 promises to be unusually comprehensive and attractive. Every department will be replete with interesting and instructive displays. The blooded stock exhibit will be particularly fine, and the daily programme of races contains the speediest classes obtainable. Circus acts of rare merit and daring, and vaudeville entertainments of all kinds will be presented.

The large purses offered in the manifold exhibits and contests insure unusual efforts in the endeavor to prove superiority in the various departments.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, as is its yearly custom, will sell excursion tickets on this occasion at greatly reduced rates from stations within a wide radius, and special trains over the New York, Belvidere and Amboy divisions will be run through to the grounds. The tracks of this company run direct to the Fair grounds, thus avoiding street-car transfer, and are the only ones within three miles. The management of the Fair has put forth extraordinary efforts to make this year's exhibition the greatest ever given.—*Adv.*

A New Through Passenger Route for Colorado, Utah and California.

THE Chicago *Times-Herald* of Aug. 17 says that on Sept. 12 the new traffic alliance between the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway goes into effect, and on that date the former will send its first Denver sleeper out of Chicago. This will be attached to its regular night train for Omaha, and will be delivered there to the Rock Island. On Oct. 2 the tourist car route over these two lines, the Colorado Midland and Southern Pacific, will be inaugurated. Tourist cars will be run once a week between Chicago and San Francisco. For further details regarding this new route call on or address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C., M. & St. P. Ry., 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*